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ELIZABETH *and* STRACHEY

BY

The Right Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.

IT was not to be expected that Mr. Lytton Strachey, expert though he is in documentary research, would be able to present to his readers any new discoveries of importance concerning his latest subject, Queen Elizabeth. The events of her reign have held the attention of too many eminent scholars for one who is essentially a commentator and not a historian to expect to unearth material of great importance hitherto overlooked. And, indeed, with all its merits and all its faults, Mr. Strachey's *Elizabeth and Essex* shows no sign of hard historical spadework. The bibliography appended to the book is by no means impressive. It enumerates forty-eight sources, most of them abundantly familiar, and certainly does not exhaust the better-known authorities on the Elizabethan period.

Reconciling the Irreconcilable.

MR. STRACHEY'S rôle is essentially that of an interpreter rather than a discoverer. His interpretation is brilliant in achievement, for he has succeeded in reconciling points of view which have never before been harmonised and, by recalling foreign data not unknown but often forgotten, in creating a background into which all these elements blend.

Whether or not his picture of Elizabeth is accurate, no one at this date can hope to say; that it is plausible, picturesque and intriguing, is certain. Historians of the Elizabethan era have always tended towards two opposed groups: the one displaying Elizabeth as a masterly woman, directing the affairs of the nation while her advisers wield no power but what she is pleased to place in their hands; the other, the exact opposite, dismissing as incredible the idea of her omnipotence and suggesting that she only was a splendid puppet in the hands of crafty ministers. Mr. Strachey, accepting neither and rejecting neither, has succeeded in joining both threads into one central theme.

The Elizabeth whom he has drawn had "the lion heart, the splendid gestures—such heroic things were there, no doubt—visible to everybody; but their true significance in the general scheme of her character was remote and complicated. The sharp and hostile eyes of the Spanish ambassadors saw something different; in their opinion, the outstanding characteristic of Elizabeth was pusillanimity. They were wrong; but they perceived more of the truth than the idle onlooker. They had come into contact with those forces in the Queen's mind which proved, incidentally, fatal to themselves, and brought her, in the end, her result of heroism.

"The very contrary was the case: the grand policy which dominated Elizabeth's life was the most unheroic conceivable; and her true history remains a standing lesson for melodramatists in statecraft. In reality, she succeeded by virtue of all the qualities which every hero should be without—dissimulation, pliability, indecision, procrastination, parsimony. It might almost be said that the heroic element chiefly appeared in the unparalleled lengths to which she allowed those qualities to carry her." A deep instinct, says Mr. Strachey, made it almost impossible for her to make up her mind upon a definite course of action, or, if she did, to hold fast to it.

Justifiable Economy.

ELIZABETH'S furious thrift is among the canonised legends of history. Mr. Strachey takes pains to exhibit her parsimony; but he hardly emphasises sufficiently that the strictest economy was essential if she would avoid bankruptcy. Throughout the sixteenth century Spain poured an ever-increasing stream of precious metals from the New World to the Old. In consequence, the value of money continually depreciated; and the real value of Elizabeth's revenue shrank as her policy and necessities expanded. No doubt, thrift was congenial to her nature; but thrift was also the most imperative buttress of her policy. Had she not exercised an almost niggling economy, she would have anticipated the difficulties of her Stuart successors, whose clash with Parliament was largely caused by their inability to husband their financial resources.

Mr. Strachey shows us her ministers planning and plotting, informed and informing, ruled by her and ruling her. The closing words of the book sum up the judgment which the author has formed of them. He is speaking, it is true, only of Cecil, at the moment of Elizabeth's death, but the words apply almost as aptly to her other counsellors:

"Meanwhile, in an inner chamber, at his table, alone, the Secretary sat writing. All eventualities had been foreseen, everything was arranged, only the last soft touches remained to be given. The momentous transition would come now with exquisite facility. As the hand moved, the mind moved, too, ranging sadly over the vicissitudes of mortal beings, reflecting upon the revolutions of kingdoms, and dreaming with quiet clarity, of what the hours, even then, were bringing—the union of two nations—the triumph of the new rulers—success, power, and riches—a name in after-ages—a noble lineage—a great House."

The Real Armada.

THE other great service which Mr. Strachey has rendered in his book is his picture of what I may call the Spanish and of the Armada campaign. We in England have long been brought up to believe that the Spanish fleet was an overwhelming instrument of war, magnificently equipped. Mr. Strachey, drawing chiefly, it would seem, from Froude and French sources, shows how little true this is.

The Court of Philip of Spain had neither the ability nor the administrative power to create the Armada of legend. Their preparations were weak, their councils confused, their commands regulated less by cool intelligence than by the whims of a superstitious, obscurantist and invalid King.

"By the summer of 1597 it seemed as if the third Armada should be ready to start. Yet there were unaccountable delays. The Council sat in solemn conclave, but its elaborate discussions appeared for some reason or other not to help things forward. There were quarrels, too, among the commanders and officials; all were at loggerheads without any understanding of the great task on which they were engaged. King Philip alone understood everything. His

designs were his own secret, he would reveal them to no one; even the Adelantado, inquire as he would, should not be told the destination of the fleet. But there was to be no more of this procrastination. The Armada must sail at once. The Adelantado declared that nothing could be done, that it was impossible to leave the harbour, that the preparations were altogether inadequate, that, in fact, he lacked *everything*, and could not face the enemy. It was exasperating; the pious Martin seemed to have caught Medina Sidonia's tone. But there was no help for it; one must face it out, and trust in the Trinity."

Never before in any book designed for popular reading has the real story of the Armada been told as in Mr. Strachey's pages.

Bacon as a Serpent.

MR. STRACHEY has pictured Elizabeth and her ministers, Philip of Spain and his ministers, with plausible skill, but the same can hardly be said of his portrait of Francis Bacon. It cannot be denied that Bacon's character was, by the highest modern standards, deficient in many moral qualities; that, as a politician, he sought ends and used means to attain them which, as a philosopher, he might condone but could hardly justify. Yet that he was such a creature as Mr. Strachey suggests I for one do not believe. Certainly he is painted only sketchily; the attacks are veiled in subtle insinuations.

"He was not striped frieze; he was shot silk," we are told. "The detachment of speculation, the intensity of personal pride, the uneasiness of nervous sensibility, the urgency of ambition, the opulence of superb taste—these qualities, blending, twisting, flashing together, gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent."

I do not think this means very much more than that Bacon was a serpent. Throughout this book he is treated as a serpent, whose presence somehow contaminated that strange and romantic Eden in which the youthful Essex was created from a rib of the masculine but pusillanimous Elizabeth.

Bacon, more than any other Englishman, embodied the ideals of a Renaissance statesman, which the prevalent Italianate taste had imported along with statuary, verification and philosophy. The great Lord Chancellor, whom his enemies, cleverly but by no means honestly, broke by their charges of corruption, moved in a world which derived its ethics from Machiavelli, which admired the Borgias as master-statesmen, and which consistently set personal and family power above administrative purity. Bacon and Cecil were equally "serpents," equally the products of their age.

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Sir Francis Bacon, a character whose qualities blending, twisting, flashing together, gave to his secret spirit the subtle and glittering superficies of a serpent.

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The Earl of Essex, brave, handsome and romantic. He did not realise that he could never have dominated Elizabeth, however much he might have fascinated her. Deep down her heart was of iron.

A Disciple of Gibbon.

A LETTER to Bacon from his mother is quoted in the book, in which she refers to one of his friends as "that bloody Percy, a coach companion and bed companion—a proud, profane, costly fellow." Mr. Strachey leaves us in no doubt that we are intended to take these allusions literally, and thus to form a very low view of Bacon's habits. In this he is, of course, following John Aubrey, a notoriously unreliable gossip; but many readers will choose rather to believe that Lady Bacon's vocabulary was as peculiar as her temper—which is saying a great deal.

Mr. Strachey's intrusion of this letter—it is certainly not called for by his thesis—is typical of an unpleasing feature of his book. He exhibits a curious degree of archness whenever any question of sex is involved. Whether he is describing the Queen's presumed physical attributes, or Bacon's Welsh friends, or the penalty for high treason, one detects a simper in his sentences. It is as a stylist and an original observer that Mr. Strachey has become prominent in contemporary letters; it is proper, therefore, that this unwelcome trait should be mentioned and rebuked.

Otherwise the style of this book is far more mature than in any of his previous writings. The smart, if facile, cynicism of *Eminent Victorians* has long been superseded in his own work, though we meet it again and again in the books of ultra-modern biographers. In *Queen Victoria* it was already submerged by a more serious approach to his subject.

If this were Mr. Strachey's only book, he might be accounted a disciple of Gibbon, than whom there could be no better master for the historical biographer, in no matter what age and of what age he writes. That Mr. Strachey is liable to the faults of Gibbon's style as also to its merits, is clear from the description of Bacon's character which I have quoted.

Brilliant and Colourful.

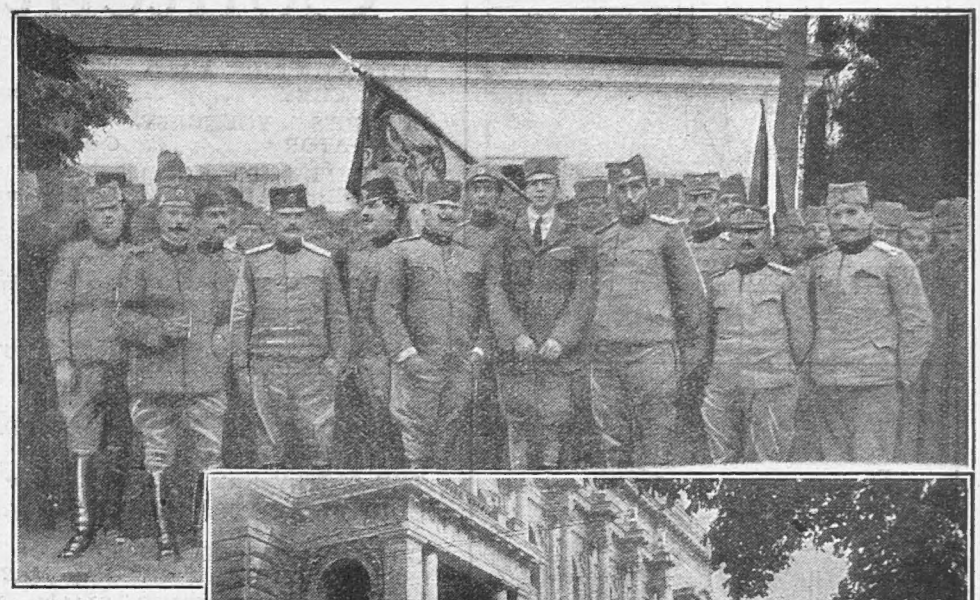
IN one other respect only may he be held to fall from grace. He is too much inclined to fail in distinguishing between imagination and fact. He *may* be right in his attempts (sometimes spread over several pages) to read the minds of his subjects; his brilliant reinterpretation of Elizabeth's relations with her ministers permits us to suppose that he is as likely to be right as wrong. But it is the part of a novelist, not of a biographer, to picture what his characters are thinking, and Mr. Strachey far too often builds up an edifice of psychology upon a very meagre foundation of historical material.

Perhaps it is this defect—for in such work it is a defect—which forces us to regard *Elizabeth and Essex* rather as a brilliant and colourful picture of a romantic reign than as a formidable contribution to either history or biography.

EUROPE'S YOUNGEST DICTATOR

By CRAWFURD PRICE

ALEXANDER
King of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, who has now become a Dictator.



The First Cavalry Brigade on active service. It included the Royal Guard, of which General Zivkovitch is Commandant.

The Royal Palace at Belgrade, now the seat of government.

GENERAL ZIVKOVITCH
Prime Minister of Yugoslavia and the power behind the throne.

THE summary abrogation of the Yugoslav constitution and the substitution of a Royal Dictatorship represents a dramatic turn in the internal affairs of that country which will be followed with universal interest, and, in some quarters, not a little misgiving. The War, I believe, was to have made the world safe for Democracy. But Democracy seems anywhere to have taken a long rope and hanged itself. It has shockingly abused its privileges, so that in Spain, Italy, Poland, Greece, Turkey, and now in Yugoslavia, the demand for stable and intelligent government instead of place-seeking and vote-grabbing politicians has led to the establishment of a patriotic and generally benevolent autocracy.

In the case of Yugoslavia it is notable that the king has placed himself at the head of a revolutionary procedure. It is a fitting rôle for one who is in more than usual degree the leader of his people; a wise move, also, for of all the Serbian institutions that have been foistered on the Croats, King Alexander is probably the only one they appreciate. This, coupled with the hope that a drastic amendment of the existing constitution may eventually emerge, will take the sting out of a development, which means, in effect, that the country will for some time to come be governed by the higher officers of the Serbian Army.

Origin of the Dictatorship.

WITH the question which has brought the military dictatorship into being readers of BRITANNIA are already acquainted. For some time after the signature of peace and the formal recognition of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, there existed one principal point of cleavage. During this period the Serbs stood generally for a centralised, and the others for a decentralised form of administration, and the immediate constitutional issue was fought out on these lines. Victory eventually rested with the Serbs, and the entire Government was controlled from Belgrade, with Serbian officials posted in the most important positions in the new provinces. This was, however, an arrangement which the Croats and their Allies declined to accept as final, and the agitation for its alteration has been continuous and increasingly venomous.

Briefly put, the Serbs, who had fought and won their own freedom and that of their brethren in the ex-Austrian and Hungarian provinces, regarded themselves as the guardians of the unity and the independence of the new kingdom. The Croats considered themselves superior to, and resented the domination of their liberators. Further dissension, the importance of which need not be exaggerated, was due to a different religion, the Serbs being attached to the Orthodox Church and the Croats Roman Catholics.

Failure of the Politicians.

SO the struggle continued, until it threatened the very foundations of the State. With the exception of a small minority the Serbs have taken a definite stand for a centralised administration, and the breach has gradually widened until, following a prolonged effort to reach political agreement, the Croat leader, Dr. Matchek, informed the King that his followers demanded a revision of the entire constitution, with the substitution of Federalism for Centralism, and complete autonomy, with independent Diets for Croatia and the other provinces and control of their own finances. In other words, a very effective measure of Home Rule.

Apart from the King's personality and his well-known sympathy with every phase of the national aspiration, the only favourable considerations in the whole sorry business are represented by the loyalty of the Croats and their knowledge that, deprived of Serbian support, they would fall an easy prey to predatory neighbours. But unless the fangs of the Croat agitation can be drawn these factors alone will not lead to a favourable solution of the crisis.

Certainly the monarch has at long last lost patience with the politicians. "Instead of developing and strengthening the feeling

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

BEGINNING "THE SALES." Our new treaty with China should be of great commercial benefit to both countries.—(*Evening News.*)

"G'wan, pat the nice doggie."—(*Philadelphia Record.*)

"WE HOPE TO TRADE WITH RUSSIA."—The Tory Party parades before the Election.—(*Pravda* (*Moscow*).)

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

HE'S GETTING AWAY WITH SOMETHING. But he leaves a lot of little things behind him.—(*Glasgow Evening News.*)

FLIRTING. Moscow's view of Lord Rothermere and the Labour Party.—(*Isvestia.*)

PRESENTING HIM WITH TWINS. Congress is surprised at the U.S. Peace Programme.—(*New York Herald.*)

Use MAZDA LAMPS and see things in the right light

B.T-H

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(*Continued from page* 67.)

of national union," he says, "Parliamentarianism . . . has begun to provoke moral disorganisation and national disunion." Hence he has decided to take the law into his own hands and to govern the country through a Cabinet of personally selected Ministers, with General Zivkovitch, the Commandant of the Royal Guard, as Prime Minister

The Army is the Nation.

IT may be conceded at once that whether the ultimate object be a drastic change in the constitution, which the Serbian politicians oppose, or that the Croats who oppose the Serbian ideal of unity are to be dealt with summarily, General Zivkovitch will stand no nonsense. Serbian officers are not built that way. Trained in a hard school with Imperial Russian traditions, all those who to-day occupy positions of importance won their spurs on the battlefield. Whatever the actual policy, Zivkovitch will not care a button for the politicians. He will govern firmly, definitely, and, if necessary, ruthlessly.

If I must hazard an opinion, it is that, whatever measure of local government is accorded to Croatia, the military and fiscal control of the entire kingdom will be retained by Belgrade, and that the military regime will continue until the Croats signify their willingness to accept the inevitable and co-operate in a constitutional government.

The King's Broad Vision.

MEANTIME the hope of an amicable settlement rests with the King himself, for Alexander has traits well out of the common, and he is perhaps the one man in the land who has been able to visualise himself not as a Serb, or a Croat, but as a Yugoslav.

There is in his manifesto a sense of his devotion to the higher interests of the nation, a sense of fatherhood, which affords a guarantee against excess and offers a welcome to the clear thinking and sound statesmanship which alone can solve the problem.

WE may rest assured that nothing but a stern sense of duty persuaded King Alexander to assume the rôle of Dictator. When the first news of the *coup de force* flashed across the cables, my mind instinctively wandered back to August, 1914, when the Prince Regent, as he then was, spent his days at the front, sharing the inconveniences inseparable from active service, inspiring his soldiers with confidence, and enthroning himself in the hearts of the populace. And then, when darkness brought hostilities to a close, we would sit together in the mean dwelling he had commandeered and while away the hours with discussion of the military situation or a quiet game of chess. Those were tragic days, when Serbia's soldiers had but scanty rags to their backs, when ammunition was scarce and anæsthetics were scarcer still.

I mind him again at Kraguevatz, during the third Austrian invasion, when all seemed lost, enthusing over an almost forlorn project to turn the tables on the Hapsburg legions and going out with his aged father to lead his men to dramatic victory. And again at Corfu, when the fatigue of the great retreat was over, and his heart was nigh unto breaking at the sight of the bruised and battered remnants of manhood that had survived the march across the Albanian snows.

War-time Memories.

THUS the memories of many associations through a decade of years flow on, leaving me with the image of a man serious and reserved, simple and approachable, eminently fitted to preside over the destinies of the most democratic of kingdoms. A Serb of the Serbs—a direct descendant of the first Kara (black) George who led the struggle against the Turks for national independence—in those days he held the constitutional liberties and the rights of the people in prime respect. During these later years, as king of a vastly aggrandised country and the husband of a Roumanian princess, he has been surrounded with a certain state and kept apart from the people. I sometimes wonder if they would let me play chess with him now; yet I feel that the heart of Alexander Karageorgevitch has not changed, and that his personal influence will be all on the side of peace and compromise. But beside the king stands Zivkovitch, and behind Zivkovitch, the Serbian Army.

MY REPLY *to* Lord Birkenhead

Lord Rothermere

The Editor of BRITANNIA.

SIR,—Fresh from his laurels in helping to place the Flappers' Vote on the Statute Book, and thus, according to the Labour leaders and other competent authorities, having made the success of the Socialist party at the next election a practical certainty, Lord Birkenhead has been seeking diversion by publicly imploring me in your columns to fight Socialism. His appeal is quite unnecessary. I have been fighting Socialism for the last twenty years. I am not a Socialist-Conservative like many of his late Ministerial colleagues. I am an out-and-out anti-Socialist.

Tainted with Socialism.

I DO not believe that the present Ministry is an effective instrument to fight the growing Socialist Party in this country. Most of the Ministers now in office have no clear-cut political views. Evidence of that was given as far back as October, 1925, by the late Sir Henry Craik, a most loyal and distinguished Conservative member of the present Parliament, who, writing in *The National Review* in protest against the Government's lavish squandering of money upon education, said that without looking up the names in Hansard it was impossible to tell whether a speech on education was made by the Socialist ex-Minister of Education, Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, or by the present Conservative Minister, Lord Eustace Percy. The same statement could be made on an even broader basis now. There is hardly a single Conservative Minister to-day who is not more or less tainted with Socialism.

Haphazard Ministers.

THE cause of individualism in this country, if it is to achieve success, will have to find other champions than the dilettante and haphazard Ministers of the present Government. They will have to be men who will not compete with the Socialist Party in passing new Pensions Acts; in increasing the irresponsibility of the electorate by giving votes to all and sundry; in steadily increasing expenditure, and consequently having to inflate taxation by every conceivable device and strategy, although in their first King's Speech in 1924 the present Conservative Ministers made the pronouncement that an improvement in trade was impossible unless a reduction in expenditure, and therefore in taxation, was achieved.

All-Powerful Officials.

AS if this record were not enough, the other day Sir William Joynson-Hicks definitely promised that after the next election the Government would introduce and pass into law his Factory Bill, the draft of which was in circulation some time ago. This Bill is the most Socialist measure ever devised by a Minister of the Crown. It largely increases the number of Home Office inspectors, and places them above the law. The authority given them is such as has never been exercised by Government officials before in this country.

> Among other powers they can, without appeal, call upon small employers of labour to undertake such costly structural alterations of their buildings as would force many of them to close their businesses. There never has been a measure more calculated to injure British industry.
>
> Chambers of Commerce and the National Union of Manufacturers protest in vain. Is there any wonder that on all hands one hears it is increasingly difficult to obtain fresh capital for industrial enterprise in our country?

We need leaders like Mussolini and Poincaré, and patriotic men and women should not rest until they find them.

Yours very faithfully,

ROTHERMERE.

Dornoch, Sutherlandshire,

January 3, 1929.

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The Lesson of France and Germany

TWO important documents just published should be read by Englishmen side by side with the latest figures of unemployment and poor relief in their own country. These documents are the annual report of Mr. Parker Gilbert, Agent General for Reparations, on German finance and industry, and the Report on the Economic Conditions in France in 1928 by the Commercial Counsellor to the British Embassy in Paris.

Germany suffered in the war the moral damage of defeat, the privations of a severe blockade, the ruin of her finances and productive industries. After the war she experienced revolution, and as recently as six years ago was not only figuratively but actually bankrupt. Her currency was worthless and her people were starving. *To-day Mr. Parker Gilbert writes that "Germany has been re-established as a going concern on a relatively high level of economic activity"* and that "there can be no question in the light of practical experience so far as to the ability of the German budget to provide the full amount (£125 millions p.a.) due to the Allies under the Dawes scheme."

THE case of France is perhaps even more remarkable. In life and in material damage France suffered more than any other of the combatants in the Great War. Ten of her wealthiest provinces were devastated and nearly a tenth of her adult male population was killed. Yet to-day her exports of manufactured goods are (in weight) two and a half times as great as in 1913, her invisible exports have increased to an even greater extent, and in the latest month for which figures are available the number of unemployed was 681.

CONTRASTING FACTS

THE most notable expansion in French exports has taken place in the heavy industries. To give only one instance, her engineering exports have increased from 313,600 tons in 1913 to 1,469,000 in 1927, while her imports, which in 1913 slightly exceeded, are now barely one-seventh of her exports. Again, exports of coal have increased from 1,743,000 tons to 4,931,000, and of iron and steel from 1,008,000 to 5,258,000 metric tons.

What a contrast these two countries provide to our own conditions. In England our export trade is languishing, we have more than 1,200,000 unemployed and one person in every forty is in receipt of relief under the poor law.

It is the first duty of everyone to study these contrasting facts and to find the reasons for them. They are not so very hard to find.

The first lesson is that neither Free Trade nor Protection is essential to a flourishing export trade. Before the war England, the great Free Trade country, was the greatest exporter of manufactured goods. To-day, France and America, both strongly Protectionist, show the greatest expansion in export trade. This lesson is not a positive but a negative one. It is clear that Protection is no bar to the expansion of exports, but it is also clear that, since France was equally highly protected in 1913, Protection is not the cause of her prosperity. Let us at all costs be clear about this. The reason for the difference between 1913 and 1927 in England and between the same years in France cannot be found in the only condition operating in both countries in both years. We must look further.

The recent history of British industry gives us the clue. The three industries in this country which are really flourishing to-day are the artificial silk, chemical and electrical industries. Is it a coincidence that these three are all new industries? If we turn to France again we shall find striking proof that it is not.

THE German invasion devastated some of the richest manufacturing districts in France. What was the result? To meet the mere needs of her civilian population, new industries had to be created, new factories built in other districts. These new organisations were not, as in England, solely devoted to meeting the temporary demand for munitions, but to meeting permanent needs. When the peace came, the process of economic renewal went on. The manufacturing concerns in the invaded districts had to be reconditioned. In 1913 two thirds of the steel output was made in works that came under the enemy's guns. This has meant that 18 large works with 86 blast furnaces have been reconstructed with the most modern plant. The reconstruction of the Lens coalfields has permitted a new and profitable collaboration between them and the two principal chemical groups. Again, the war robbed France of more than half of her spindles and looms. All these losses have been made good by the newest types of machinery. *Is it a coincidence that it is in the iron and steel, coal, linen, cotton, woollen and jute trades that France's progress has been most marked? When we study these facts side by side with what we know of our own condition the lesson is crystal clear.*

If further proof were needed we have only to turn to Germany to find that precisely the same process has been at work. Germany, it is true, was not invaded, but the pressure of the blockade, the shortage of lubricants and the use of substitutes of all kinds led to the deterioration of the whole of her plant and machinery. The financial collapse after the war completed the disorganisation and led to the wholesale regrouping of production units and to the creation of powerful trusts and combines which alone could get the support of the banks for the necessary work of re-equipment.

And What of England?

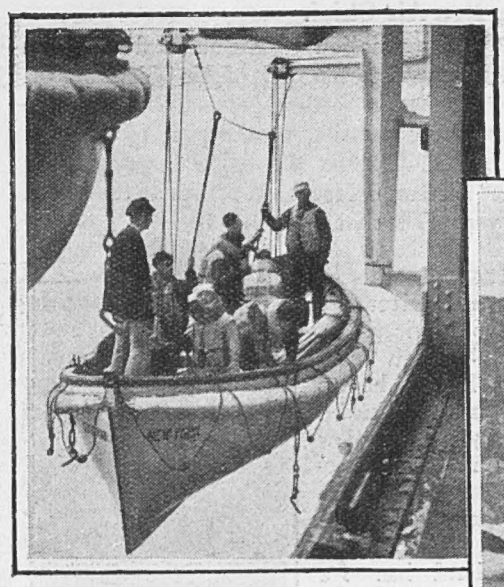
WHAT of England during these seven crucial years after the war, when France and Germany were laying the foundations of their present prosperity? While our competitors were reorganising their industries we were engaged in "social reforms." The egregious Dr. Addison, presiding over a Ministry of Reconstruction, told us how to spend the money which we hadn't got, and successive governments have proceeded to spend it. We studied hard in those early years. We built model houses which no one could afford to live in. What did it matter? The taxpayer paid for them and the unemployed lived in them. We recast our educational system, we subsidized first bread, then rents and then coal. Then we got nervous, took off the subsidies (except on rents), increased the unemployment insurance and gave pensions to widows. *We have spent on out-of-work donation, poor relief and unemployment insurance, nearly twice what France has spent on the reconstruction of the devastated areas.*

THIS may seem an unfair summary of our post-war activities. In one sense it is. The Nemesis of politics is that you cannot retrieve a false step. We started with the idea of forcing up our standard of living; and in trying by this ingenious method to make a land fit for heroes to live in we landed our heroes in a situation which, out of mere humanity, we had to mitigate. We must go on shouldering our burden. With our present industrial organisation we cannot carry it indefinitely. Already we are so far handicapped that our industries have to pay four times, while France has to pay only twice, the amount of the pre-war taxation, and even before the war we were the most heavily taxed nation in Europe.

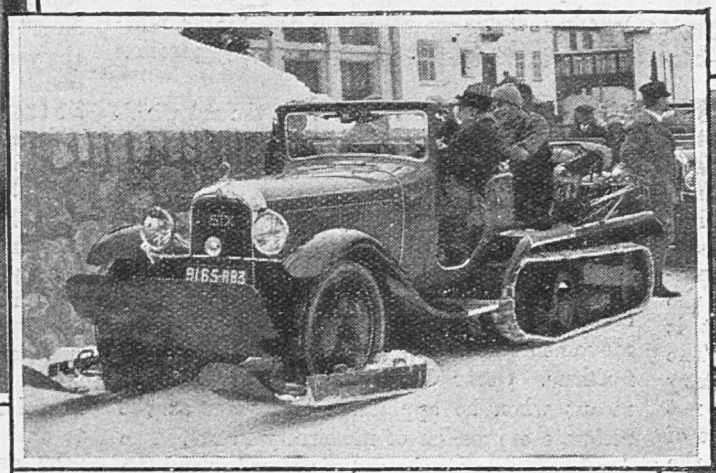
Without repudiating our obligations we cannot lighten this burden now. We lost our last chance when, against the advice of Mr. McKenna, our ablest banker, and Mr. J. M. Keynes, our ablest economist, we precipitated the return to the gold standard and by increasing the value of the £ sterling increased in exact proportion the burden of the debt services. But if we cannot lighten the burden we can and must strengthen the shoulders on which it falls. We must, better late than never, concentrate our energies on the reorganisation of industry. *We have already decided with almost criminal recklessness on our expenditure. Better late than never we must now start thinking about our income.* Mr. Baldwin has pledged himself not to reduce our expenditure on social services. So be it. But he can only carry his courageous resolution if he sets at once about the task of paying for them. We can pay for our social services only by increasing the production of British goods at prices at which the world will buy them. Till this is done unemployment will continue and a deep unrest will prevail. No more urgent problem ever waited for the attention of statesmen. Let us be duly grateful to Mr. Parker Gilbert and to the Commercial Counsellor at Paris for two reports which point so closely to the right solution.

BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events.

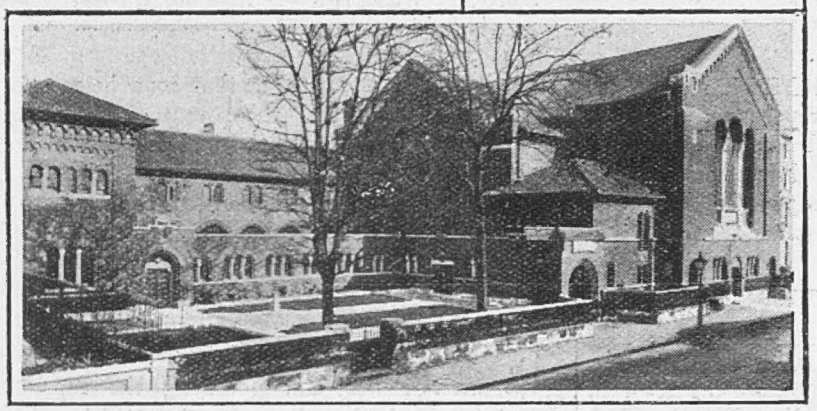


Boat drill at sea. Crew of the "Leviathan" practise manning the boats.



Cars run on wheels, mounted in skis and with caterpillar wheels to grip the snow are proving popular novelties at St. Moritz.

"The smith a mighty man . . . . ." The blacksmith priest at Gretna Green performed some four marriage ceremonies a week at his smithy last year.



"A Harmony in Brick." The latest addition to London's churches is the Second Church of Christ, Scientist, in Palace Gardens Terrace, W.2.

Mr. Baldwin's Alarming Confession.

THE Prime Minister's speech at Bewdley last Saturday is, I suppose, the opening of the party's election campaign. It is a subdued and rather uninspiring utterance, and is in one respect at least positively alarming.

"No one rejoices more than I do," he says, "to see industrial problems being taken directly out of the hands of the politicians who have never been fit to handle them." If Mr. Baldwin meant that he is opposed to nationalisation every one would agree, but quite clearly he meant a good deal more. He meant that the systematic reorganisation of industry was a thing best left to industrialists. This has been the direction of the last ten years and has proved to be a barren one. Nothing has been done.

What we need is a systematic overhauling of our industries (not omitting our sales organisation) without the counterbalancing evil of State control. To see that we get this is the specific duty of the Conservative Party, and unless the country is satisfied of their ruthless determination to face this one big problem of our time, it will choose other leaders.

America and the British Empire.

ENGLISHMEN will read the account of the debate in the American Senate on the Kellogg Pact with surprise. One prominent Senator described the British Empire as an institution under which "50,000,000 subjects of Britain have the right to rule over 400,000,000 without their consent and against their protest." Other speeches in the same strain made it clear that the chief objection to the Peace Pact is that it involves the recognition by the United States of the predominance of British interests within and on the confines of the British Empire. Senator Borah, defending the Pact, was hardly encouraging, because he was forced to fall back on the argument that the Pact really committed no one to anything.

"This weakness," he is reported as saying, "is not so much in the instrument as in human nature." The chief human weakness exemplified by the Pact is the desire of politicians of all races to face both ways. That permanent peace means an acceptance either of the *status quo* or of the limitation of the independence of individual states is elementary, but there is no politician of any country who will accept either one position or the other. Nor are they wrong. Yet they have all signed the Pact.

Ignis Fatui.

MISS SOPHIE TUCKER has married a third time; I wonder if this means that she will give up her most successful song—*Nobody loves a fat girl.*

Certainly it has no historical basis. Catherine the Great, Lady Castlemaine, Madame de Montespan were all enormous and considerably loved, while Lady Hamilton had, if contemporary witness was true, "the body of an elephant." But she had the face of an angel, which perhaps made a difference, even to one so chivalrous as Lord Nelson.

The B.B.C. and the Press.

THE proposal of the B.B.C. to start a new weekly paper is not so objectionable as the refusal of the Postmaster-General to receive a deputation on the subject. The constitutional question is far more serious than is generally recognised, because we are bound to see the creation in the next twenty years of a large number of semi-public corporations like the B.B.C. in charge of semi-national services which require unified control for their efficiency.

The B.B.C. is rightly given under its charter a wide measure of independence, but the view that once it has approved a loosely drawn charter Parliament is powerless to interfere, would mean that the only tolerable alternative was nationalisation.

Happily there is another alternative. It is quite a simple one, and civilised peoples employ it quite frequently. It is called government; and it is an art which the Postmaster-General should study. He could start by looking up the derivation of the word, which is from a Latin word meaning to steer. In other words, it is the art of telling people where to go and seeing that they get there by their own efforts.

Alcohol and Liberalism.

THE deaths from poison alcohol in New York City last year were 1,565. At the same moment as these figures were published Lord Beaverbrook announced that the hope for the Liberal Party was to adopt Prohibition as their policy. I am afraid that the Liberals, with their sentimental aversion from repressive measures, would have to get some one else to enforce it for them. Lord Buckmaster would hardly approve of the sentence of imprisonment for life just passed in Michigan on a mother of ten children engaged in bootlegging.

The same paper which reported this atrocious sentence reported a precisely similar sentence passed in another American State on a woman who pleaded guilty to murdering a child of nine. Prohibition clearly leads, as is so often said, to a new set of moral values. But why ask the unfortunate Liberal Party to stand sponsor for them? Lord Beaverbrook is being rather unkind.

More Artistic Nonsense.

I KNEW it would come. A review of Anton Zweig's fine novel *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* describes it as epitomising the indignities and sufferings of the millions of private soldiers who fought in the war. Grischa is a sergeant in the Russian army who gets wrongfully executed by the Germans as a deserter

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND?

Most people believe something is wrong; many are convinced that they know what it is. We therefore invite readers to express their opinions. Articles should not exceed 300 words in length, and, if published, will be paid for at our usual rates.—ED.

from an Austrian regiment. The book is founded on fact. One man out of close on a hundred million combatants suffered this misfortune!

Henri Barbusse in a new war book also sees fit to deal with military executions. So did A. P. Herbert in *The Secret Battle*, and C. E. Montague in *Rough Justice*. These four writers are certainly among the best writers of war novels, but a protest against an artistic fault of the first magnitude is overdue. These writers are dealing with the particular under the pretence that it is the general. The horror of military executions is not greater than that of civil executions; the chances of a miscarriage of justice are not greater (and by comparison with some countries infinitely less), and the justification for the extreme penalty is considerably greater.

Mr. A. P. Herbert.

But there is more in it than that. The number of these executions was infinitely less in proportion to the combatants than in peace time, just as ordinary crime is less among the soldiers than among the civilians. To isolate the few pitiful tragedies which occurred and to set them out in the forefront of recollection with the realities of war as an insignificant background is a falsification of experience and an abuse of the gift of poignant expression which all these writers possess.

False Logic.

MR. GERALD GOULD has attacked one of our contemporaries for saying, as I have so often said myself, that Free Trade is not a question of principle but of expediency. "Tariff walls," he says, in reply "mean wars." They reflect "the false principle of international rivalry, competition and hostility." This is a fine example of false logic. The grocer makes jam; jam is food; without food we die: therefore without the grocer we die! Where there is rivalry there will soon be competition, of course, and some forms of competition involve hostility. But not all.

Mr. Gerald Gould.

I have yet to hear of a war between Barclays and Lloyds Bank, or a bombing raid by Messrs. Lyons on the A.B.C. tea shops. But perhaps it is the fear of such a conflict breaking out that makes Mr. Gould a Socialist. How nervous he must be as he goes to his office with all this hostile competition going on all round him. He conceals it, of course, beneath a very cherubic appearance, but that only shows how brave he is.

Art and Modernity.

THE Exhibition of Dutch Paintings at Burlington House brings to mind the curious fact that Franz Hals, Hobbema, Jan Steer and Rembrandt all died in poverty. The same is, of course, true of the generality of great artists and writers. The reason usually given—that the popular taste is irredeemably bad—I believe to be quite untrue. I believe on the contrary that it is educated taste which is bad. Every age is dominated by some artistic fad which monopolises attention and marks nine-tenths of the artistic output of each generation with its stigma.

The only art which survives is the art which is independent of the influences of its age and which can therefore speak to other ages. For proof, I give the writings of the satirists of all ages and countries. The fads and extravagances which they condemn have been forgotten, but the reason which inspired their condemnation still appeals to us. Modern movements in art are as ephemeral as to-day's fashions. Oscar Wilde said more than he meant when he applauded dandyism as the ultimate expression of modernity in art. The dandy of to-day is the cad of yesterday and the bounder of to-morrow.

The Perfect Rest Cure.

DR. HAROLD DEARDEN has been telling our esteemed contemporary, *The Graphic*, that exhausted mankind can profit more by resting in bed under the glare of artificial sunshine than by gallivanting to the Riviera and basking in the real thing (when it shines).

LORD BIRKENHEAD

Upon his return to London (towards the end of January) Lord Birkenhead will contribute to BRITANNIA a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise.

The national importance of this arrangement — probably the most interesting ever made in modern journalism—is obvious.

No elector can claim to be well informed unless he has read BIRKENHEAD in BRITANNIA.

Order BRITANNIA To-day

Personally, I am all for bed. But how far can we carry this artificial existence? To sunshine we can now add "bottled" ozone and, if we may accept the advice of the vitamin experts, all the essentials of human existence can be obtained in a few pellets and a bit of powdered something-or-other. It is also alleged that violet sparks applied through a glass tube provide an effective substitute for exercise, and that pain need not be endured for more than five minutes at most. Indeed, I find it seriously stated in one advertisement that a gentleman who suffered headache every Sunday morning for forty-five years no longer has cause to regret what (presumably) he did on the previous Saturday night.

Truly, we live in a marvellous age. Already news and music comes to the bedside, television threatens to supply us with visions of the Drama, the Derby and the Cup Final; so that if science will but provide some honest means of making money without working for it, there should soon be no necessity for us to get up at all.

The New Air Chief.

THE promotion of Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond to the rank of Air Chief-Marshal is interpreted as settling beyond all reasonable doubt the succession to the post of Chief of the Air Staff when Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard retires at the end of the year. The choice of "Tails-up" Salmond will be welcomed universally in the Services, for, like Sir Hugh Trenchard himself, he has always maintained a strong and cool view on questions affecting inter-Service relations. The retirement of Sir Hugh Trenchard has for several years past been an ever-green topic of discussion among Service people. If no one wished to see him go, it was perfectly clear that soon he must.

Air-Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond.

Sir Hugh has laid the stamp of his own fearless, strongly-disciplined and single-minded personality on the Air Force, raising it to a level in the public estimation befitting its importance in the nation's defence, and he has fought its battles with an earnestness and vigour that have made him an outstanding figure on the Chiefs of Staff's sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence. As the most senior officer among the representatives of the three Services, although appearing for the junior Service, the weight he has carried has been invaluable to Sir Samuel Hoare, the Air Minister, and it is not surprising, therefore, that he has been prevailed upon to defer his retirement until after the present Government has reached its end.

A Voice Crying in the Wilderness.

THE Archbishop of York made a wise and timely plea last Sunday for Christian art and Christian literature. He specifically challenged the current intellectualist cant which pretends that a convinced Christian, by adopting an attitude to life, has lost his title to be accepted as a guide to its problems. The claim that art is self-expression is, of course, a fallacy. A man shut up in a dark room from the day of his birth would produce no work of art. Art is the reaction of the personality to the outside world. If a man reacts to the Christian revelation in such a way that he can be claimed as a Christian he is expressing himself just as much and just as little as the Atheist or the Buddhist.

Dr. Temple, Archbishop of York.

This is all elementary, and it says little for the culture of our age that it should be necessary for the second ecclesiastic in the land to devote his time to saying it. But as things are, we must be grateful for a notable address.

AND *the* PEOPLE WAIT

By Stephen Wilkinson

Russian workmen students, as seen by the artist Radilov.

For a group of statesmen with imagination to grasp the needs of the hour, and the will to execute their purpose.

WHILE the orthodox political pundits bandy phrases the international political bandits intensify their internecine activities. Have we forgotten Arcos? Mr. Rosengolz and Mr. Khinchuk?

The record stands of how certain members of the Labour Party, soul-stricken and humiliated at their own countrymen's tyranny, entertained the ejected of Arcos to a feast of farewell at the British House of Commons. And the next day they were at the platform: Mr. Henderson to greet Rosengolz with "Hello, old fellow"; and Mr. Lansbury putting his arms about the neck of Khinchuk and kissing him on both cheeks.

The record stands! Entertaining the Soviet twain in the British House of Commons, where the voices of Chatham, Disraeli and Salisbury once sounded their sonorous notes for Britain.

A Cosmic Brotherhood!

FOR myself, I do not believe in this Cosmic Brotherhood, when I shall kiss a stoat, hug a hedgehog, caress a tortoise, and speak fraternal words to the simple snail. It does not exult me to contemplate a time of equal status for ferrets and foxes, weasels and worms, vixens and vipers, carrion-crows and loyal centipedes. My tastes are not so cosmopolitan.

I know that God in His wisdom has set divisions that neither nature nor the vapid fantastic experiments of mankind can break asunder. I know that the hedgehog will make a meal of the snail; that a healthy hound will thrill to the scent of a fox; and that the policy of Rosengolz and Khinchuk seeks to destroy the proud fabric of an Empire that centuries of careful building have established, out of the genius and the brains of her great men, the valour of her fighting sons, and the unflagging confidence of her captains of industry and loyal workers.

Pupils of Moscow.

WHILE the orthodox politicians bandy their phrases, and practise the ancient game of manœuvring for position, alert propagandists and pupils of Moscow empty their phials of verbal prussic acid upon the receptive palates of workless disillusioned men in their tens of thousands, who were promised a land fit for heroes. All over the industrial North masses of men assemble in Town Halls and other meeting-places to hear the pupils of Moscow discourse on another method of deliverance.

British shores have always been a hospitable landing-place for the scheming political bandits who have, like Karl Marx, been banished from foreign countries.

Here they have nestled comfortably down; evolved vapid schemes of World-Commonwealths, with no more substantial base than the fabric of an H. G. Wells romance; preached sedition and the destruction of the land that gave them shelter; attracted disciples: and these disciples to-day are attracting the adhesion of multitudes of otherwise decent normal working men who, in their hearts, hate all "this foreign stuff"; but see no way out of the idle misery in which they are allowed to rot.

What, therefore, have the orthodox politi cal pundits to offer as an alternative to the poisonous outpourings that are taking place daily among the massed populations in the industrial North? Little or nothing.

Progress or the Precipice?

A RESOLUTE group of statesmen could capture the imagination of the country during the next few months. They could check the subtle forces of subversion; rejuvenate the dissipated confidence of the nation; and make of politics an instrument or a deep and wide national recovery instead of a peg whereon to hang petty catchwords and fantastic slogans.

Wonderful would be the welcome accorded by a waiting nation to a group of statesmen animated by imagination sufficient to grasp the needs of the hour, and the will to execute their purpose.

At a touch of such power Britain would feel her soul strong again; the eyes of the world would again regard her with that admiration which her former splendour evoked; the rabble army of frothy chin-wags, infesting a workless and embittered industrial populace with a seditious bacilli from abroad, would be dispersed; and from the ashes of post-war legislative failures would arise an even Greater Britain than that majestic Empire which has inspired a long and wondrous galaxy of poets, writers and statesmen to do her honour in word and deed.

Revolutions have always sprung from weak and incompetent Governments. Under virile statesmanship national prosperity proceeds: under vacillating and infertile statesmanship the national will declines; business enterprise is stultified; the credit of the country abroad decreases; unemployment becomes rife.

The Nation Waits for Leaders.

IT is not too late for a great national awakening. But soon the hazard will be put to the touch! MacDonald refreshes himself in the Reichstag; Maxton manipulates his machinations; Cook conducts his campaigns of vacuous menaces and contagious recriminations; Lloyd George and Snowden exchange sympathetic signals below a strong current of Party abuse and pseudo-violence of a personal character. And the people wait.

With a nation as with an individual, there is no such thing as suspended animation. Either we shall go forward or we shall plunge to the abyss. Where is the broad legislative programme, backed by resolute statesmen, that will put new heart into a waiting nation?

We know where the enemies of Great Britain are. They are sedulously engaged in internecine seditious activities, confidently preparing to reap the rewards of a free franchise and an embittered industrial populace.

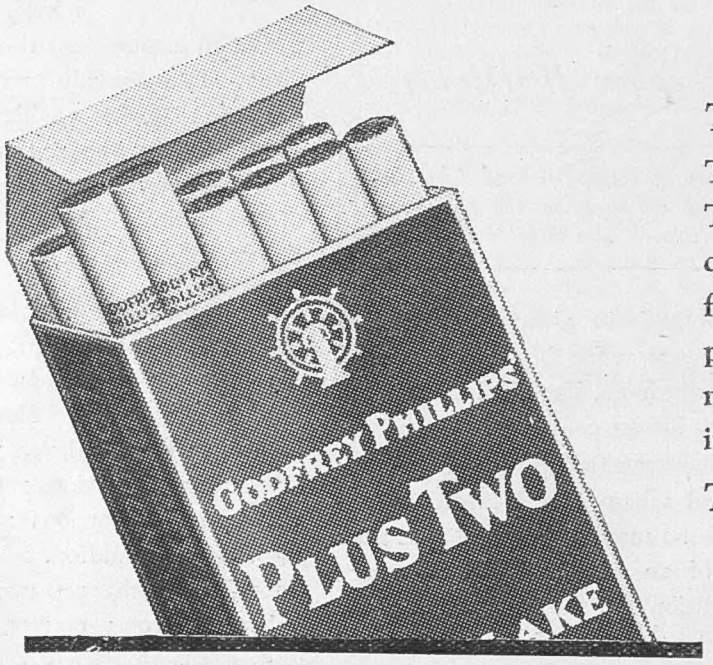
The next election may well prove conclusive in the destiny of Great Britain.

You don't want

2 more of these—

but you do want

2 more cigarettes for your 6d.



That means 'Plus Two.'

They are 12 (not 10) for 6d. The same size, the same quality, as the ordinary 10 for 6d. cigarettes. But no pictures, no fancy wrappings, no coupons. That's how it's done!

The 'Plus Two' man gets two more!

'PLUS TWO'

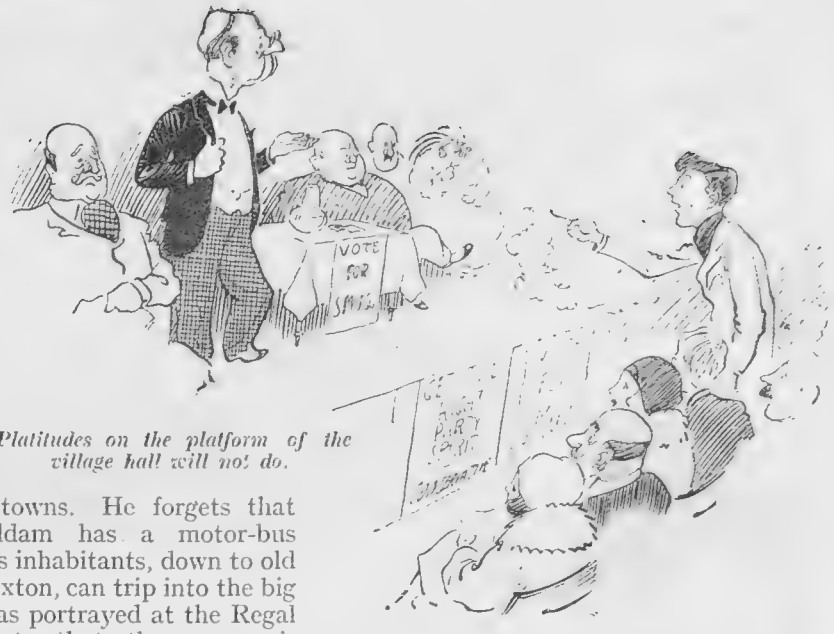
CIGARETTES

12 for 6d — *Full size, length, weight & quality* — **24 for 1/-**

Are You a 'Plus Two' Man?

TORIES *and* THE *RURAL* VOTER

By Harold Eley



Platitudes on the platform of the village hall will not do.

THE decks are being cleared. Election agents are all a-flutter for the coming fray. And as I poke about in Magna Puddam (that isn't the real name of the village) I hear the old old story, "of course, the countryman will vote Conservative." Such an old story!—but is it true to-day?

Since the air was filled with talk of a General Election, I have talked with villagers; sipped ale with them in little inns that are the very spirit of England; listened to their views, their grievances, their censures of a Government which promised so much for the man of the fields and the farms . . . and has accomplished so little. And I wonder.

He has in mind Magna Puddam . . . . before the luxury coach drew up outside the Three Horse Shoes.

John Hodge Listens In.

IT seems to me that the old type of smug, comfortable Conservative—stout fellow, but woefully behind the times—is overlooking some vital things in connection with the coming conflict. First and foremost, he forgets the giant strides of the great god Transport. Forgets that the villages are no longer isolated hamlets, far removed from the life and news of the towns. He forgets that even Magna Puddam has a motor-bus service, and that its inhabitants, down to old Dan, the grizzled sexton, can trip into the big town, and see life as portrayed at the Regal Cinema. He forgets that the cowman's cottage, despite its leaky roof, is equipped with radio . . . and that John Hodge has heard Mr. Ramsay MacDonald giving his own version of the England that is yet to be. Yes, the gates have been opened . . . and isolated ignorance has flown. And our smug Conservatives, so sure of "the countryman's vote" have missed the flight.

Radio! Installed in Magna Puddam, as well as in the modern villas of Golders Green and Streatham. It is well to remember the fact!

Same Old Dope.

AND, secondly, I fancy that some of our Conservatives have forgotten something about the war. Not, of course, the epic gallantry of the countrymen who fought at Ypres, and Kut, and in the streets of Dublin Town. Ah, no! But they seem to have forgotten that these lads from the shires returned to the fields, and the rick-yards, and the cow-sheds, different lads. Different in outlook. Different in faith. Different in political views. And from scores of platforms in village halls and institutes, they are giving them the old medicine, and imagining that it will send them to the polling booths, content to vote for the modern descendant of the Squire.

I believe that it is all wrong. I believe that the Conservative candidate for the division which includes Magna Puddam must adjust his ideas. I believe that he must get it firmly into his head that the Great War changed men. That the coming of quick transport has changed men. And that Radio has changed men, too.

We hear a good deal about a Conservative Party that stands for the working man. "No longer the Party of Class and Influence." And we thank God that the great historic Party which championed the workers when other parties were obsessed with the divine rights of manufacturers, *has* become a party wherein the labourer of the fields and of the factories can find a place. *But it is the candidates who must awaken to the new conditions.*

When the old order changed, and the grey old Hall hard by Magna Puddam passed from the ancient family which had held it for three hundred years, and became the home of the rotund little man who had made a fortune out of pickles and jam, something changed in the tenantry, too. And it will not do for Pickles and Jam to think that the Order of the Squires can pass, and that the Order of the Serfs can remain.

It will not do for Pickles and Jam to think that the Order of the Squires can pass.

Platitudes and Peace.

JAM and Pickles—or Pickles and Jam, must learn something about the market price of hay; and the curious things that occur in the pig markets; and the prices of fertilisers; and the difficulties of growing wheat in the big field away past the barns. Knowledge has ever been Power.

Platitudes on the platform of the village hall will not do. Talk about "Peace in our Time" will not do. The glamour of an Honest Man will not do. For, beyond the towns, where the red earth is turned to the winds and snows of winter, John Hodge is asking questions.

Tradition is a good thing. But it will not do to rely on tradition in the election that is coming. And, methinks, in that election the countryman will play a vital part. For the need of those rolling fields is urgent. Not for ever can they be forgotten.

The Farmer's Wife.

I AM urged to buy New Zealand butter and Canadian apples, and Irish eggs, but all the while, I am thinking of the farms around Magna Puddam—sweet English farms, with cross-bred hens strutting about the rickyards, and big fields all over-grown with thistles, and cart sheds tumbling to ruin, all because nobody is big enough to see the bigness of the English farmer.

I expect that most of the Party organisers have seen "The Farmer's Wife." Perhaps it would be well if they took the name of that famous play as a motto during the coming months, *for the farmer's wife is going to say some trenchant things to her man before he records his vote in the little village school.*

The farmer's wife is going to say some trenchant things to her man before he records his vote.

THE PROMISE *of the* NEW YEAR

Last week we gave the views of four prominent leaders of trade, industry and banking on the economic prospects for 1929. Five more leading figures in British commercial circles contribute their views on trade in the coming year in the article which we publish below.

Sir Edwin Stockton, J.P.

(Past President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce.)

IT is always a difficult task, and sometimes a dangerous one, to prophesy in regard to the future of trade, but I venture to think that the prospects for 1929 are more favourable than has been the case for some time past.

I make this statement because I believe that in recent months the world's economic situation has improved considerably, and as a result of this gradual regaining of stability, there is a better feeling of confidence all round, which is bound to help forward the long-delayed revival in trade.

In a recent report of the Economic Section of the League of Nations on Production and Trade, it is stated that while the world population of 1926 was 6 per cent. greater than pre-war, the production of raw materials was no less than 27 per cent. up.

This is an important factor, because it goes to show that the world is richer per head of population, and we need always to remember that the real wealth of the world lies primarily in its productive capacity. It is hard work, and not talk, which brings an increase in true prosperity. The uncertainty and unreliability of the labour position during the last few years has undoubtedly had a crippling effect on trade; and it is, therefore, good to know that in this respect, a much more settled state of things undoubtedly exists at the present time.

The success or failure of 1929 largely depends on the individual recognition of the contribution we each one should make. If we do our part properly, there surely will be no cause for regrets.

Sir Robert Horne.

A former Chancellor of the Exchequer; Director of Baldwins, Ltd.)

SINCE the war New Year prophecies of better times have only too frequently been falsified by the event. But as we get further away from the convulsion which shook the world, conditions become more normal and the future is more easily envisaged. We may, therefore, with greater confidence base our expectations of 1929 on the economic data which are available to us. These, on balance, are not unfavourable.

Grievous unemployment unhappily persists in our staple industries, and can only disappear slowly. But in a great variety of lesser trades there is on the whole a growing activity, and some districts of the country are definitely prosperous. British economy is now completely adjusted to the gold standard. Good world harvests—the ultimate basis of international trade—mean high purchasing power in many important quarters and should lead to some revival of orders

A hopeful sign is that the leaders of trade unions have definitely adopted a new course of co-operation with the employers with a view to increased efficiency. The General Election, due this year, will of course be a disturbing factor, but fortunately the Socialist menace has not become more threatening. Unless a severe set-back occurs in America—an important proviso—next year should disclose some substantial degree of progress towards prosperity.

Sir Max Muspratt, Bart.

(Director of Imperial Chemical Industries.)

IN recent years I have usually taken an optimistic view of the near future; a view generally justified by the results, except in the year of the coal stoppage.

For 1929 I find it far more difficult to make a forecast, as I do not understand the phenomena of this year; particularly in regard to the increase in unemployment and the alleged falling off in the luxury and semi-luxury retail trade, especially during the season in London.

It is true there was a serious slump in the U.S.A. in the early months of the year; but it is difficult to see how, if at all, that should affect this country.

As there have been no signs of general reduction in spending power or earnings, as shown by dividends, the increase in unemployment may be a warning of depression to come, or it may be the result of the closing down of antiquated works and processes, and more efficient production in those left. If the latter is the case, an expansion of export trade may be looked for, with increased prosperity, and the ultimate absorption of the unemployed in other directions.

But there is always a time lag in such readjustments, and they are very painful until completed. In most of the depressed industries there are signs that the very worst is over; but the road to prosperity is long and difficult. Electric development is very promising, as are motor cars and many newer industries.

The harvests of the world seem to be good, and there are not the old extreme fluctuations in price under which the profits and, therefore, purchasing power of agriculture were often less with good crops than with bad.

Finally, the better relations between Capital and Labour are a very good omen, if not too seriously disturbed by unemployment. On the whole, therefore, I take a fairly optimistic view for 1929.

Sir Stanley Machin.

(Ex-President of the Federation of British Industries.)

WHEN we look around and see the ever-increasing amount that is being spent on luxuries in almost all the capitals of the world, it is difficult to realise that trade is not in a flourishing condition, and yet if the truth were realised, with the exception of the United States of America, one and all are still suffering severely from the effects of the Great War.

While we cannot be unduly optimistic, I think we can reasonably look forward to the year 1929 with feelings of hopefulness. Exchanges are becoming more stabilised, and confidence, the key to successful development, is undoubtedly returning.

The changed economic conditions in many European countries are still the cause of an unsettled outlook.

The policy of free imports, which has for so long been maintained in this country, is being severely tried, and it would seem inevitable that with the ever-increasing tendency to increase tariffs abroad, steps must be taken by England further to protect and develop her home market.

It would seem impossible that the present unequal state of affairs could continue. The rapidly increasing public opinion in favour of a system of safeguarding for this country would appear to be one that no government will be able to ignore. This policy, if initiated, must have a far-reaching effect not only in England but also abroad.

W. L. Hichens.

(Chairman of the shipbuilding firm of Cammell Laird & Co.)

SO far as can be seen at present, the trade prospects for 1929 appear to be better than of late. Harvests have been good; more orders are coming from China; Russia is less unsettled. The indications are that there will be a bigger demand for the basic commodities. It is unlikely, however, that this increased demand will do more than keep pace with the ever-expanding capacity of the basic industries. Hence it is highly improbable that there will be a boom in these trades, or that the intense competition which has been so marked a feature of the past seven years will be materially relaxed. The capacity of the basic industries is, and is likely to remain during next year, in excess of the demand. Mechanical improvements and the adoption of methods of mass production are so far-reaching in their effects that they will more than counterbalance any normal expansion of trade that can reasonably be expected in 1929. Hence, although there will probably be an upward trend in the volume of trade, it is, to my mind, unlikely that we shall see the basic industries restored to a prosperous condition in 1929.

THRILLS *in the* THEATRE

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

Dennis Neilson-Terry, who takes the part of the Tiger man in "No Other Tiger."

IN the way of play-writing I am inclined to think that the most difficult task of all is to produce a really successful "thriller." Largely perhaps because the sensation of fear is one so much starker, more barren, more devoid of *nuances* than the emotions which lead to tears or laughter. There are no half-measures about it. Either the feeling of fear is superinduced or it is not; and if it fails to make full materialisation, the bottom falls out of the play. Yet this illusion of fear is far harder to conjure up in the theatre than the illusion of joy or sorrow, for the reason that the reality of it is rarer as it is also uglier, while our founts of grief or happiness, pity or amusement, are always—in the normal person—sympathetically alive.

The step from the sublime to the ridiculous in this kind of play is indeed such an exceptionally short one that some playwrights in the last few years have tried to draw the sting of untimely laughter by deliberately providing a comic side to their dramas—even as proprietors of sweet-shops are said to give boys entering their employ a day's free gorge on their wares, so that their appetites may be once for all sated to more than repletion. Hence arose the "comedy-thriller"; I think its very first example was "No. 17," in which Mr. Leon Lion created one of the best of the character-parts he so excels in.

Gallantry Rewarded.

"No Other Tiger." By A. E.W. Mason. (St. James's.)

But Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry, brave member of a famous family, has embraced no such compromise in his first venture into management. In the intriguingly-titled *No Other Tiger* launched at the St. James's he has gone all out for the straight thrill—and by heaven, sir, as uncle Toby might have put it, he reaps the reward of his gallantry. The thing comes off. We believe in his Tiger-man.

Even when we hear this ex-Guards officer of good birth, who has been brutalised by years of hell in Cayenne, bestially snarling like the jungle beast, we accept it as a genuine evolution from man's inhumanity to man—which, if anything, is the moral of the piece. We get that atmosphere of imminent horror in the lonely French chateau, where the women are menaced by a couple of madmen, striking from the dark into the light, as one of the characters graphically puts it. We get the impression, not so much of bare fear as the mingled pity-and-fear which Aristotle once laid down as among the objectives of tragedy.

A Plausible Story.

These be high words, and I do not mean to convey that this piece is of any great depth, or more than the assault on our surface sensations that it sets out to be. Yet it has this point of superiority over most of its clamant colleagues, that it uses no mechanical tricks or artifices toward the aid of its alarums and excursions, which arise quite plausibly out of a plausible story.

Here is the young Guardsman in the dock at an excellent first-act trial scene in a French court of law—one feels that justice would be too ironical a word. Inveigled into a house-party of smart card-sharping crooks, he has felled one of them with a champagne bottle, most excusably, after hideous provocation: the man died, and Archie Clutter is iniquitously sentenced to twenty years in the notorious French penal settlement.

Some Proper Villains.

Eight years later we find that his rich wife has taken into her London house, as a sort of companion, a thoroughly unpleasant young dancing girl, with a Dago lover. The wife rashly tells this dancer Corinne (pronounced by most of her fellow-actors as Corrin) that her whole fortune of £40,000 has been left to the said Corinne or Corrin "in trust" till the convict husband comes out again, when apparently convict and dancer are to share out. With the help of a Burmese servant (a proper set of villains, these) Corinne destroys a letter from the convict asking for money to engineer his escape, poisons the wife and collars the boodle.

Evidently no solicitor was employed to enforce the "trust" arrangement, for Corinne and her repulsive *inamorato* have managed to blew the lot by the time the convict escapes, a year or so later. Then, of course, the music begins to play, with, as overture, the revelation by one of the characters of how, out tiger-shooting, in Burma recently, he had seen the now bearded and ravaged Clutter stalking something, and afterwards found the battered body of the former Burmese servant. And "no other tiger passed that way that night."

Admirable Acting.

The rest of the play, and its dark climax, I will leave for personal inspection at the

An uninterrupted kiss: "Don't mind Anne," says the vamp (Miss Olive Sloane) in "The Love-Lorn Lady," little knowing that it is her lover's fiancée (Miss Renée Kelly) disguised as a maid, who is looking on.

theatre—which is certainly worth visiting for that purpose. Its main attraction is undoubtedly the admirable acting of Mr. Neilson-Terry. His ferocity as the cruelly abused, thwarted and vengeful man-tiger is a roughly vivid thing, yet never overdone. He is most credibly the half-madman his author has created. Especially in one scene, near the end, author and actor collaborate to a point of brilliance miles above the level of any ordinary crime-play.

This is where Clutter and his grim satellite, the Soho waiter who escaped with him, hold a mock trial of their prospective victim—a mordant travesty of the court proceedings by which he was himself condemned. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. J. S. Carré, whose name is unfamiliar, gives a singularly fine performance; his matter-of-fact quiet madness is a perfect foil to the other's, a snake to his tiger.

Delightful Nonsense.

"Fashion." By Mrs. Mowatt. (Gate.)

The revival of an ancient play is sometimes an expedient of more virtuosity than virtue, but Fashion: or Life in New York, which dates back to 1845, is sufficiently remote and also sufficiently amusing, in the grotesque manner, to justify its resurrection up to the hilt.

This is a perfectly delightful piece of solemn nonsense, which purports to be a kind of attack on the foibles of those who worshipped at the shrine of "fashion" in New York eighty years ago. (Incidentally, it was one of the earliest examples of the American "invasion" of our stage, for it was afterwards produced successfully in London.) Is it conceivable that the original Mrs. Mowatt could ever have written it except with her tongue in her cheek?

Heroine of an American success: Miss Helen Ford in "The Patsy" at the Apollo

Mr. Franklin Dyall as the villainous Prince in "The Last Hour" tries his bullying powers on the only woman in the piece, Miss Lydia Sherwood.

A New York Drama.

The most praiseworthy sentiments are uttered throughout this little drama, or melodrama, of a Mr. Tiffany, merchant, of New York, and his "fashionable" wife who was so enamoured of French modes and phrases that she offered her callers a "fow-tool" in place of an armchair. So devoted to France also that she accepted as honoured guest a *soi-disant* French Count who turned out to be a cook. Meanwhile there were the frivolous daughter of the house, the virtuous governess, the doubtful French maid, the blackmailing clerk, the farmer friend from the backwoods and others to add to the complications.

Out of all these personages and their incredibly sententious remarks (which we continue to trust and hope were undeniably in the original script) the Gate Theatre company contrive to make a lot of very joyous fun, which to at least one presumably sophisticated mind was the cause of some three hours of untroubled and unthinking laughter. Costumes presumably of the period—I cannot profess to go quite so far back, but Mr. Peter Godfrey, the producer, can doubtless be trusted in such matters—add materially to the effect of this *tour de ridicule*.

Old Time Songs.

It is also enhanced by the singing of some lovely old-time songs such as "We met: 'twas in a crowd" or the (so called) comic one with the chorus:—

Not for Joe, not for Joe—
Not for Joseph,
Not if he knows it.

And another but not at all less worthy one, hitherto unknown to me, adorned with the haunting refrain:—

Why did they dig Ma's grave so deep?
Why did they leave me here to weep?

A Feminine Secret.

"The Love-Lorn Lady." By Frederick Jackson. (Wyndham's.)

This is a thin yet amusing comedy, whose tenuity is redeemed by some accomplished acting. Its central idea is the old one that has so often occurred to respectable women—why do *ces dames* succeed in attracting and holding men where we fail?

Lady Anne Parrish, a Duke's daughter, forsaken by her also titled *fiancé* for a vulgar and promiscuous actress, gets a job as maid to the said siren in order to find out. It would appear that the secret is also one of more or less immemorial antiquity—indulge the brute, and pander to his personal vanity and tastes. Further wear, and if possible display, under the guise of doing needlework, such transparent under-garments as are calculated to accentuate the charms of feminity: "it stirs the men's imagination."

Unfortunately, the siren of the play gives herself away by getting drunk and breaking all her carefully woven spells. So Anne, otherwise Miss Renée Kelly marries the rough-stuff Canadian with plenty of dough—an unusual *rôle* for Mr. Francis Lister—and Miss Olive Sloane, as the actress, is left temporarily (but only, one feels, very temporarily) unattached.

THE COSTLY K.C.

By a Junior

OF the various causes given for the expensiveness of law there is none so popularly quoted, perhaps, as the immensity of counsels' fees. Hardly a day passes that some newspaper, in commenting on the enormous cost of such-and-such a *cause célèbre*, does not mention that the fees of counsel alone ran into thousands and thousands!

The size of these figures certainly do appal. And it is interesting, therefore, to see how and why it is they reach such colossal dimensions.

An Illogical Tradition.

ONE of the reasons is the system still in use regarding the payment of junior counsel when a "leader" is employed. According to an age-long tradition, when both a "stuffgownsman" and a "silk" are engaged in a case the fee of the former is two-thirds or three-fifths of that marked on the brief of the latter. So that if a particular King's Counsel demands, say, a fee of 100 guineas, his junior will get something between 60 and 66 guineas.

And that, regardless of the personal value of the junior involved!

An illogical system without a doubt! For instance, a junior counsel will be retained in a case and, on the basis of his conducting the matter unaided, his brief will be marked 20 guineas. On the eve of the trial, however, the client, from heightened anxiety, decides to take in a leader. The leader demanding a fee of 75 guineas, up goes the junior's to the 45 mark! Thus, for considerably less than half the work and responsibility the junior is remunerated more than double!

And if, as often occurs, an over-anxious client takes in a second "silk" at 150

Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C.

guineas, the joyous junior will find his brief raised to 60. That is, be paid three times his "solo" rate for the very minimum of travail!

Mr. W. A. Jowitt, K.C.

Why Legal Bills are High.

WHEN one realises that big silks demand 500 or 1,000 guineas and more; and that because of their very bigness it is usually desirable to have the secondary support; and that, by reason of another custom whereby King's Counsel are not allowed to appear in court without a junior, two (or three) briefs are often necessary for the arguing of small, interlocutory points; then one can see how it is the item of counsels' fees can be so huge.

And there are instances where four counsel are engaged; each at his two-thirds rate of his immediate superior!

Years ago, when the system had its origin, brief fees were not so high; and consequently the disparity between a junior counsel's single-handed and double-handed worth was not so marked.

Moreover, the junior's burden in those days was much heavier than now. Almost everything depended then on the framing of the original "pleadings"; a slip of the junior at the outset could not be retrieved even by the most eminent of silks at the

Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C.

trial. To-day, however, not only has the art of pleading become exceedingly simplified, but the ever-increasing powers of amendment at trial has yet lightened the lot of the unhappy junior still further.

Wherefore it seems there is little to commend itself in the survival of this two-third system. Should it not, in the interest of the litigant, be abolished, one might ask?

Jammy Junior Briefs.

THE Junior Bar, of course, will instinctively arise in protest at such an idea. The ancient custom should be maintained, it will be urged, if only for the reason that it provides occasionally a welcome sop for the innumerable cases in which a poor junior has to put in an incalculable amount of work for a paltry guinea or two. What one loses on the switchbacks of tricky "opinions" one makes up on the roundabouts of jammy junior briefs! No, life must not be made harder for the poor struggling member "without the Bar"!

Yet, as a matter of fact, the abolition of the system, far from working to the detriment of the Junior Bar, would improve its lot!

What would be the outcome of such a step? In the first place, if the retaining of King's Counsel did not entail the accompanying elevation of the junior's fee there would surely be many more litigants willing to engage the services of a leader. A man may be ready to lay out 100 guineas for a good silk, but will burk at the extra sum promptly thrust upon the assistant's brief—and the same person might be loath to spend his hundred guineas on the harnessing of an inferior silk with the junior.

Likewise a less opulent litigant might be prepared to go to a 30 guinea leader if the second-in-command could be obtained for 7 instead of 20 guineas. There can be no doubt that the irksome extra for the junior keeps a great deal of money out of the pockets of the silks.

Then it follows that with a greater demand for silks there will be a greater supply of them. "Stuffgownsmen" in the future would not have to speculate so seriously on the risks of going "within the Bar." Practice would arrange itself so that many more than nowadays would apply for silk, and

THE GIFT OF TONGUES

By ANTHONY SOMERS

I HAVE discovered a remarkable method of learning French, Spanish, Italian and German. I only wish I had known of it before. It would have saved me much drudgery, toil and disappointment.

It has sometimes been said that the British people do not possess the "gift of tongues." Certainly I never did. At school I was hopeless. When the subject was French, German, Latin or Greek, I was always somewhere near the bottom of my Form. Yet in other subjects I held my own quite well. I have now come to the conclusion—my recent experience has convinced me of this—that the reason I failed to learn languages was that the method of teaching was wrong.

Although I never "got on" with Foreign Languages I have always wanted to know them—especially French. I have wanted to read Racine, Balzac, Proust, and Anatole France, and that great critic, whom Matthew Arnold so much admired, Sainte Beuve, in French, and not merely through the medium of characterless translation. And I have wanted to spend holidays abroad without being tied to a phrase-book. So I have often tried to find a method which would really teach me a Foreign Language. And at last I have found it.

Some time ago I read that the well-known Pelman Institute was teaching French, Spanish, German and Italian by an entirely new method. I wrote for particulars, and they so interested me that I enrolled for a course of French. Frankly it has amazed me. Here is the method I have wanted all my life. It is quite unlike anything I have ever heard of before, and its simplicity and effectiveness are almost startling.

Consider, for example, this question:

> "Do you think you could pick up a book of 48 pages, written in a language of which you may not know a syllable—say Spanish, Italian, German or French—and not containing a single English word, and read it through correctly without referring to a dictionary?"

Most people will say that such a thing is impossible. Yet this is just what the new method enables you to do, as you will see for yourself when you take the first lesson.

One of the most striking features of the Pelman Courses in French, German, Italian and Spanish is that they are given entirely in the language concerned. English is not used at all. Yet, even if you do not know the meaning of a single Foreign word, you can study these Courses with ease, *right from the beginning*, and without "looking up" any words in a vocabulary. It sounds incredible, but it is perfectly true.

GRAMMATICAL DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

Further, this new method enables you to read, write and speak French, Spanish, Italian or German without bothering your head with complex grammatical rules or learning by heart long lists of Foreign words. Yet, when you have completed one of these Courses, you will be able to read Foreign books and newspapers, and to write and speak the language in question grammatically and fluently, without the hesitation which comes when a Foreign Language is acquired through the medium of English.

This new Pelman method of learning languages is explained in a little book entitled "The Gift of Tongues." There are four editions of this book. One explains the new method of learning French, another the new method of learning German, a third the new method of learning Spanish, and a fourth the new method of learning Italian. You can have any one of these books to-day, free of cost. Write (mentioning which one of the four you require) to the PELMAN INSTITUTE (Languages Dept.), 47, Pelman House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, and the particular edition you require (with full particulars of the method) will be sent you by return, gratis and post free.

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The Costly K.C.—*continued.*

would be granted the privilege—to make room for all those struggling beneath them!

An "Upper School."

INDEED, it would not be at all fantastic to picture a time when there would be a huge company of practising King's Counsel; when the retaining of a leader were an almost ordinary, commonplace event instead of a rather exceptional procedure, as it is now! K.C.'s, in fact, would come to be regarded as a kind of "upper school."

Thus it will be seen that those who stand to lose most by the abolition of the two-third system (i.e., the busy, successful juniors) will find compensation in the earlier opportunity of earning higher fees as silks. As for the less successful juniors, the glory of a leader is but a rarity in any case for them—and the beneficial experience of working more frequently with a silk may, in some degree, make up for their financial loss.

Eliminating Big Bills.

THERE may be some who will fear that the innovation would mean the wiping away of the "good junior"; that a state of affairs would come about where all cases were handled by a silk of some description with the mere donkey work done by a "freshman." Not at all. The silk must have learned his trade somewhere. And apart from the multitude of cases where the client will still prefer a "good junior" at 20 guineas to an inferior silk at the same price (plus the price of the "freshman's" services), there will always be the Short Causes, the Arbitrations, the References before Masters, and so forth, where two counsel generally are superfluous. There will always be room for good juniors.

The Bar, therefore, in general will profit. A levelling-out of incomes will probably take place. "Plums" and "tit-bits" will be lost to the privileged few, but the increased supply of litigation that would result would be for the good of the profession as a whole.

The actual litigant, of course, will benefit. If only for one of the reasons of the enormous bills of costs being eliminated. But, in addition, it would mean that a better "leader" than under the present system would be available to the person of limited resources.

The Casual K.C.

YET another advantage would accrue to the litigant. He would not suffer quite so much from those aggravating absences from court on the part of the leader he briefs. What gnashings of teeth there are by clients at the sight of their popular and expensive silk dashing away to some other case in which he is briefed!

There is the story of a certain eminent leader of the Victorian period who was discovered by a friend riding in the Row in the middle of a morning in mid-term.

"Hallo!" cried the friend in surprise, "I thought I heard you were briefed in the Smith case and in the Brown case!"

"So I am," blandly returned the eminent one.

"But I gather they're both in the list to-day!"

"So they are . . . But you see it's like this. If I give part of my time to Smith then Brown will be annoyed. And if I give any time to Brown, Smith will be offended. So I think it's only fair to both of them if I give my services to neither."

As a matter of fact, it is not suggested that any amendment of our briefing system will affect much the position of the "top-notchers." There will ever be the small band of favourites who will be sought for by all and sundry—where means permit! But the new arrangement might in some cases offer a way to ease of mind for the litigant who likes to get what he is paying for. The latter, perhaps, might be enabled to strike a bargain with his popular leader, and agree to pay him, instead of 1,000 guineas for possibly divided services, 2,000 guineas for guaranteed undivided service—being able to save the difference in the matter of fees for the second (and third) strings.

LONDON MAGISTRATES.

Sir Chartres Biron, Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, Bow Street.

ODIN

By

C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE

Illustrations By

W. R. S. STOTT

"I HAVE been calculating again," Moggy announced between digs at her grape-fruit at breakfast that morning, "and there's a yard, and half my handkerchief to account for at the far end of the butler's pantry, besides allowing for the thickness of the dividing wall."

"And how thick's that?" I asked.

"Exactly my handkerchief and three fingers."

"Nothing like accuracy in measurement when you're looking for priests' holes in an old house," I agreed.

Moggy scooped up the cherry which she'd been saving for last, popped it into her mouth, and wagged the empty spoon at me. —"Are you being funny, like Colonel Cullercoats and the other magistrates say you try to be on the Bench?"

"I'm as the good Lord made me," I admitted. "Also this bacon's cut too thick. Why the devil can't they use that patent circular slicing machine we spent such a mint on and have the bacon thin?"

"Because it's cut cook's finger once and now naturally she won't touch it," said my wife. "What about Moggy's measurements?"

ADOPTED niece Moggy, of course, always comes first in our Christian household since poor Dick died. But I do have to hold my own a bit. "If Moggy wants to go and burrow out hidden mysteries with a hammer and chisel, she must carry in mind that's *verboten*. The lease especially says so. It devotes an entire long paragraph to forbidding any possible probable shadow of structural alterations whatever."

"Rummy lease," said Moggy, prospecting amongst the ruins of the lumpy bacon.

"Not particularly. Owners of real genuine *bona fide* early Tudor houses like Pembertons don't like modern *art nouveau* improvements —or any other kind of improvements."

"Not even electric light."

"Quite so. Or gas. Or drains. They're all specified, or intelligently provided against in case they have cropped up since 1870, when the lease was drawn. But on the other hand, the rent is remarkably low to correspond with the disadvantages, if any."

"Wouldn't you like to run into York, old thing," said Moggy, "and have your hair cut?"

I sampled my dome with a thoughtful hand. "Nobody could do it."

"I know. But they squirt stuff on, and sell you a bottle, and charge you all the same. And you could lunch at the Club. Think of sweetbreads and nice crisp thin bacon! Then you could go and be a J.P. for half an hour, and we should be proud to read your name in the *Herald*."

"Whilst you and Ashy dig into that wall?" —Ashton being our gardener, car-mender, dog-expert, and general mechanic.

"I was going out to pot a couple and a half of rabbits to ease the housekeeping bills a bit. But, of course, if you want me to start Ashy on a quarrying stunt, that's a different matter."

My wife blew the code signal for "you mustn't thwart Moggy," so I weakly said, "By gad, I must really run into York to-day. There's that Fishery Board meeting at two, and I've missed the last three." Then the letters were brought, and the morning papers, and whilst the Missus and Moggy read their correspondence, I was able to assure them that our Government was continuing to make its usual rotten mess of things.

REALLY I did go to York that morning, and though the Fishery meeting, being at such an absurd hour, did not catch me, I had a turn with the barber, and a rubber of bridge at the Club, and then managed to miss the six-ten. Our next train is at eight o'clock: a filthy hour. It's too early to dine before you start, and too late when you get in. So as the Missus and I have washed out the eight from our scheme of life, I just shot off a wire, and went to Fred's. He, cheery soul, fitted me out with shaving tackle and dress kit, and some of his frantic pyjamas, and made it an excuse for a bottle of the Widow's '15, a very improving beverage.

You can gather then, that what with one thing, and another, I'd plenty to keep me busy till the six-ten on Tuesday.

The first thing, of course, on arrival at Pembertons was the Missus. But her "Oh, Henry, where have you been? I couldn't get you on the telephone anywhere," was hardly cheering. Moggy omitted her usual peck of a kiss, and said, "Uncle Henry, he's a god."

It stuck in my mind I'd heard her give much the same valuation of poor old Dick just after she was engaged to him. So I kept my head, and said that as soon as I'd swallowed my cocktail and got dressed, I'd be perfectly ready for dinner.

"You needn't worry about dressing, old thing, or dinner," Moggy told me. "All the servants except Ashy have hooked it, and anyway you won't want to eat. Aunt Susan and I don't, anyway. Uncle, he really is a god."

"Well, if he is, he is," said I rather irritably. "Get a collection box started, or do the proper thing, whatever it may be. I'll give dressing a miss, and pay the usual half-crown, if the household insists, but I'm not going to cut out my dinner. I've had nothing since a brunch at Fred Cullercoats' about—er—elevenish. I don't absolutely need a Martini before I can face food, but I could do with one very nicely."

MOGGY took me by the coat lapels, and shook me very soundly. She's a rather unpleasantly hefty young woman. "Pull yourself together," she ordered. "Things have been happening. My measurements were quite accurate, as it happened, and there was a priest's hole at the back of the butler's pantry, just as I'd told you there would be. Ashy had a go at the wall, and it crumbled at the first hit. He'd an awfully poor opinion of the mason-work, but my idea is it was built that way on purpose. You see, Odin had to come out whether he liked it or not once every fifty years by his Rule, and he's only four years short of his date if you reckon it out, counting from the time he was walled up for his last sleep. Uncle, who was that woman?"

"What woman, m'dear?"

"The one who put him to bed in the priest's hole here at Pembertons, and built up the wall, and the doorway, and plastered it so that it could look like the rest of the butler's pantry. She was good and fit forty-seven years ago, and he says she had red hair."

"Sounds a bit like my Great Aunt Amelia. She would be Dick's great-great. She buried three husbands, but otherwise did evil in the sight of the Lord. From a Victorian outlook she was a bit scandalous. She lectured on spooks, and in other ways kicked over the theological traces. But we'd have probably swallowed her to-day. According to the extremely bad Landseer picture of her, which is up in the box-room, she probably had Titian red hair, though the Methodistical old bird tried to tone it down and suggest that she habitually mourned in crêpe."

"Odin tells us he married her."

"Quite likely if you say so. We know she buried three, so why not four?"

"But she didn't bury Odin."

"How do you mean? And who is the gentleman anyway?"

"He's alive," said Moggy curtly. "Whilst you've been away spreeing with Colonel Cullercoats in York, I've broken into the priest's hole at the back of the butler's pantry. I found a man there. He looked to be dead enough, and disgustingly dusty. But he was quite alive when I touched him, though he said he wasn't due to wake for another four years, and when he had soaked in a tub, and got rigged out in some of your clothes, and used the tackle in your dressing-room, he was quite the best looking—well, you'll see. I hope you don't mind my telling him to go into your dressing-room and help himself. You see, you were off on that jaunt to York, so I couldn't ask you."

"Not at all. I mean, I'm sure you did all for the best. What did you say the fellow's name was?"

"Odin, so he told me, and I quite believe him."

"Oh, quite, quite; very natural thing. I seem to remember the name, though I can't exactly place it at the moment. And you say he's been walled up by Great Aunt Amelia in that cubby-hole a shade less than fifty years ago? Just like her little ways from what I've heard of her. Mr. Odin was probably a fourth or fifth husband that they forgot to put on the list. These little oversights do happen. Have you started calling him Uncle, by the way?"

MOGGY looked at me very queerly. "No," she said, "I am never in the least likely to call him Uncle."

"Oh, quite so. And now what about dinner? I suppose if your young friend has been asleep for a matter of fifty years he'll be able to face a meal?"

"I suggested that myself," Moggy told me frankly, "but he doesn't eat. They don't, of course."

"No, of course not," I agreed, and began to wonder if Moggy was mad or if I was going off it myself. I turned to the Missus. "Susan," I said, "as I suppose you've taken this — er — eccentric stranger under your charge, hadn't you better bring me along and introduce me? Proceedings up to now seem a bit irregular. Where have you got him?"

"In the study," said my wife shortly. "Now don't you go in there and try to be funny."

I'm afraid I rather snapped. "I'm not likely to be. I suppose this is some obscure joke I've walked in upon, just because I stayed over the day in York. If you've got a bucket of whitewash balanced on the top of a door please take me straight to it."

My wife sighed. "Come along," said she, and tucked her arm in mine, a thing she hadn't done since Dick died, and the pair of us went off to the study, Moggy following.

THE lady novelists of my Victorian childhood used to describe their handsome heroes as being built on the lines of a young Greek god. I never saw one of these deities, so cannot check the accuracy of the definition. But I have seen Odin and I granted that he was Odin without any doubt or argument whatever. The fifty years of being bricked up had nothing to do with it. The man simply was not human. Or rather perhaps I should put it, he was obviously ultra-human.

In a blonde way—and I hate your very fair men as a general thing—he was extraordinarily handsome. I'm twice his bulk, but in spite of that he wore an old tweed suit of mine without looking grotesque. And one got the first and enduring impression that here, at any rate, was a gentleman.

He gave me a neat little bow. "Sir Henry," he said, "I am very much obliged to Lady Ellison and your niece for many kindnesses."

He did not offer to shake hands, and somehow or other I was seized with an insane inclination to kneel down and kiss his ring as I believe one does to the Pope, and ought to have done to the Old Queen. The ring on his first finger I imagine must have been a diamond. Anyway it glowed. But, then, if you come to accurate terms, he glowed himself. I don't mean to say he was phosphorescent, or any tomfoolery like that. But—well—"glowed" is the nearest I can get to it. You spotted that he was a good deal more than human the first moment you got inside the room.

Odin seated himself, very upright, in my big chair. "Sit down, please," he said, and we all sat.

"Forty-eight years ago," said he to me, "I married your aunt."

"Great aunt," said I, "name of Amelia."

"Amelia Ellison. She had very beautiful dark copper red hair, with golden lights in it. Also she could play the harp. Now I am going to marry your niece."

"Your marriage to Great Aunt Amelia wasn't—er—of a very enduring nature, I've gathered." You'll note I said nothing about the preposterous suggestion of marrying Moggy. I ached to burst out into curses at him for his infernal insolence. But somehow I couldn't. Odin was Odin. I knew Susan must be boiling too. But she said nothing either. Nor did Odin. There was something particularly daunting about Odin's silence.

I'm not a shy man, or a timid man, and I move about amongst other people a good deal, and am in the habit of saying exactly what I think to anybody I come across. But I didn't say any more to Odin on that topic. I felt the bubbles of perspiration hop out on the bald part of my head, like the way it did when one was getting particularly browned by Fritz's gunfire in the war. One gathered that one had to wait to be spoken to when one was being granted audience with Odin.

ODIN seated himself, very upright, in my big chair. "Sit down, please," he said.

"You," he said presently to Moggy, "do not play the harp."

"No," said Moggy.

"You must learn. I like music from the harp."

"Yes," said Moggy. "Great Aunt Amelia's harp is in one of the attics. I'll get it down and send into York for some strings. The step things at the bottom work all right. Family history says that harp playing was Great Aunt Amelia's strong suit. All her husbands adored it."

ODIN winced a trifle at this suggestion, and I somehow gathered that the masterful Amelia's memory was not very savoury to him. But he made no verbal comment. Neither did anybody else.

"You," he said to Susan and me, "live in this house, I suppose, under some legal agreement?"

"We lease it."

"It's mine. Your niece and I, of course, will want it whilst I—er—stay down here."

"The lease has still another four years to run," I pointed out with a smile that I tried to make friendly. "You can't turn us out, you know, before that, and by the muddling new tenant-right laws it's doubtful if you can get rid of us even then, if we don't want to go."

Odin made no verbal comment on this legal statement. He merely turned his handsome blonde head and stared at me rather thoughtfully.

"But I am quite open to breaking the lease, if it will be a convenience to you, sir,"

I mentioned, and mopped at that infernal trickle on my head with a handkerchief I'd, of course, intended to change when I got in.

"To-morrow will do, Sir Henry. I have received kindnesses in Pembertons, and do not wish to be in the least harsh with you. But during the year I stay there will be much to do. I shall interest myself in England. The country needs sweeping out."

"By gad! she does," I agreed heartily.

"It will be an occupation to sweep," said Odin, and I gathered from his tone that gods of enormous age get bored with everlasting

life, and are quite pleased to find a job up to their weight.

"Very glad," I mentioned, "if I can be of any help. I used to be M.P. for this constituency. But when they started paying members I couldn't stick it any longer. Still, I know the ropes a bit."

"The electors turned you out, I believe," said Odin, "by three and a half votes to one. I thank you for the offer, Sir Henry, but have no need to trouble you. I have been watching this England narrowly during my last short rest. It will be amusing to stamp out the rogues who lead you."

"Short rest, by gad"! thought I. "Forty-eight weary years!" But I said nothing. Nor did Susan, though I could feel her doing a think like the grating of a motor-car gear alongside me. I took a squint at Odin. His glow was distinctly brighter. Then I turned my eyes sharply away again. If any of you ever meet a god you'll understand, as I do, why it isn't the thing for ordinary people to look at them for more than a second at a time. I suppose it is much the same idea as animals not wanting to stare too long at man. But this didn't apply to Moggy. She had her eyes on him the whole time, fairly worshipping him, I suppose you might say.

ODIN looked about twenty-eight or thirty, and I gather he had been in his fullest running order as a Teutonic god some three or four thousand years ago. I'd a notion he had become extinct when the Romans came, but it seemed he'd only partly gone off the active list. He laid up for half a century at a time, took a wife, backed a Charlemagne, or a Cromwell, or a Napoleon Bonaparte, or a someone that interested him for a spell till he got bored, and then retired into his shell.

The reason why he should have chosen Pembertons as his latest dormitory was presumably because Great Aunt Amelia lived there, and if it had not been for Ashton's hammer he might very well have slipped away without bothering us. As I have told you, accurate arrangements had been made in the lease of the house that he should have out his fifty-year nap undisturbed. But Moggy's mensuration and curiosity upset this scheme, and it was on Moggy's pretty face that his waking eyes just lit, and Moggy had to pay the penalty. There was no sort of human appeal against any of Odin's whims.

HE got quite chatty with Moggy after he had given us his decision about taking over Pembertons, and even threw a word or two to Susan. Me, I regret to say, he took no further notice of. So after about an hour of it, I was beginning to feel uncommonly hungry and slipped out to get a meal. The servants, it seemed, had all hooked it to the village, and after I returned Ashton thought he could be spared, too. But they'd left their cold beef on the kitchen table, and cook's private pickles, which were a jolly sight better than ours.

I stood myself half a bottle of the Widow to wash it down. Frankly, I was scared stiff at Odin, and full of horror at what might happen to poor Moggy, but neither of those were reasons for a man to starve himself. Afterwards I went back to the study, and listened to our fearful Anachronism telling Moggy what it would be like being a demi-goddess.

Moggy, to give her full due, didn't seem particularly thrilled, and Susan commented on the same thing afterwards. Of course, we naturally compared Odin's courtship with Dick's, and his god-ship came out very much as an also-ran. I suppose, when one thought of it, he must have been a very, very old hand at the game, whereas Moggy was dear old Dick's first and only.

DURING all the time we were with Odin, I only noted one thing that really seemed to disturb him, and that was mention of Great Aunt Amelia. He always winced a little at her name. Once, when rather deliberately I pumped out a reference to her, he picked up an old steel poker I keep on the study table to hold down papers, and I think he was going to demonstrate with it. But the middle part melted in his hand with a whizzing of sparks, and the two ends fell on the floor and singed the carpet, and the subject changed without effort. Apparently Odin was so used to steel bars melting in his grasp that he had ceased to notice it.

That ass Ashton had bolted without starting up the electric light plant, and so when the evening closed down, the study was lit only by the flicker of the wood fire. We three Ellisons were all in shadow. But Odin didn't seem to mind. I gathered he could see in the dark as well as in the daylight. And we could see him. I believe I said before, he didn't quite glow when I first put eyes on him. Well, in the dusk he did. The glow was bluey-white, and faintish; a bit suggestive of some sort of electrical discharge, so I thought; but it was there all right.

The odd thing was, none of us were surprised at it; we seemed to take Odin's glow for granted, just as we knew Odin was Odin, without it being specially proved. I don't know if you've ever been in Egypt, but in a lesser degree the Sphinx is that way too. You don't ask for a pedigree or a passport. You just know that the Sphinx *is* the Sphinx, and that no others could be genuine.

AS the evening went on Odin gave us a hint or two at the methods he would employ in bringing England back to the paths of rectitude. I must say they were pretty strenuous. But he held that they would be popular.

"If," I suggested, "you have an idea of taking the place of the King, you'll get hated there. Our Royalties are the best liked people in the country."

"My good Sir Henry," came the retort, "you take a very uninformed view. I am as much above your King as the King is above you."

"And where would Moggy come in?"

"As my consort," said he, and left it at that. I didn't know the exact standing of a god's consort, and somehow or other did not dare to ask. I have never been scared of any man in my life before, but Odin frightened me quite efficiently. I changed the subject. "And who shall we ask to the wedding?" I enquired quite brightly.

Odin favoured me with a chilly stare. "Your niece," he said, "and I, will marry ourselves without the help of any audience whatever in one hour from now."

He stared round the room rather searchingly for half a minute, and then fixed his eye on an old iron-bound wooden box where I keep my best trout flies, and some papers, and a few other oddments that I like to lock away from the servants. "Where did you get that ring?" he asked.

"Ring?" said I rather dazedly. "What ring?"

He reached over, pushed his hand through the three-inch-thick oak lid, as though it had not been there, and produced a funny old silver thing I had once bought from a Lap who was poaching on my shoot in the Foldenfjord. "Oh that?" said I. "I'd clean forgotten it was there. Stick to it, if it interests you."

SHE jabbed her rheumaticy finger within half an inch of Odin's shiny nose.—"He's my husband," she explained, "though I'll lay a wager he never mentioned it."

"It's mine," he said. "With that ring, Sir Henry, I married a Princess of Norway before your present Christian era began. Presently I will bestow it upon your niece."

Then the door out of the hall opened, and a voice from outside said, "Oh you dam' blackguard."

ODIN, for all his godship, jumped as though someone had stuck a pin into him. And in through the door came the Amelia of Landseer's picture, with three stone added to her stature, and a good stiff sandy grey moustache on her upper lip. The Titian red hair was there, all present and correct, though it was a wig, and there was a saucy lace cap on the top of it; and so was Landseer's dingy crêpe dolman and skirt, and Landseer's crinoline. Otherwise the lady had altered.

Landseer's Amelia was as pretty and simpering a young thing as one could meet on a week's march. This one was as hard as a stone gate post, and well protected by paint. She'd a fine pinched-in-waist-line, and a big heavy overhang aloft and alow. One remembered her record, running through three husbands—or was it four? On looks one would have credited her with ten.——"Who's this chit?" demanded Great Aunt Amelia, pointing a long gouty finger at Moggy.

FOR once Odin had nothing to say. I explained poor Dick myself, and pointed out where Moggy came in.

She nodded her wig, and the saucy lace cap, and raddled face at me. "You're Henry, obviously. Always chattering. You always did chatter, even when you were a nuisance of a child. And that's your wife, I suppose? So, you married Susan after all, and joined up the two properties? Like you. You may clear out, the lot of you. I mean you two, and the chit."

She jabbed her rheumaticy finger within half-an-inch of Odin's shining nose. "You stay where you are. I've a crow to pick with this young feller," she explained. "He's my husband, though I'll lay a trifle he never mentioned it. Thought I was dead, I expect. Forgot that when he married me he made me a half-goddess, and that altered things. I failed to die as efficiently as he would have liked. Didn't I tell you three to get out of this study? And don't stay in the hall and listen. Go and sit in the dining room and drink some port. You all look pale enough. Drink four bottles of port amongst the three of you, and don't let Henry have more than two."

WE went out, rather quavering about the knees. At least, I'll own up to mine. And that's the last we saw of grim fourteen stone old Great Aunt Amelia, with her red wig, and her painted face, and her big moustache, and her bulges, and her mannish ways. She wasn't an atom scared at Odin anyway, and presumably walked off with him. At least we never clapped eyes on his godship again.

Great Aunt Amelia hinted that she, by her marriage, had become half immortal. Perhaps she was. I hope she made Odin sit up. That man—I mean god—scared me stiff. Besides, he had obviously coerced Moggy, and, with poor old Dick always at the back of our minds, that made Susan and me mad clean through. Fred Cullercoats says I ought to have shot the fellow. But then Fred hadn't seen Odin for himself, and that made all the difference.

IT took Moggy six months to pull round to her cheery self again. But Susan's hair had grown greyer every day since Ashy first dug Odin out of his priest's hole. I'm bald, so I don't register my emotions that way. But I'll own that my head sweats when I think of him.

On the mantel-shelf of my study are two-thirds of a steel poker with the inward ends neatly fused. The middle third is missing. You can't hang up sparks as a trophy, and Susan insisted on a new study carpet. And there's a neat round hole in the three-inch oak top of my strong box.

Ashton is turning the priest's hole in the butler's pantry into a dispensary for compounding cow-drinks. He has a big veterinary practice amongst our farmers. I find him very useful in using up the empty bottles which Pembertons produces.

There was no doubt about the date that cook came back. We'd lumpy bacon punctually the next morning for breakfast, in spite of the fact that I'd overhauled and sharpened that cutting-wheel machine myself.

I wonder what England would have looked like if Odin had "swept it out."

Perhaps, with Great Aunt Amelia's help, he may still turn his hand to sweeping. It would be just like her to egg him on. She was always an interfering old bird.

GETTING DRUNK on PROHIBITION

By Hugo N. Bolton

At present in many circles it is fashionable to "take a little drink."

PICTURE an open saloon with bottles of every sort of alcoholic liquor on the shelves; photographs of noted pugilists in enterprising attitudes; a crowd along the bar, with feet on the brass-rail; a few tables, each in full use. That is what the swing doors hid in the very heart of—New York—the alleged home of prohibition.

It was a curious phenomenon to English eyes—this wholesale and unashamed disregard of legislation. The opposition to prohibition is not tacit, nor is it even furtive. It is as open as if there were no 18th Amendment, and as if the name of Volstead had no significance in modern America.

"Whoopee Parties" and "Hang Overs."

THE reason why the enforcement of prohibition presents such difficulties indicates a fundamental weakness in the American constitution. Federal—that is national—legislation is enforceable by Federal authorities. Local or State legislation is enforced by each State. Prohibition is a Federal enactment and the State authorities are apathetic in regard to its observance.

So you have a condition of affairs that would be impossible in Great Britain. There is evident an almost complete lack of co-operation between national and local authorities, and liquor of various descriptions is obtainable in any quantity that may be desired. It is poor or worse in quality; it is dear and worse in price.

Strangely enough, when liquor is so easily secured, it still remains something of an adventure to get a drink. Cocktail parties are a part and parcel of much American social life, and where one cocktail would be taken elsewhere, three, four or five are consumed by American men, women and those who have not even reached their majorities. So general have these parties become that the American facility for appropriate slang has been taxed to the uttermost to keep pace with recent developments.

It has strange after-effects—technically known as "hang-overs."

"Whoopee parties" is the latest and not inapt phrase coined to describe these parties. Most of the gin used is home-made from wood-alcohol, and it certainly has a kick in it. It has strange after-effects—technically known as "hang overs"—which leave the whoopee party with hazy feelings next day and a general sense of unbalance. Naturally enough, the "next day" is a *dies non* for all except those with the hardest heads and the most resistant stomachs. The working week has an unmistakable tendency to become shorter and shorter.

Holding Up a "Speak-Easy."

YOU will find "speak-easies"—where those who are "wise" can secure admittance and those who are "dumb" (that is, stupid) are turned away—on almost every street in New York, quite unostentatious but perfectly obvious to any observer who takes the trouble to watch those coming out "stepping high." Prices again rule high, and the quality of the liquor is doubtful. It is no unusual sight to see an intoxicated man in New York, and the wonder is that more are not visible, so crude is much of the liquor and so general appears to be its consumption.

No dinner party is complete without some form of alcohol, and every drop is boot-legged with various profits taken en route in such numbers that the eventual purchaser is "stuck good and hard."

The boot-legging industry thrives apace in spite of a lack of sincere friendship amongst those engaged in it. One morning a week or so ago in a quiet business street near Fifth Avenue a lorry drove up to a well-known "speak-easy." The occupants of the lorry disembarked, walked into the "speak-easy," covered the staff and customers with revolvers, took some £1,000 of liquor and departed unmolested.

Did that "speak-easy" shut its doors? Not on your life. Ten minutes later it was functioning with speed and facility, and it has continued to satisfy its patrons ever since. Examples of this character could be multiplied; but the ratio of profits is so high that those who are in the business will not get out until they have "cleared up a parcel."

Once this has been accomplished they retire to Florida or travel abroad, eventually settling down as landed proprietors and becoming keen enthusiasts for the preservation of law and order.

Weakened Morale.

THE mothers and fathers of America are the first to be concerned in the enforcement of prohibition. They see their children inveigled into a false frame of mind in regard to drinking. It is "sporty" for the youth to "have something on the hip" and the girls do not care to lag behind in this alleged "sportiness." They drink, far too many of them, not because they like it, but because they lack the moral courage to say "No."

Slowly but surely, public opinion is crystallising on this matter of drinking. At present in many circles it is fashionable to "take a little drink," but the zest tends to disappear as the effects of illicit drinking become more and more pronounced. The lack of "balance," so noticeable in many younger Americans, is due to participation in an illegal practice. Every visitor to a "speak-easy," every consumer of alcohol is performing an illegal act and contributing to the creation of a frame of mind which puts no faith in legislation and insists upon being a law to itself.

It is not surprising to find that one thing leads to another; for morale is a tender

It is "sporty" for the youth to "have something on the hip."

plant and does not flourish in an atmosphere where every one present is defying the law. It is probably not so much the amount or even the quality of the liquor consumed in America that makes her crime statistics soar so rapidly. It is the attitude of mind created by the very considerable percentage of American citizens who refuse to obey the 18th Amendment. Morale is weakened generally, and those possessed of a blunted capacity for fine distinction in various degrees of illegal acts just go on from minor to major crime.

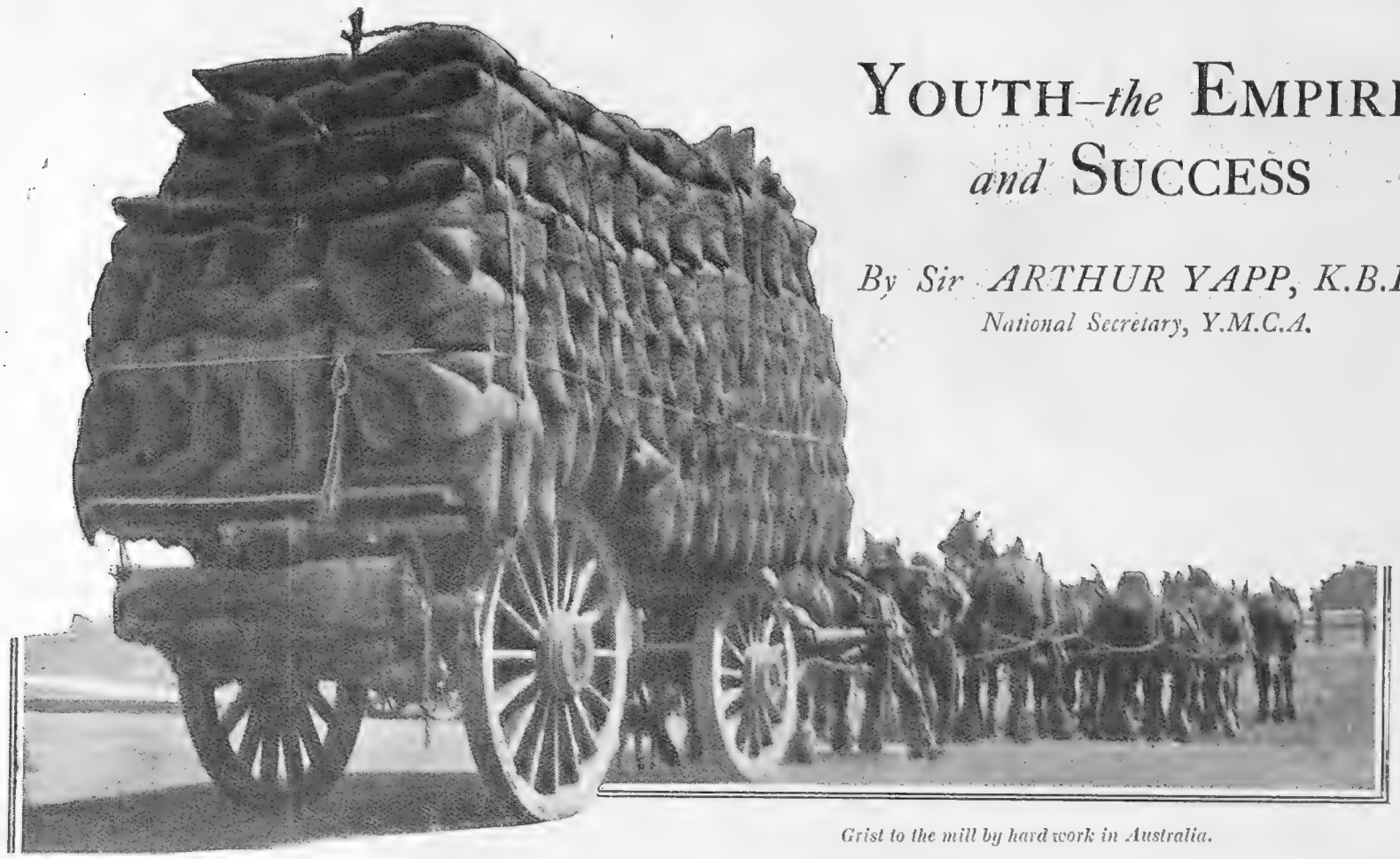
Changing Tendencies.

FOR these reasons, there is an undercurrent of opinion running in America to the effect that drinking is not really worth while. Slowly but surely it will become unfashionable, and American women will become just as intolerant of drunkenness as are women of other countries. At the present time, people do not quite know whether to laugh or frown at intoxication, so unformed is opinion in the matter.

But it is a safe bet that sooner or later parental responsibility will assert itself and the consumption of alcohol in America will become as unfashionable as is the practice of duelling.

YOUTH—*the* EMPIRE *and* SUCCESS

By Sir ARTHUR YAPP, K.B.E.
National Secretary, Y.M.C.A.



Grist to the mill by hard work in Australia.

IS the Old Country played out? It depends upon its youth—Britain's youth at home and overseas. Weighed in the balance of fact and experience, will the youth of this highly favoured and somewhat pampered generation be found wanting? Or will it be found ready and eager to carry on the best traditions of the race?

There are not lacking certain disquieting signs of the times. The inordinate love and pursuit of pleasure; the tendency to make the highly-prized liberty of youth an excuse for license; the "get-rich-quick" craze (which often means "get-poor-quicker"); the irresponsibility that induces young people to marry and furnish their homes by hire-purchase without a thought for the future; the lack of parental control; the indifference to anything in the way of organised religion.

Not Lacking in Spirit of Adventure.

FOR forty years, I have carefully watched the trend of youth in this country. Of recent years, I have also had opportunities of studying youth in many other countries. As a result, my faith in the young people of the Homeland and of Greater Britain has been greatly strengthened. Young 1929 is not as good as he might be—we none of us are; but he is certainly not as bad as he has been painted. Neither does he compare unfavourably with his father when the latter was in his 'teens or early twenties. People tell me he is lacking in the spirit of adventure, but I don't believe it.

As for young Miss 1929, she is more unconventional than her mother was in her 'teens. But she is more independent and self-reliant, less simpering and affected. At her best, she is hard to beat.

Incentive of Empire.

WHAT a wonderful institution the British Empire is, and how little understood, even by the rank and file of our own people! One needs to travel overseas to realise both what an immense amount of good it is doing in the world, and how indispensable it is to these Islands. The United States is almost entirely self-contained; Great Britain can never be.

With America's vast territory, her boundless natural resources, her huge population, it is no wonder she is prosperous; she can produce all the food she needs, and still have a big surplus to export to other countries. Great Britain, on the other hand, has to go to the ends of the earth for her foodstuffs and raw materials. That alone has always been a strong incentive to the youth of these Islands to emigrate and try their luck in one of the Dominions.

When I visited Valparaiso, I was amazed to find, even there on the South American Continent, a flourishing British colony of five thousand people, while there were less than a hundred residents from the United States. "The Yankee never takes the tag off his bag," was the explanation given; meaning that many Americans went to the great cities of South America, but not to stay. For them, the greatest opportunities were always in their own country. British youth is faced to-day with immense opportunities if it will only think in terms of the Empire.

A Pageant of Youth.

WE are often told that modern youth is too easily satisfied with a poorly-paid, uninteresting, "cushy" job at home, so long as it has a pension at the end of it. This may be true of many of them—it always has been.

In imagination, I often look back to days that are gone, and there passes before the eyes of memory a wonderful pageant of youth.

I can see young Britishers with whom I have been in touch on their jobs, both at

A drover finds prosperity in New Zealand, the land of the great flocks.

THE TRUE SUCCESS IS TO LABOUR

A harvester at work in the wide wheat fields of the Empire.

home and in distant lands. One is now a well-known journalist in London. Another served with distinction with the Scott Expedition to the Antarctic, and is now one of our great authorities on meteorology.

A third, whom I knew as a boy in Kendal, is now holding a responsible position on the Antofagasta Railway in South America. At Buenos Aires I met a young Scotsman whom I knew in Manchester; he is now President of the St. Andrew's Society, and head of a huge British steel concern.

The Test in the Tropics.

ENGLISH lads in the Tropics have many difficulties to face. Some of these are climatic. "I have been in Rangoon for two-and-a-half years," said one boy I had known in France as a youth of exceptional energy, "and during all that time I have never once sharpened a pencil." In a city like Rangoon, the heat makes one avoid doing anything it is possible to get one's native "boy" to do.

When I arrived in Penang, one of my friends explained to me that the favourite expression in Malaya, and one that typified the general attitude of the people was "Tid' apa"—"It doesn't matter." The young Britishers I met there, however,—and they were many and holding various positions—were very much alive.

The white man in the Tropics is expected to be a "sahib," and men who at home occupied comparatively humble positions often find themselves looked up to by the natives with something akin to reverence.

A young Scotsman in Penang was asked the nature of his employment. "When I was in Scotland," was his reply, "I was a jobbing plumber; out here I'm a sanitary engineer."

The time is coming, however—it has already come in many countries—when character and character alone will tell, and positions of authority will no longer be accorded to men merely because they were born in Britain.

The Way to Success in Canada.

CANADA is a land of special opportunity for British youth, and will remain so for many years to come—always providing they are the right sort—and ready to adapt themselves to the conditions of the country.

Success in Canada, as elsewhere, can only be achieved at the cost of hard work. It is no good thinking of going to Canada to teach the Canadians how to run their country—they have their own views as to how best to run it!

What the War Proved.

UNFORTUNATELY, I do not know Australia, New Zealand or South Africa at first hand, though I have many friends in each of those countries. The Old Country has given them of her best in generations past, and she has received much in return. The war clearly demonstrated this; the men from the great self-governing Dominions were among the best of our "shock" troops. Self-reliant and resourceful, healthy, intelligent and courageous, these young men of Greater Britain may be relied upon in peace as in war.

They include in their ranks youth of every colour, race, creed and religion. All have their contribution to make to the common good.

In British Malaya I have seen fine Association football played by Straits-born Chinese, who are, of course, British subjects. I have watched games of football when the thermometer stood at 95 degrees in the shade, between teams of British sailors on the one side, and Chinese, Malays, Indians and British on the other. Indian students more often than not play both football and hockey in bare feet, and play it exceedingly well.

Service and Character.

IF I could have the ear of the young men of Greater Britain, there are a number of things I would say to those of them who would succeed.

Self-help, self-reliance and self-control, I would tell them, are the three best half-backs I know for the game of life. What others have done, you can do. Don't wait for others to help you; make your own way upward and onward. Don't be afraid of hard work or long hours. It is impossible to build up a really successful career on an eight-hours day.

If you have a good job, stick to it, and don't always be chopping and changing. If you are in a blind-alley job, strike out for yourself and get something better, even if you have to start at a lower salary. While you are young, work hard and play hard. Excel at games, if you can, but not at the expense of the serious business of life.

Live within your income, and don't get into the habit of spending money you have not got. Avoid debt as you would the devil; there can be real fun even in doing without.

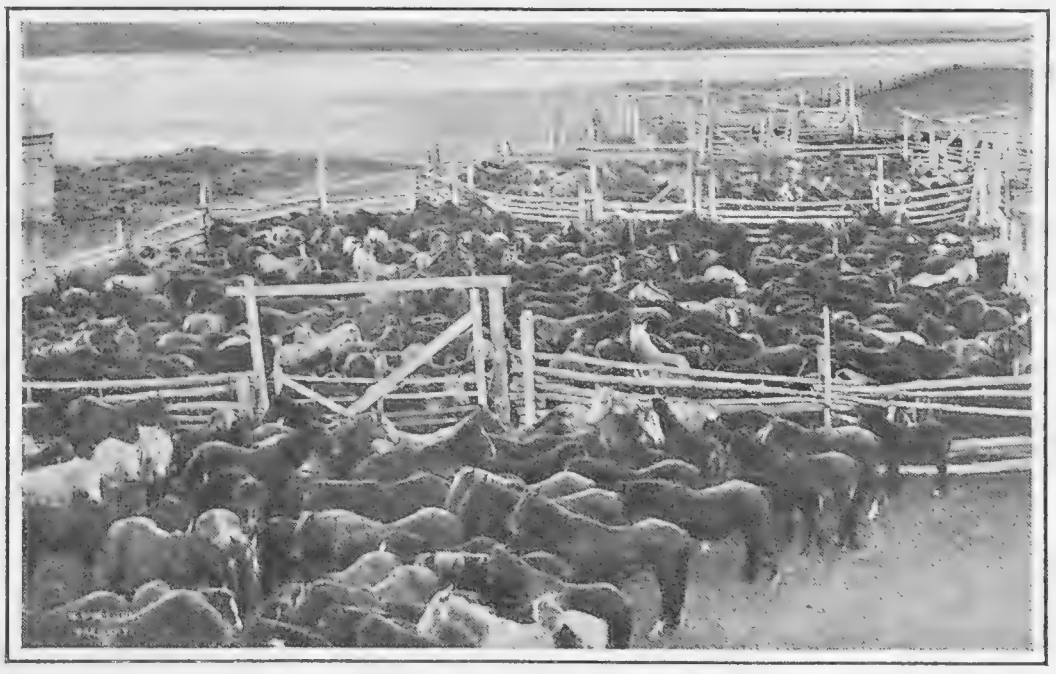
Be ambitious, but not only for material success. In every realm of life the crowd is still at the bottom, with heaps of room at the top.

Adaptability is the salt of life. Therefore cultivate the habit of adapting yourself as quickly as possible to your circumstances and surroundings, or to the needs of any given situation.

Take every opportunity you can of increasing your store of knowledge. Knowledge is indeed power. If your early education has been a limited one, you can educate yourself. The best books are within your reach, and you can learn from all you see and hear, if only you will cultivate the habit of going about with your eyes open and your ears at attention.

Study the Empire—at first hand, if you can. True patriotism does not show itself in talk or song, but in practical service.

Service is what we do. Character is what we are. Cultivate both of these, and you will find yourself on the high road that leads to ultimate success.



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P.507

THE CAUSE *AND* CONTROL *OF* FEVERS

The Articles which appear on these pages are contributed by arrangement with the British Medical Association for the guidance of the public in matters of general health.

EVERY now and then a piece of scientific work is done to which one is tempted to apply the adjective epoch-making. Such a piece of work is that just completed by Dr. P. P. Laidlaw and Mr. G. W. Dunkin, who, after five years' research, have at last come within measureable distance of solving the problems of the cause and treatment of distemper in dogs. In addition, their work bears on problems wider than those of canine distemper; for inasmuch as this disease is produced by the action of a virus on the animal body—a conclusion made inevitable by the investigation in question—it may be assumed that any light that has been shed on the problems of distemper has been shed also on the problems of virus disease in general.

Dogs and Distemper.

ONE most ingenious achievement of the investigators was the breeding of a stock of susceptible dogs; that is, of dogs liable to contract the disease when exposed to it. The value of previous experimental work on canine distemper was qualified more or less by absence of conclusive evidence that the dogs on which the experiments were made were all of them liable to take the infection; some of them might have been immune as a result of a previous attack of distemper and others immune from some unknown cause. When, therefore, dogs exposed to experimental attack by an organism suspected to be distemper-producing failed to develop the disease, it was impossible to be sure whether this failure was due to the innocence of the suspected organism or to the immunity of the experimental dogs.

Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin, recognising this source of error, decided at the outset to use in their experimental work only dogs that had been specially bred for the purpose, and as a result of their special system of breeding they have produced a stock of dogs every member of which will contract distemper if exposed to the appropriate infecting agent. The fact that for four years, in conditions which excluded infection from the outside, no case of distemper has appeared in this highly susceptible stock, may be taken to show that distemper does not arise spontaneously within a pack, and that probably all cases are due to transference of infection from one animal to another.

The Cause of Distemper.

TWO rival theories of the causation of distemper have competed with one another for a number of years: one, that the cause is the *bacillus bronchosepticus*, a fairly large germ commonly isolated from the bodies of distemper animals; the other, that the real cause is either an ultramicroscopic organism (invisible even under the highest powers of the microscope) or a filtrable virus, while the *bacillus bronchosepticus*, though present, is present merely as a secondary invader which produces complications but is not responsible for the disease. The investigators quoted above have shown the latter theory to be correct; in no case have dogs subjected to infection by the *bacillus bronchosepticus*, or indeed by any organism visible under the microscope, developed the disease.

On the other hand, dogs infected with emulsions of distemper tissue that have first been passed through fine porous filters capable of retaining all organisms visible under the microscope, have developed the characteristic disease. The disease-producing filtrates have been subjected to searching tests for the presence of visible organisms; attempts have been made to cultivate such organisms from them by the use of special nutritive media; but all such attempts have failed. The evidence that the agent which produces distemper is a filtrable virus appears therefore to be quite conclusive.

The investigations have shown further that though distemper complicated by the *bacillus bronchosepticus* is extremely fatal, the pure and uncomplicated disease, that is, the condition produced by the action of the virus alone, has a comparatively low mortality. The uncomplicated disease, however, though not uncommon in dogs isolated from their fellows, is rare in dogs crowded together; proximity to other dogs appears to increase the incidence of secondary infections. Obviously, therefore, dogs suffering from distemper are best treated at a distance from their fellow sufferers, as the crowding together of distemper dogs in a hospital or in special kennels increases their liability to contract fatal complications.

A Preventive Vaccine.

The causative virus of distemper once discovered and shown to abound in the blood and tissues of distemper animals, attempts to devise a protective vaccine followed inevitably. There existed certain *a priori* reasons for believing that the quest for such a vaccine was not unreasonable. It had, for example, long been known that dogs which had recovered from distemper had acquired a solid and lasting immunity; in other words, they remained uninfected even if brought intimately in contact with dogs suffering from the disease. Might it not be possible, therefore, by means of a vaccine, to produce in susceptible dogs a form of distemper of mitigated severity yet capable of conferring similar immunity? This is the question Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin set themselves to answer; it is the problem which, in large measure, they have solved.

It is generally known that vaccines have been devised and for many years have been used to protect against typhoid fever, plague, diphtheria, and a number of other bacterial diseases. As the germs responsible for each of these diseases are visible under the microscope, and can be grown in special culture media, the task of producing and standardising such vaccines has been a relatively simple one. The position is much more difficult when, as in the case in distemper, the disease depends not on recognised micro-organisms but on a filtrable virus, and certain difficulties relating to the testing of the tissues of distemper animals for their virus content and to the standardisation of vaccine strength have therefore had to be overcome.

IN order so far as possible to protect the public, the manufacturers whose advertisements appear on the opposite page have successfully submitted the statements here made about their products to a special scrutiny committee of the British Medical Association.

It must, however, be understood that the British Medical Association, as an official body, does not, and cannot, recommend or guarantee any product.

Benefits to Man.

THE extent to which Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin have succeeded may be appreciated when it is realised that they have devised a vaccine which is so effective that every dog inoculated with it has been rendered immune to distemper. Not only have inoculated dogs proved to be insusceptible to all strains of what one may call laboratory-distemper, to disease conveyed from animal to animal under experimental conditions, but even when scattered in various packs all over the country and living among uninoculated dogs, they have remained free from the disease. Outbreak after outbreak of distemper has been reported in packs containing both inoculated and uninoculated dogs, and in every single outbreak the inoculated dogs have escaped infection and a number of the uninoculated have succumbed to it.

When vaccine is manufactured on a large scale, and there is reason to believe that this development is imminent, it will be in the power of every dog-owner safely and effectively to protect his dog against the ravages of distemper. Meanwhile, there is reason to anticipate that the work of Dr. Laidlaw and Mr. Dunkin, and especially the extensions of their work now proceeding, will throw much light on the general problems of the cause and the control of the acute infectious fevers, not only in animals but in man.

Cancer Research.

DR. J. A. MURRAY, Director of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, in his report for the period 1927-28, deals with a number of aspects of the cancer problem which are of interest alike to research workers and to the general public. Most people are now aware that both in the lower animals and in man, cancer in its early stages is a local disease curable by local excision. Not so generally recognised is the fact that an animal from which such a local cancer has been surgically removed is highly cancer-resistant; in other words, it responds very little, if at all, to irritants liable to produce cancer in susceptible animals.

Mice, for example, are subject to spontaneous cancer of the breast. A mouse from which such a tumour has been completely removed is found to be far less liable than other mice to develop cancer of the skin; it appears, in other words, to have undergone some constitutional change whereby it has become to some degree resistant to the action of cancer producing agents. The conclusion may be drawn that, though cancer begins as a local disease, the factors which determine susceptibility to cancer are not locally restricted in particular tissues, but are of some general constitutional nature, the local factors determining merely the site at which the cancer develops.

All experiments conducted with a view to discovering a relation between cancer incidence and diet have yielded a negative result. For example, an experiment carried out on a large scale failed to produce evidence in favour of the alleged association between cancer and deficiency of vitamins. Dr. Murray, in his report, states categorically that there is no reliable evidence, experimental, statistical, or clinical, which would indicate a causal relation between cancer and the absence or presence or the excess or deficiency of any dietetic constituent whatsoever.

Testing the New Wavelengths

By Robert W. Beare

ONCE again the broadcasting authorities throughout Europe have indulged in a game of musical chairs in regard to wavelengths, and next Sunday (January 13th) will see the new scheme put into effect. Those who should know, Captain Eckersley among them, are hopeful that a material improvement in reception conditions will result, but I think everyone will agree that a drastic remedy for the present confusion in the ether was more than due.

The changes in the wavelengths of British stations are slight, for the most part, though Aberdeen drops from 500 metres to 311·2 metres. A welcome alteration for those—and I think they form the majority of listeners—who have been unable to separate London and Cardiff is that while the former's wavelength is reduced by only 3·4 metres, that of the latter will be 30 metres lower. On any reasonably efficient modern set, therefore, there should now be no difficulty in receiving Cardiff transmissions free from interference from 2LO.

Other British changes are as follows :—

Station.	Old Wavelength.	New
Daventry 5GB ..	491·8	482·3
Glasgow	405·4	401·1
Manchester	384·6	378·3
Belfast	306·1	302·7
Bournemouth (shares with relays) ..	326·1	288·5
Newcastle	312·5	243·9

What About Bournemouth.

What is going to happen in regard to Bournemouth and the relays, which now share a common wavelength, remains to be seen, since no rehearsals of the new wavelengths are to be permitted. Personally I have never found, in London, that Bournemouth was a very satisfactory station to which to listen seriously. On every occasion when I have tuned it in for the purpose of hearing some particularly attractive item on 6BM's programme, either Morse or other interference or fading have been too bad for enjoyment of the transmission. Consequently, it may be that I have unnecessarily avoided that particular wavelength, and am doing an injustice to Bournemouth in consequence.

In the immediate future, however, I am very much afraid that this station will be of little service to anyone not in its shadow, since the general heterodyning of the relays, some of which are certain to be sufficiently off their wavelength to cause interference, must ruin distant reception of 6BM. However, this is sheer guesswork. There is no need to be unduly pessimistic, and there are plenty of other stations on the ether, anyway.

Recalibration Problems.

One result of the wavelength changes will be a general frenzy of set recalibration, and the consumption of many reams of graph paper by those of us who take tuning seriously. The changes are small, for the most part, but they are changes none the less, and all our painstakingly prepared charts are so much waste paper. The task of calibrating, however, is rather fascinating, the only irritating factor being the difficulty of identifying such stations as one receives. And in my opinion it is an essential task if full use is to be made of the capabilities of a good radio set, and full enjoyment achieved.

Since there may be some, and possibly many, readers who do not know how to set about the preparation of a tuning chart, an explanation may be of service. First, then, procure some graph paper from the stationers. Rule a vertical line close to the edge, and a horizontal line at the bottom of the sheet. Experimentally, call the point of intersection 200 metres on the vertical line, and zero on the horizontal condenser scale. Mark off vertically each tiny square as a 2-metres' wavelength increase, and horizontally each square as one degree of the tuning condenser dial. The blank chart is now ready.

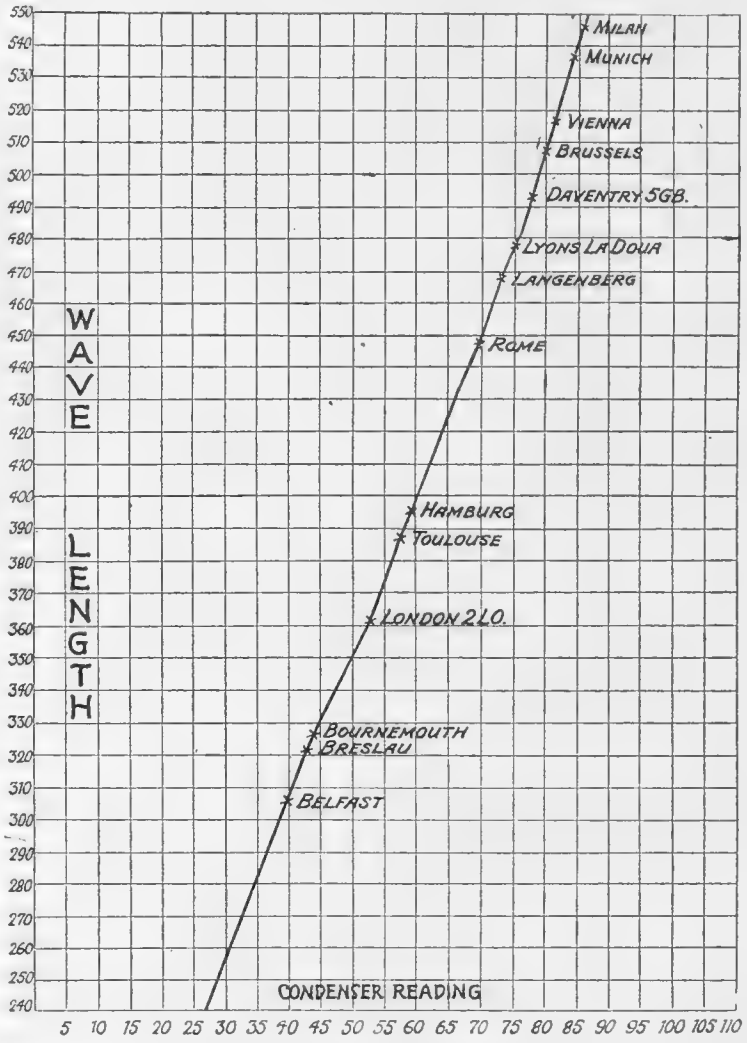


Chart showing the New Wavelengths.

Tune in on the set 2LO or your local station, and 5GB. You know their wavelengths, and you now have the condenser readings which correspond. A line drawn horizontally from the wavelength scale on the chart will intersect another line drawn vertically from the condenser reading scale, and at that point you make a tiny dot or cross. Repeat this for as many stations as you can find and certainly identify in the course of a careful half-hour's tour of the ether, and you will have a diagonal series of dots on the chart which may be joined up by an approximately straight line. The greater the number of stations represented on this line, the greater will be the accuracy of the chart.

The line, it should be noted, is very unlikely to be absolutely straight, for this would represent 100 per cent. efficiency in your tuning, in your reading of the dial, in the tuning accuracy of the transmission, and in the mechanical perfection of your tuning condenser. All these matters are subject to slight variation, but with care and a good radio set the "curve" will be so nearly straight as not to matter.

Uses of the Chart.

The most obvious use of such a chart is to eliminate all future trouble in tuning in any particular station, though it must be remembered that any alteration in the set or aerial, or even the replacement of a valve, may upset the whole of the carefully prepared readings, while naturally one must be prepared for a little fluctuation on the part of some of the less careful foreign transmitters.

A secondary and even more useful employment of the chart is for the identification of an otherwise unidentifiable transmission. It is one of the failings of many broadcasting stations to omit, for hours together, to mention who they are, or if they give their location or call sign it is done so perfunctorily in a foreign language that the announcement fails to register on the listener's intelligence. If the programme is almost entirely one of music, the station might be anywhere in Europe; if there is any speech it is usually not difficult to place at least the country from which it is proceeding—though latterly I have picked up a great deal of English from both French and German stations.

Anyway, with the chart handy, one receives a strange transmission. The dial is read, and the reading followed vertically to the point of intersection of the diagonal line of the chart. Following a line horizontally across to the vertical scale gives us the approximate wavelength of the transmission—and reference to a list of broadcasting stations should do the rest.

Often, of course, there will be two or three stations in the list on approximately the wavelength of our stranger, but since one will be English, another French, and a third German or Spanish, it becomes simply a matter of waiting until some announcement is made, so that the language used may be identified.

Elusive Rome.

Apart from the value of the information the preparation of such a chart will be found to increase the efficiency of the set. Possibly prior to its employment, there have been a definite few stations which could be found on most evenings. Certain stations—Rome, for instance—had always eluded the operator although his friends talked glibly of the remarkable volume of that station on a certain evening, or discussed its propensity for fading on another occasion. Well, with the chart, providing that the distance and power of the station are not respectively so great and so small as to place it definitely out of range of that particular set, its location is a matter of certainty. I should say that tuning with a chart easily increases the capability of any average set (or rather, any average operator!) by 50 per cent.

THE ENGLISHMAN *on the* NILE

By Frank Scudamore

The author of this article, formerly War Correspondent for "The Times" and "Daily News," has a comprehesive knowledge of Turkey, Egypt, the Sudan and adjacent countries which extends as far back as 1875. He took part in every action fought in the Egyptian Campaign, marched with our forces to Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir, and was present at the battle of Omdurman.

COUNTED in years, the Englishman has been but a little time on the Nile, though his interest in and connection with the great river dates further back than that of other Europeans. But let us leave out here James Bruce, who, first of all white men, set foot on the birthplace of the river in 1792. Let us pass over also Speke and Burton and Stanley, and even poor gallant Gordon, who governed vast Nile territories for nigh three years—February, 1877 to December 1879.

The Blood of Bulls.

FOR me the achievements of the Englishman on the Nile date from that evening in September, 1882, when, amid such an assemblage of natives as Cairo has never seen before or since, I watched the return of Khedive Tewfyk to his palace and his throne after our victory at Tel-el-Kebir. With His Highness in the barouche rode the Duke of Connaught and Lord Wolseley; and as the carriage splashed through the streams of blood of the sacrificial bulls, slaughtered at the gates in augury, a mighty shout of acclamation broke from the serried crowd. We were hailed by the Egyptians as the saviours of Egypt.

A glorious field for work, albeit first impressions come not alike to all men. For instance, on the morrow of this great day I asked a young Highland major how he liked Cairo. "—— Cairo!" was his reply; "I slept in the gutter with my mosquito net hitched to a lamp-post, and I haven't washed for a week. But if anybody'll get me a drink—I'll——!" I produced the drink, and Cairo became quite all right for my gallant soldier.

This was long before Fashoda, but the Fashoda spirit was working up.

How the Fellah Paid Taxes.

WHAT did the Englishman find when he first got to work on the Nile? A ruler who was more than half a traitor; a ministry—seek it where you would—at loggerheads within its ranks, and most of its members venal and self-seeking; all the old evils—the Corvée system, the multiplication of taxes and their collection for several years in advance, usury protected by local authorities; all the old miseries that the ill-omened Dual Control had failed to eliminate. The ménace of the Kourbash governed all existence on the Nile.

Those were times when no self-respecting fellah ever paid his tax until he had been brutally flogged. He carried the money in his mouth, and when pain made him yell, it fell out and "Justice" was satisfied—as was also the victim's private honour—in the sight of his fellows. All these and countless other evils the Englishman overcame. He became liked and esteemed as the fountain of justice that Egypt had never known in all her long ages of serfdom. Moreover, there was peace and a growing prosperity throughout the land. It is true that there was always an undercurrent of fanatical hostility. The mantle of Arabi Pasha, safe in exile in Ceylon, had fallen on his disciple Zaghlul.

Fatal Prosperity.

ZAGHLUL in those early days was at least sincere, and although in 1882 his "patriotic" violence had already gained him a term of imprisonment, he did not detest his Englishman gaoler. He was Anglophobe and not brilliant, but he was honest. Lord Cromer thought highly of him. He had not at that time married the very clever and charming lady (daughter of a statesman who had been five times Prime Minister) who swayed his every thought in later life. Nor was there then to back him the Turkish "White Flag Society," with its full coffers and powerful intriguers. But if we had dealt more wisely and still firmly with Zaghlul he would not have developed the bitter enmity towards the British Government that filled his last years. He never forgave us his exile to Gibraltar and the Seychelles.

The real trouble, however, was that, under the control of the Englishman, Egypt was becoming too rich, and to the peasant farmers and cotton growers of the Delta prosperity was fatal. There grew up then a party, smiled on by the Khedive Tewfyk and later by his son Abbas Hilmi, which was not averse to a compromise with the Khalifah, Conqueror of the Sudan, and dreamed of a future fusion of forces whose ultimate object would be driving out the English. That was the natural Egyptian expression of gratitude towards the Englishman who had given them freedom and had thrust them along the path of prosperity. They were rich and idle, and their government under men like Lord Cromer and Kitchener and Wingate was so just that they were left no cause for grumbling.

Luxurious Discontent.

BUT, as all through their long story, the Egyptian's least amiable qualities have come to the fore when his circumstances were brightest. Discontent is a luxury to him, and our Moslem Egyptians fell back on fanaticism, for which they have a greater gift than any other race in the world.

Their Xenophobia was specially directed against the Englishman. He had made them, had set them on their feet. Not only had he made Egypt prosperous and orderly, but he had broken the power of the savage ruler of the Sudan—this despite the intrigues of Abbas Hilmi and his coteries of Turkish and other advisers—and was now seeking to bring about order and prosperity among the long-tortured people.

Here came the supreme outrage inflicted on Egypt by the Englishman. Having given peace to the Sudan people he deliberately set himself to give the country prosperity, to develop its marvellous resources and to raise its remnant population from abject barbarism to a civilisation which it had never had an opportunity to envisage.

Turkey claimed rights over the Sudan. What were they?

Shilluk warriors who live chiefly by hunting and fishing.

Thinning out the famous Gezira cotton.

Turkish Frightfulness.

IN 1820 the great Mehemet Ali, ancestor of the present King Fuad and Egypt's first independent ruler under the Porte, felt his position to be insecure. His war against the Wahabis had depleted his forces and the massacre of the Mamelukes had roused against him powerful antagonism throughout Turkey. The Sudan appealed to him as a possible refuge whence he could defy his enemies and found a new kingdom, and as a preliminary the Sudan must be conquered.

He therefore despatched his son Ismail, a youth of twenty, into the unknown land, at the head of an army of 5,000 men, to subdue the Nile tribes.

This campaign against the Meks, or Kings of the Nile Arabs was conducted in accordance with the best Turkish traditions, i.e. with the utmost ruthlessness and brutality; and unspeakable cruelties were inflicted on the Arab population. Ismail's soldiers received no regular pay, but they were recouped for their prowess if they showed the proofs. Fifty piastres per pair was the tariff price for enemy ears, and Ismail's blackguards did well. After one victory six thousand pairs of Shaigia and Jaalin ears of men, women and little children were dispatched by special convoy to the paymaster-general in Cairo. The bill was duly honoured and the troops were said to be greatly encouraged.

The campaign was not a success, in Caireen eyes, as regards booty. Mehemet Ali had expected a minimum of at least 40,000 slaves as a result of the first year's conquests. And the young Commander-in-Chief of the expedition incurred censure when he sent less than 30,000 captives to the Egyptian distributing market. Ismail accepted the reprimand and vowed to do better.

His soldiers redoubled their ruthlessness, and in the months that followed the harvest of money-bearing ears was so rich that the Cairo Treasury could scarce meet the bill.

Ismail's Funeral Pyre.

THE ways of Ismail's troops and their monstrous conduct determined the Arabs to destroy the Egyptian leader by any means, treachery not excluded. They pretended to accept defeat, and, having made peace, invited the conqueror to a great banquet in a huge palace on the Nile bank, and in the middle of the feast they barricaded all the exits and set the palace on fire. Ismail with all his chief officers and councillors perished in the bonfire, and thus ended Egypt's first attempt to bring civilisation and enlightenment to the savage Sudanese.

As may be imagined, a terrible price was exacted for the slaughter of Prince Ismail and his companions. The powerful Shaigya and Jaalin tribes were practically wiped out of existence, and in following years continuous indiscriminate slaughter and rapine marked Egypt's progress up the Nile. This was the sole basis of Egypt's claim to the Sudan.

One Khedive indeed, Said Pasha, made a hurried trip of inspection up to Khartum. He feared he was being robbed. He journeyed across the desert in a barouche drawn by eight horses and, in order that he might not be inconvenienced by the dust, his carriage was preceded by 2,000 slave water carriers to sprinkle the sands in front of him. I have seen the skeletons of these men and the shards of the vessels they carried until death took them. When, in 1874, General Charles E. Gordon took up the Governor-Generalship of the Sudan (he had been preceded by Sir Samuel Baker) he found himself confronted with as wholly impossible a task as could be given a man.

He had a few loyal white assistants: Slatin, Lupton, and Dr. Snitzer (whom we knew later as Emir Pasha), and he had to combat every native of position in the country. The task was, of course, hopeless from the first.

The slaves suffered and died. The slave hunters suffered, and cursed, and their backers, the rich Pashas, suffered in pocket and vowed enmity against the lonely white man in Khartum

The natives still use this primitive plough with oxen.

Fishing village in the Sudd region (Sudd is the name given to water plants).

who sought their ruin. Probably no man was ever so hated as was Gordon when he resigned his office in 1879, and how it came about that he was again sent to the Sudan in 1884 on the mission that was to end by his death, a year later, is a mystery that still baffles imagination.

"This Is Thy Day."

TROUBLE broke out in the Sudan. In those times a Mahdi (or forerunner, of the Prophet who was again to visit the Earth) appeared about every quarter of a century. The Sudan, which was called the country of the monks long before it was known as the land of the Dervishes, was a nursery of fanatical revivals. Fighting and religion were the only recreations of the black races.

But this uprising, instead of being ephemeral and localised, ran like a flame from tribe to tribe, heated to a white fury by the cruelties of the slavers—of whom Zobehr was the uncrowned King, and the extortions of the Pashas sent by Egypt as provincial Governors. Poor Hicks Pasha, with his little band of English comrades and his army of 10,000 natives, sent against the rebels perished in an ambush through the treachery of his Egyptian colleagues.

Then went Charles Gordon to Khartum and his death, after a year during which the situation became daily more hopeless, while a gallant British force toiled belated up the Nile, on surely the most futile expedition ever undertaken.

"*Dil wakte waktuk ya Malouan*" ("This is thy day, Oh Accursed!") cried the tribesman fanatic as he drove his spear into Gordon—who stood unarmed on the Palace steps. And after that day, January 25th, 1885, the Sudan was left to the mercy of the Khalifa Abdullahi for a full ten years.

Kitchener's Campaign.

BUT the Englishman on the Nile had not abandoned his task and was not idle. Throughout those years Kitchener was making his preparations and waiting his opportunity. His aim was to accomplish, without foreign aid, the redemption of the Sudan, and there were great international difficulties. He got his chance, however, when the Italians were defeated at Adowa by the Abyssinians in March, 1896, and were thus out of the field for sharing in a Nile campaign.

We know how marvellously Kitchener carried that arduous three years' campaign to completion and success; we know how his indomitable will and tireless energy triumphed over every obstacle.

But there were, I think, four men among Kitchener's assistants without whose aid the brilliant adventure could hardly have been accomplished, if at all, with the clockwork precision that marked its every phase. These were, first, Sir Reginald Wingate (who was head of intelligence, and much more), Sir Archibald Hunter (an indefatigable fighting leader), Sir Percy Girouard (who built the desert railway—and without the railway the conquest of the Sudan was impossible), and Sir Rudolph Slatin (who had been nineteen years in the Sudan—thirteen of them as a captive in the Khalifa's camp).

Age Old Prejudices.

THE Englishman had regained control of the Sudan, and not on the old abominable Egyptian lines. Immediately after the defeat and scattering of the Mahdist controllers of the country—mostly men selected from Abdullahi's El Taishi tribe and as brutal as their chief—the Englishman got to work. We had Sir John Maxwell (Grenfell's nephew), and it was he with his assistants who first set his foot in peace on the great blazed tracts that we had won in battle. It was he who instituted the vast system of civil-military control over the wide lands that to-day recognise with content the just and firm rule of the Englishman over immense areas which heretofore had never known any rule superior to their own

A cotton picker goes shopping, not forgetting the baby.

But we introduced a better plough and camels.

THE ENGLISHMAN GAVE PEACE AND PROSPERITY TO THE SUDAN

local witch-doctored tribal law, or known any enemies but the slave raiders, allied with some neighbour tribe.

A view of Khartum, showing the stately Victoria Avenue.

A Fountain Forest.

IT is not possible, even, to outline all the magnificent work that has been carried out by the Englishman in the quarter of a century of his labour in the Sudan. But for its picturesque value let me instance at least one—and not the least—of his beneficial performances.

In the Western Sudan lies the oasis of "El Obey'd," a small, compact and fertile region One peculiarity is that, while well-watered, it has no supplying streams. El Obey'd, but for the bountiful and mysterious grace of nature, would be as arid as the countries around it. But it enjoys the benefit of a strange phenomenon. There are trees in El Obey'd—great lusty wide spreading monarchs. All these great trees are hollow, and in their cavities collect the water from every rainfall (rainfalls are not annual) so that they suffice to supply in dry years all the needs of the local and vagrant population.

Until the Englishman came these water-bearing trees were each a battle ground, but he has altered all that. By his operation this fountain forest has been taken under such control that each one of 36,000 trees has been numbered and its content verified, and the whole placed under legalised authority so that supplies might be proportionally doled out to applicants.

Now this is doubtless a small thing, or so it might seem, but to me it is typical of all the magnificent work the Englishman is carrying on in the vast Sudan. If we look at the noble schemes for damming and holding up the exuberant waters of the Nile we may almost be staggered by their immensity, and by the fact that each of them is effected without robbing Egypt of a single drop of the flood which has made her life and her wealth.

That, of course, is one of the great feuds that Egypt has with us. The water! Th Englishman is placing obstructions on the water that fertilises lower Egypt.

Egypt's "Grievances"

THIS is a loudly-voiced plea for an agitation, and there are, alas, in this country not a few ignorant or visionary partisans who echo the Egyptian Nationalist's plaint. The Englishman has bound the Nile; he has built a great dam at Assouan; he has constructed a yet vaster obstacle at Makwa (Sennar) at the confluence of the Blue and the White Niles. He has, in preparation, further vast irrigation works to store and restrain the overwhelming torrents of fertilising water that at given seasons rush through their immense but insufficient channels to waste their benefits in the Mediterranean. Therefore the Englishman is robbing Egypt—robbing her of what she never had, or held, or knew how to use, and yet is still benefiting her beyond all dreams of imagination.

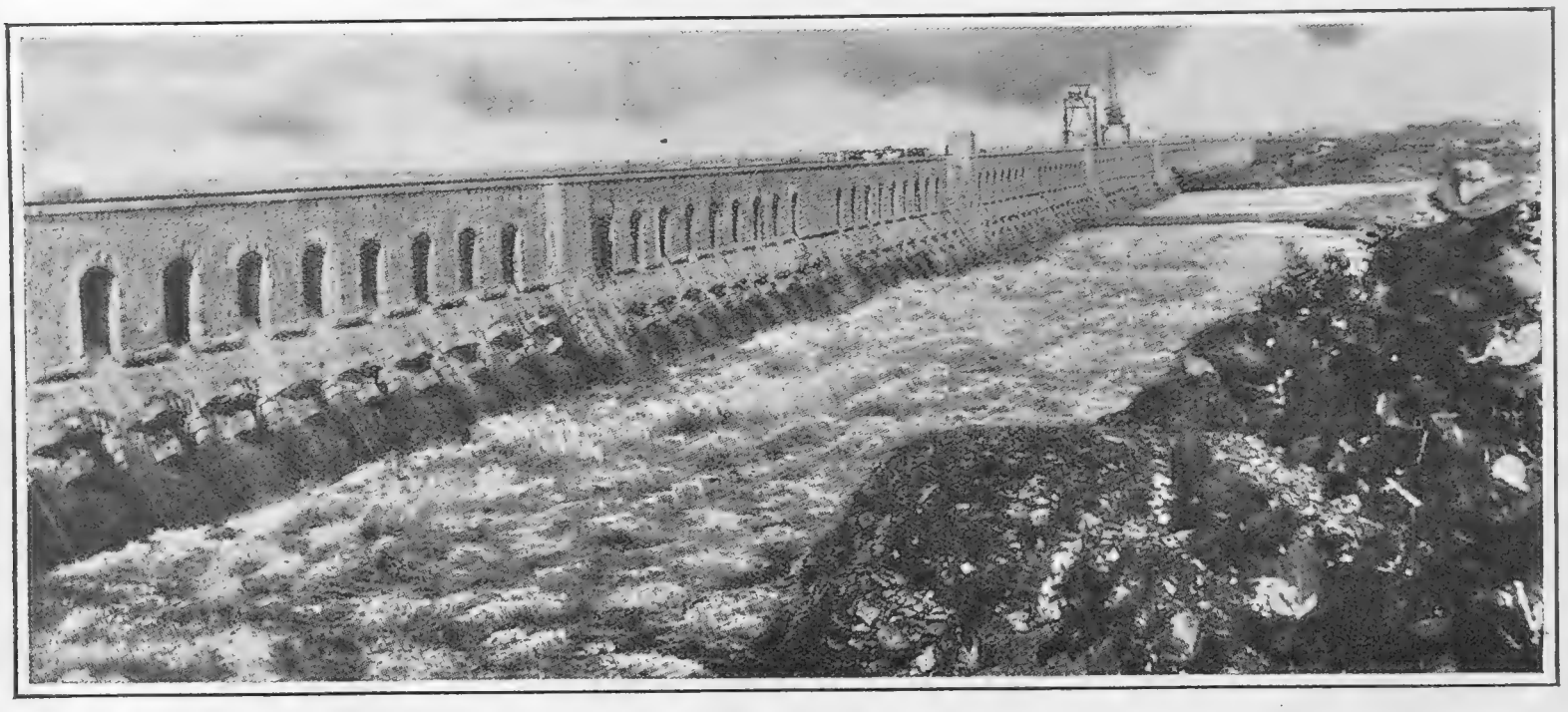
Our Mistakes.

TO-DAY'S administrative organisation of the wild Sudan is as proud a picture of the Englishman's competency as the mind can desire to rest upon. But, of course, we have made mistakes—gross mistakes, which each ensuing year it will be more difficult to remedy without violence. Our mistakes are unfortunately so interlocked that it is difficult to dissociate them.

First among them, perhaps, is that which followed on the emancipation of the Sudan by the defeat of the Khalifa at Omdurman. We hoisted the flag of Great Britain and of Egypt over the ruined citadel of Khartum.

But, this done, we proceeded to impress on the Egyptians that they should have neither part nor parcel in the administration of the reconquered (or liberated) country. The Sudan was to be British-controlled country—and so we have gone on. And yet, although we permit her no hand nor voice in Sudan affairs, we still permit Egypt to pay three quarters of a million pounds *per annum* towards the upkeep of the Sudan Military Establishment. Surely we could have put our foot down on that £750,000 and refused to accept it.

In 1922 the British Government drew up and offered to Egypt a Statute of Independence, on certain conditions. Never mind what the conditions were. Suffice it, that Egypt refused them, and has continued to refuse them ever since. Five years have passed, and we still dangle our despised proclamation before defiant Egyptian eyes, and this although we are on the verge of a General Election that may bring about new opinions as to Egypt's future (I have still in mind that photograph of an ex-Prime Minister on Abdullah's stuffed camel). Surely, since there remains so inadequate a time for persuading recalcitrant Egypt to meet us over the proclamation, it would be better to tear that instrument up and start anew in *statu quo ante*. Why not a time limit?



Sennar Dam, 1¾ miles in length. It forms a reservoir extending 50 miles up stream, containing 140,000,000,000 gallons of water.

NAVAL WARFARE *of the* FUTURE

By TAFFRAIL

(Commander Taprell Dorling, D.S.O., R.N. Author of "Sea Ventures of Britain," etc.)

One form of insurance that has been tried and not found wanting.

SINCE the reliability and endurance of aircraft now makes it possible for machines operating from the Continent to drop bombs and to distribute lethal gas in any portion of the British Isles, it has been stated that the Royal Air Force has superseded the Royal Navy as what is popularly known as our "First Line of Defence."

In the unhappy event of war with any Power in Western Europe I can agree that Great Britain may be liable to incessant and unpleasant aerial attention which the Royal Navy cannot prevent, and that the only means of adequate defence lies in the air itself by the provision of a strong defending force. But I cannot subscribe to the purely parochial view that because British towns may be ravaged in the absence of such defence, it in any way diminishes the responsibility of the Navy or alters its function, or that it justifies any suggestion that the naval estimates should be curtailed in favour of the Air Force.

No island country like ours can be brought to terms or subjugated by aerial attacks, however intense. It can only be forced to capitulate by starvation, by the defeat of its armed forces, or by invasion. Invading troops must still come by sea, and invasion and starvation it has ever been the duty of the Navy to prevent.

By Imports we Live.

AT the present time about thirteen ounces of every pound of wheat consumed as bread come from overseas, and so it is in varying proportions with meat, cheese, butter, eggs, sugar, rice, cocoa, tea, tinned foods innumerable. A thousand and one raw materials—cotton, wool, oil, timber, iron ore, rubber, copper—are also imported into this country in their raw condition,

> *The safety and well-being of the Empire, both now and in the future, depends upon the free and unrestricted use of the sea communications. These are neither carried on, nor ensured by submarines and aircraft . . .*
> *Once more we arrive at the heavy ship as the final arbiter in naval war.*

manufactured into finished articles, and re-exported. If left to their own resources, the people of Britain would be brought to starvation in a few weeks, and her workers would be workless.

The Commonwealth of free nations which represents the British Empire, moreover, is an Oceanic Commonwealth linked together by the sea, and a considerable proportion of the food and raw material consumed in this country comes from Empire sources.

In short, the sea routes or maritime lines of communication are still the arteries through which flow the life-blood not only of Britain herself but also of the Empire. Their severance would involve the Empire in economic ruin, and would leave its several nations isolated in the face of attack.

Safety of the Seas.

IN war with a maritime Power it is the task of our Fleet to obtain control of these sea-lanes by destroying or immobilising the naval forces of the enemy which threaten them.

For a generation, at any rate, it seems improbable that the North Sea and waters round about the British Isles will again become a theatre of naval combat. A naval war, if it comes, may be transferred to the vast spaces of the great oceans, where distances may be measured in thousands of miles instead of in mere hundreds. No sane person wishes for war; but an oceanic struggle will require a far greater naval effort on the part of the Empire than the war of 1914-18.

During the years since the Great War there has been much public controversy as to the wisdom and expediency of maintaining heavy ships as part and parcel of our Fleet, and by heavy ships I mean vessels of the battleship and battle-cruiser type, carrying the heaviest guns that can be mounted afloat, and built more or less up to the 35,000-ton limit allowed by the Washington Agreement.

Some people, retired sea officers among them, are of opinion that the existence of these huge vessels, costing between seven and eight millions sterling apiece, is unjustified, on the score of their expense and because, during their lifetime, they may never see a shot fired in anger. Others believe that, in the event of war, they will be ousted from the open sea by submarines and aircraft.

Results of a Ceaseless Struggle.

THE gradual evolution in their design, however, is the outcome of the ceaseless struggle that has taken place between the gun and the ship, the torpedo and the ship; and, more recently, aircraft and the ship. Each of these new threats has been met by its suitable antidote, though with the advent of each new weapon its enthusiastic supporters have predicted the speedy disappearance of large surface fighting vessels.

It is true that during the Great War the freedom of movement of the Grand Fleet was affected to the extent that additional risks were incurred due to the activity of

THE NAVY IS OUR "FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE" AGAINST INVASION

enemy submarines. But it is not correct to say that the Fleet was prevented from keeping the sea. Its ships were protected by escorts, and the vessels themselves rendered less liable to vital damage by underwater protection. And nowadays scientific devices are not wanting which enable submarines to be located with accuracy and continuously hunted.

Indeed, the successful use of underwater craft against properly protected fighting fleets becomes increasingly risky and difficult as time goes on. It was precisely this difficulty that caused Germany to concentrate her intensive submarine effort, not upon our Fleet, but upon our merchant shipping, in the hope of bringing us to terms through the easier and speedier method of starvation.

The same applies to aircraft, which may attack a fleet either with bombs, torpedoes or poison gas. But the best means of defence against aerial attack lies in the air, and the Admiralty and Air Ministry between them have seen to it that we are provided with a Fleet Air Arm, an Air Arm, if I may say so, that is second to none in its efficiency.

Moreover, a bomb dropped from an aeroplane is no more dangerous than a one ton shell fired at extreme range and descending almost vertically; an aeroplane's torpedo no more likely to inflict vital damage than that from a destroyer.

The Last Word with the Heavy Ships.

THERE is another aspect of the case. If we take a chart of the world and shade in the portion of the sea that may safely be covered by aeroplanes flying from the shore, we shall see that the space so shaded represents an infinitesimal portion of the globe.

To operate with certainty in the uttermost parts of the sea aircraft must be taken thither in aircraft-carriers, which are surface ships. These may be preyed upon by cruisers, the cruisers by larger cruisers, until at last we arrive at the stage when heavy ships, as the most powerful units of all, are drawn inevitably into the conflict.

It cannot too often be reiterated, too, that the safety and well-being of the Empire, both now and in the future, depends upon the free and unrestricted use of the sea communications.

These are neither carried on, nor ensured to any extent, by submarines and aircraft. On the contrary, millions of tons of cargo, and, in time of war, also of men and munitions and stores, are carried in surface ships—ordinary merchantmen. These can be preyed upon by cruisers, vessels mounting guns, and once more we travel round the circle and arrive at the heavy ship as the final arbiter in naval war.

In the late war it was the Grand Fleet, operating in the North Sea, that stood between the Central Powers and victory.

The Power Behind the Armies.

THE war, admittedly, was won on the Western Front; but the Grand Fleet, by maintaining the integrity of the sea, was the hub upon which not only the British, but the entire Allied cause revolved. The War, therefore, provides a potent example of the immense importance of the effectual control of the sea, and also a vindication of the present policy of maintaining heavy ships as part of the Empire's Fleet.

It was Sea Power, and Sea Power alone, that made it possible for our armies ashore to bring hostilities to a triumphant conclusion.

Our armies, indeed, might be likened to the point of the spear—our fleet to the strength behind its thrust.

It is to be hoped that war may not come again in our lifetime, and nobody will advocate a race in armaments. But though no specific enemy looms up over the horizon and, I hope, never will, is it wise to diminish our Navy beyond the point which the experts consider dangerous?

Our responsibilities are immense and men's memories are very short. Can we honestly pin our faith to treaties of arbitration and leagues of international goodwill and fellowship, from which other nations may hold aloof, instead of continuing our trust in the one form of insurance that has been tried during the centuries and has not been found wanting? It is wise to be prepared, in the same way that a man with valuable possessions insures his property against fire and burglary.

War in the Future.

IF you ask me what new methods of war may be used at sea it is difficult to answer. I foresee an immense use of aeroplanes in ordinary weather conditions for locating an enemy fleet five hundred or more miles distant from our own, for fighting in the air, and for observing and reporting the effects of gunfire.

A safe hit; seaplane discharging a torpedo.

Self-contained flying boats, craft almost the size of small ships, that can rest on the water in ordinary weather conditions and can remain in the air for days instead of hours, will probably come into their own. Submarines will prey upon trade routes thousands of miles away from their bases, and fighting vessels of all types, with greater fuel capacity than ever, will keep the sea for long periods. The use of wireless telegraphy will be reduced to an absolute minimum, since the ship using it will be instantly located by directional apparatus

Lethal gas, laid in clouds or fired in shell, will probably be utilised afloat, though it is never likely to have the same potent effect upon ships, which can move, as ashore, where troops may be tied to their positions.

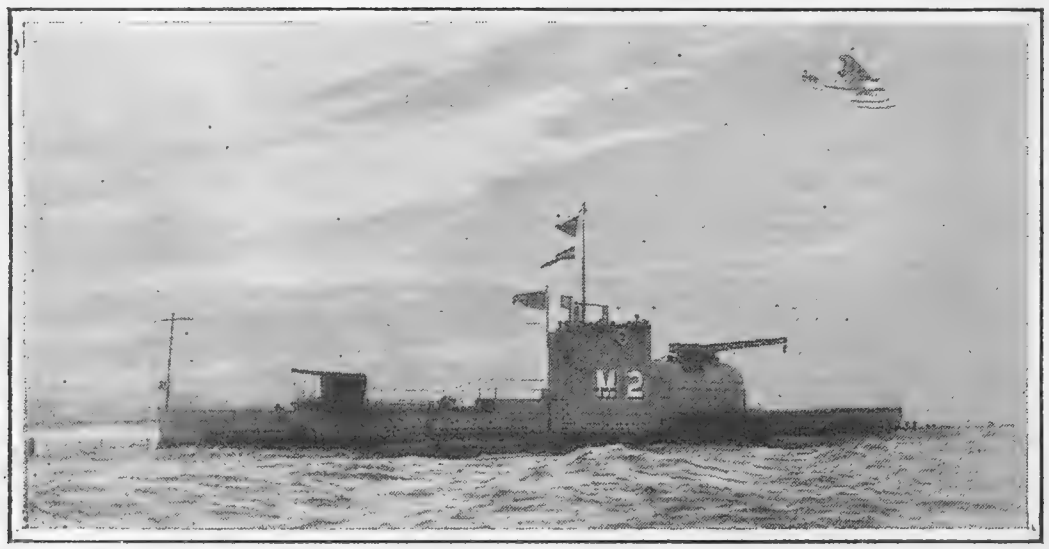
Guns of a greater calibre than the 16-inch now mounted are ruled out by the Washington Agreement.

Torpedoes, one imagines, will not increase in range, size or destructive capability, and will still remain weapons primarily for use from small craft both by day and by night. The use of submarine mines will continue, and they will be more potent and deadly than before.

Many possibilities also suggest themselves for the use of vessels without permanent crews controlled by short-range wireless. The idea, no new one, was used off the Belgian coast during the late war, when a distantly-controlled motor-boat with no crew was successfully exploded against the British Monitor "Erebus." For a considerable time a similar system has been used by us in old battleships serving as animate targets for fleet gunnery practices.

These ships, which have been described in the Press, can, without a soul on board, start their engines, increase or decrease speed, go astern, alter course in any required direction, and emit clouds of smoke to shield themselves from punishment.

It does not take much imagination to visualise the possible use of such vessels in a naval war.



Submarine M2, which carries aircraft. The hangar is in the gun emplacement.

STRIPES

By Richard Remnant

THE shadows were falling; the sad cry of the roosting pea-fowl came from the wild fig-trees. In the purple hush of evening the jungle woke to the life that all day had sheltered from the sun's fierce heat.

From copse and thicket, from rock and cave the greater fauna of the forest emerged on their lawful occasions. Silent as phantoms they flitted through the failing light to feed and water, to love and hate, to slay and be slain. Here, in the open of a grass savannah, showed a herd of dappled *chital*, cropping the short, sweet herbage beneath their dainty feet. There, on a hill-flank, looming gigantic in the half light, stood a noble *sambur* stag, with his hind and fawn beside him.

Other shadows there were that passed down the jungle game-trails—bison and bear, elephant and pig. But most alien to the forest and, perhaps, most sinister was the little procession that trod the *nala's* sandy bed.

AT their head came a long, lean white man, carrying a high-velocity rifle, cocked and ready for action. Behind him crept a Palayan tracker, thick-lipped and fuzzy-haired, with his eyes glued fast to the ground at his feet. Bringing up the rear and some twenty yards distant, a native villager followed, leading a young buffalo bull.

Silently they advanced down the *nala* until they reached a point where a jungle cart-track bisected the dry river-bed. Here, in the open, the villager picketed the buffalo with a length of coir rope, attached to a stout wooden peg. Then, with his hunting knife, he cut a great heap of grass from the bank near by. This he flung down by the buffalo, who started to feed with stolid, bucolic enjoyment. Meanwhile the Palayan tracker had been searching the junction of the paths, brooding over a succession of great splayed footprints stamped deep in the sandy soil.

At last, as if satisfied, he straightened and reported to the white man, leaning silently on his rifle.

"He passed up the *nala* this morning, *dorai*," he whispered; "he came the way we came. But here," and he pointed, "he turned left-handed and disappeared down the cart-track into the forest beyond. A full-grown male by his spoor—and this seems to be his favourite walk."

"Yes," the white man answered, "it's a good spot, I think, to tie up live bait. For Stripes can spot him at a hundred yards—no matter which way he comes. Test the picket, Raman, and see it's holding fast. . . . Good. Then we'll head for camp, the light's near gone."

They retreated down the river-bed, the falling night shrouding their moving forms. The buffalo bull stared after them with patient, bovine eyes. Once he strained at the picket rope as their figures disappeared; then, with a shake of his head, he settled to his lonely vigil.

II.

A MASSIVE but shadowy bulk stole that night through the jungle by the light of a crescent moon. With body striped in black and orange, and a pair of green, lambent eyes lighting the curiously banded head, the moving figure formed an arresting picture, beautiful yet sinister. Absolute silence marked the progress of that cat-like advance; for the hunter was Stripes, the ten-foot tiger, "seeking his meat from God."

All day he had couched in the heart of a thicket, sheltering from the sun's fierce heat. But, with the fall of evening, he left his lair to prowl through the forest on his nightly round. Like a shadow he moved down the game-trails, his greenish eyes probing the undergrowth with an unwavering stare, his ears alert to catch the faintest sound.

Since sunset he had been searching for live meat, with the pangs of an eighteen hours' fast gnawing his belly. Lack of success had not improved his temper, as was shown by the soundless snarl on his lips and the occasional twitch of his long barred tail. Even so his was the endless patience of all the killer-kind, content, if necessary, to prowl through the hours of darkness until a favourable moment arrived.

But for five long hours that night Stripes hunted in vain for food. Either his intended victims glimpsed his drifting figure, or nosed him from afar. At last, in desperation, he turned to his favourite walk through the *nala*, in the hope of surprising some unwary deer or pig, crossing from bank to bank.

BY now the crescent moon had passed her zenith, her light began to wane. A touch of rawness quickened the night air, a hint of the breeze that runs before the morning. At the first chill breath the tiger quickened his pace, only to freeze into immobility, a minute later, as he rounded a bend in the river-bed.

Motionless, as a statue carved from stone, he stood glaring at a greyish patch on the ground where *nala* and cart-track met. Though the light was poor and he was a full hundred yards from the object, his magnificent vision picked out each detail of the sprawling buffalo bull. He saw he was young and fat, he saw the piled grass beside him—also he saw the wooden picket and the length of coir rope.

At once he knew he was dealing with that dread scourge, Man's handiwork, but the knowledge failed to deter him. With the pangs of acute hunger gnawing at his belly, he was ready to take almost any risk for the sake of a square meal.

Glancing up a moment, he saw a cloud-bank was about to veil the moon. He waited until the light was obliterated, then he rapidly resumed his advance. Twenty yards short of his quarry he halted, hugging the river-bank. His greenish eyes probed each tree and bush in the vicinity of his prey. He saw no sign of danger, he heard no suspicious sound.

The silence was intense, except for the faint noise made by the buffalo's working jaws as he lazily chewed the cud. He was quite oblivious of danger, that a full-grown tiger crouched within striking distance, ready to spring.

The cloud-bank was passing rapidly, already faint gleams of light illumined its ragged edge. As the moon shone clear, Stripes came out into the open with a short scuttering rush.

He crouched belly-flat to earth, with drawn-back lips and lashing tail. The curious jazz-pattern of stripes that barred his head and face, and the white patches above the eyes added tenfold to the leering ferocity of his expression.

AT this sudden horrid invasion the buffalo leapt up in a paroxysm of terror, facing the enemy with lowered head. He strained madly at the coir rope, but the wooden picket held. Next moment the tiger was on him, shattering the silence with his terrible coughing roar.

He seized the bull's shoulders with his forepaws, sinking his fangs into the throat below. Then he forced the throat upwards and over to dislocate the vertebræ of the neck.

Locked in this ghastly embrace, killer and victim came floundering to earth. There was a second's flurry and struggle, a sudden choking sob—and the bull was dead. As a demonstrator in the art of scientific slaughter, swift and almost painless, the tiger is supreme.

Stripes nosed the dead bull a moment with hungry eyes. Then, gripping the neck in his jaws, he gave the carcase a sudden, tremendous jerk. The coir rope snapped and the killer dragged his prey into the dark of the forest. Three hundred yards from the *nala* he deposited his burden in a bamboo thicket. Then he started to feed with greedy slavering jaws, eating from the hind up as is the manner of his kind.

III.

DAWN broke in a riot of scarlet and gold, with the triumphant challenge of the grey jungle-cocks saluting the light in the east. Down the river-bed crept the white man and his Palayan tracker, eager

to see the result of their previous evening's work.

In high hope they followed the tiger's night trail and, on reaching the bend in the *nala* where Stripes had halted, they peered anxiously ahead. Then, swiftly, they pressed forward, noting the line of the tiger's advance and the spot from which he had launched his final onslaught. Splashes of blood, a broken end of rope, a confusion of tracks and, lastly, a wide dragging trail through the sand gave full evidence of the night's tragedy.

For a moment white man and Palayan whispered together, congratulating each other on the success of their scheme. Then they took up the trail that ran into the forest beyond.

Very slowly they crept forward, the hunter in the lead. He held his rifle at the ready, his index finger caressing the trigger-guard. At his heels came the tracker, searching the forest with gimlet eyes.

There is always danger in following the king of the jungle when he is like to be at his meat. A cautious and silent advance is essential if he is to be taken unaware in the hope of the hunter getting a shot. If the tiger spots the invaders first he will either charge or temporarily desert his kill.

A quarter of an hour went by and still white man and tracker followed the sun-splashed trail through the bush. They passed the spot where Stripes had halted to clean his victim, then they entered the gloom of a bamboo thicket. Half-way through the whispering, clicking cane-brake, the Palayan emitted a sudden warning hiss. Up came the hunter's rifle, as his eyes concentrated on a sprawled greyish patch twenty yards to his left front.

The next moment the tiger was on him.

HIS attitude was one of absolute tension; then, slowly, he lowered his rifle and his muscles relaxed.

"There's the dead bait all right," he whispered, "but evidently his lordship has finished the first part of his meal. I saw no sign of him, did you?"

The Palayan shook his head. "Come on, then," the hunter continued, "let's take a look at the carcase."

They advanced to the half-eaten buffalo and a swarm of flies rose buzzing at their approach. They inspected the fang and claw marks on throat and shoulders, noting exactly how Stripes had made his kill. After jotting down some notes in his game-book, the hunter resumed the tiger's trail.

Stripes had drunk at a neighbouring water-hole on completing his meal. Then he had struck north into the jungle, in search of a sheltered spot where he could rest through the heat of the day. His spoor led down an elephant-path into an *agil* copse, thickly sown with undergrowth. His pursuers circled the wood, and, as they expected, found no signs of his exit.

So far, so good. They had located their quarry, and the second stage of their work was finished. The final stage now remained, the driving of the tiger up to the white man's rifle. For this beaters were essential, and the tracker and his master hurried back to their camp by the Periyar River to collect the villagers they had warned for the job on hand. Three hours later, accompanied by sixty natives, they again approached the *agil* copse.

The copse stretched north and south, being half a mile in length and roughly two hundred and fifty yards wide. The elephant-path the tiger had followed ran through the centre, emerging at the northern end. It was here the hunter swiftly rigged a rough platform in the branches of a tree and took up his station, rifle in hand.

THE beaters assembled at the wood's southern end and "stops" were placed, guarding each tributary game-trail that branched from the main elephant-path. These men climbed into trees on the edges of the wood, ready to turn the tiger should he attempt to escape to a flank. It was the beaters' object to drive Stripes down the elephant-path to the waiting hunter's rifle.

Twenty minutes after the white man had taken up his position, the drive started. The beaters, strung out in line, advanced through the wood, slashing at the undergrowth with their sticks. Two of them beat on small native drums, adding to the subdued tumult of the advance.

IV.

IT was the monotonous reiterated throb of the drums that roused Stripes from his siesta. Full-fed and watered he lay sprawled at ease in the heart of the *agil* copse, intending to remain couched until the setting of the sun. Then he would issue forth in the cool of the evening and proceed leisurely to his kill for a second meal.

Lazily he lifted his head and his ears cocked to the sound of the beaters' progress. He knew the approaching din was made by Man, that two-legged scourge of the forest, but, at first, he thought it was some chance party of charcoal-burners proceeding to their work. Then he realised the *agil* copse had woken to life, that its denizens were making good their escape.

Dry leaves rustled and twigs snapped; a troop of grey monkeys croaked their warning. As Stripes rose to his feet, still disinclined to shift, a *sambur* stag swept through the undergrowth, twenty yards to his right. He was heading for the wood's northern exit and Stripes glimpsed the fear in his eyes. The throb of the drums now rose to a crescendo, drowning all lesser noise. The line of beaters was rapidly approaching and the tiger, though still uncertain of the

(*Continued overleaf.*)

exact menace, realised he would have to move.

Like a shadow he slunk across the elephant-path and down a tributary game-trail, leading to one flank. He had covered a hundred yards and glimpsed, between the tree-trunks, the wood's edge, when a sudden tap-tapping sound arrested his progress. Glancing up, he saw a man crouched in the branches of a tree by the path he was following. He was tapping on the tree-trunk with a stick, barring the tiger's line of advance.

With a vague feeling of dread Stripes glared at him; then took refuge in the surrounding bush. Somehow he could neither face the watcher nor pass in the vicinity of his tree. He returned to the elephant-path, silent and swift. It was his intention to escape the beaters by the wood's northern exit.

He advanced under cover, parallel with the elephant-path and a few yards distant. His striped and tawny body slipped through the undergrowth, blending admirably with the jungle's gold and green. Certain now of the danger behind him, but which he was confident of escaping, he kept his eyes skinned for any peril in front.

HE was within sight of safety and the wood's northern boundary when, suddenly, he froze behind a bush. His piercing vision had caught a slight movement in a tree by the elephant-path. Glancing up, he saw Death crouched in the branches not thirty yards ahead. It was the white hunter in his eyrie, finger on trigger waiting his quarry's advance.

As he realised the trap he was caught in, the tiger's lips lifted in a soundless snarl. Flanks and rear were guarded against him and his advance was blocked. Another five yards and the hunter would spot him; the black tube in his hand would belch thunder and flame. The copse now rang to the beaters' tumult, the jaws of the trap were closing. Into the great tiger's greenish eyes came a little lurid flame. They were hunting him like a jackal, it seemed; well, they should pay dearly for their sport.

He knew he must act swiftly to save his skin. Another second he crouched behind the bush; then he turned in his tracks, his mind made up. Silently he crept back, leaving the unconscious white man still unaware of his presence.

He headed straight for the approaching tumult, finally taking station behind a tree. He crouched belly-flat to earth, his muscles tensed. Louder and louder, as the seconds passed, grew the maddening throb of the drums. Stripes heard the shouts of the beaters, the smash and swish of their sticks. Then the bushes ahead erupted, and the pursuit broke into view.

To left and right, above the swaying undergrowth, showed an advancing line of dusky heads and shoulders. But it was on the man directly in front of him that the tiger concentrated his attention. Here was the link he must snap if he was to win to freedom.

ALERT and watchful, but unconscious of danger, the doomed figure advanced. It was the white man's Palayan tracker, straining his ears for the sound of a shot. He knew, had all gone well, the tiger should now be up to the hunter's rifle, that the next few seconds would decide the issue of the chase.

He shouted aloud to show his confidence; then he stopped dead in his tracks. The stick dropped from his fingers; his mouth remained agape. Above the rapid drum beats, above the cries of his companions, rose a terrible, heart-shaking roar.

A striped and tawny body, with outthrust head and leering lips, flashed into the open in a shattering charge. An instant's vision of that whirlwind fury, all teeth and claws and fangs, and the tracker turned to flee. But he was too late, the tiger was on him.

Up, up Stripes rose like a rearing stallion; then his forearm smashed down in a sledge-hammer blow. It crushed in the Palayan's skull as a man might crush an eggshell. With a quick, half-strangled sob he sank to the ground, a lifeless wreck.

Leaping the prostrate body, Stripes passed roaring to freedom through the broken line. A moment he showed among the jungle's sun-splashed foliage; then he vanished into the gloom of a thicket.

Glancing up, he saw death crouched in the branches

Is Canada Worth While?

By R. C. Morgan

IN the article entitled "Canada for Sale," Mr. Saxon Mills deals very ably with general political considerations, but omits one important—I may say vital—point. This, as a resident in Canada for some years, I can say is the absolute unfitness of about 80 per cent. of potential British settlers for the severe Canadian winters, the vicissitudes and uncertainties of employment, and the attendant absence of reasonable prospects of saving money.

Devastating Loneliness.

ADMITTED that a large number of British do attain these objectives, the number who do not is so consistently large that either the personal factor must enter very largely into the matter, or the state of the country must be held accountable. Both reasons hold good. Canada is not, and never can be, a country desirable or possible as a field for settlement of large numbers. Especially does this apply to the average Briton, who is in almost every case accustomed from childhood to the streets, shops and other urban amenities.

The desolate prairies of Manitoba, with their five months of rigid, snow-bound winter, spell devastating loneliness to the man from a city. The driving labour of a Canadian farm from dawn to sunset, with the often disgusting and primitive housing and feeding, are revolting to the Englishman accustomed to home comforts. The coarser type of emigrant thrives and prospers in Canada under conditions which the softer-bred Englishman is glad to escape.

"Although an Englishman—"

"NO Englishman need apply" is still to be seen on the boards outside employment offices in Western prairie towns. This antagonism extends to the English atmosphere in many ways. Only three or four years ago an English lecturer was introduced to the audience by the chairman in a Western city with the complimentary words, "Although he is an Englishman, we are glad to see him." The story changes at the entrance to British Columbia, where thousands of British people enjoy decent lives in a good climate.

THE NEIGHBOUR'S CHICKENS.

Canada: "It's only temporary scratching, Uncle, they all come home to roost."

Under the construction of what constitutes an entry into the United States "temporarily for business," the Federal courts of New York and Michigan have declared void an order of the United States Department of Labour. This order restricted aliens who work in the big industrial cities of the United States along the Canadian line, but who live in Canada, from crossing the border daily to reach their high-salaried positions.
—News Item. *Brooklyn Citizen.*

Exodus from Canada.

UNDER the baleful influence of Canada's present Americanised Prime Minister, who owes his support mainly to the anti-British population of Quebec, Canada has been betrayed steadily into the hands of the United States. Free Trade has flooded the entire country with American manufactures; progressive reduction of tariffs has dealt a death blow to many small struggling industries. American financiers in New York control about 60 per cent. of all Canada's industries, lumber mills, mines and factories.

Under the present system of betrayal to American interests and erratic and costly "self-determination," the most ardent Imperialist cannot but conclude that the saving of Canada by British stock is not worth the broken lives, family separations, poverty, anxiety and physical privation which are to be seen throughout the country.

[This letter from one of our readers, Mr. R. C. Morgan, contrasts so strongly with the prevailing view of Canada as a field for Empire settlement that we insert it as an item of public interest. It does not necessarily represent Editorial opinion.—Ed.]

TO-DAY and until 31ST inst.

HAMPTONS' GREAT Furnishing SALE

secures to every purchaser values in Home Furnishings which are never equalled elsewhere. *For example:*

LOT No. 454c. **HAMPTONS' SEAMLESS AXMINSTERS**

Every Carpet offered in this lot without exception is guaranteed to be the product of the **best British Manufacturers only.** The selection embraces a variety of choice designs and colourings, of which the carpets illustrated in Sale Catalogue (q.v.) are typical examples. The stock is being cleared at the great reductions specified below. It comprises a great number of sizes. In addition to those quoted there are many others.

Reduced from ft. in.	ft. in.	£ s. d.	to £ s. d.
9 0 ×	6 0	4 13 0	3 9 0
9 0 ×	7 6	5 16 3	4 6 3
9 0 ×	9 0	6 19 6	5 3 6
10 6 ×	7 6	6 15 9	5 0 9
10 6 ×	9 0	8 2 9	6 0 9
10 6 ×	10 6	9 10 0	7 1 0
12 0 ×	7 6	7 15 0	5 15 0
12 0 ×	9 0	9 6 0	6 18 0
12 0 ×	10 6	10 17 0	8 1 0
12 0 ×	12 0	12 8 0	9 4 0
13 6 ×	9 0	10 9 3	7 15 3
13 6 ×	10 6	12 4 3	9 1 3
13 6 ×	12 0	13 19 0	10 7 0
15 0 ×	9 0	11 12 6	8 12 6
15 0 ×	12 0	15 10 0	11 10 0
16 6 ×	12 0	17 1 0	12 13 0

For 60 Pages of Illustrations, many in colour, of other Unequalled Bargains in Furniture, Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics, Bedding, Linen, Wall-papers, Antiques, Pianos, China, Ironmongery, etc., see

HAMPTONS' SALE CATALOGUE

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Hamptons' pay Carriage on Sale Goods to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

45,000 yards GOOD QUALITY

CRETONNES & PRINTED LINENS

BEING CLEARED AT GREAT REDUCTIONS, MANY AT LESS THAN **HALF PRICE**

Hamptons' No. K2514. **2,000 yards of good quality Cretonne,** as illustrated above; also on a blue, stone, jade, black and fawn ground. Wonderful value. 31 in. wide.
Reduced from 2/3 to 1/- per yard

Hamptons' No. K2785.

Hamptons' No. K2785. **2,500 yards of a heavy quality Jaspé Shadow Tissue,** as illustrated; also on a fawn and grey ground. Excellent fabric for hard wear. 31 in. wide. Exceptional value.
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Hamptons' No. K2702.

Hamptons' No. K2702. **1,500 yards of a finely woven printed Cotton,** as illustrated, in chintz colours on a black, cream, stone and grey ground. *Ideal fabric for Curtains and Loose Covers.* 50 in. wide.
Reduced from 5/11 to 3/11 per yard

Our Woman's Section

EDITED BY Julia Cairns

EVERY reader is invited to make full use of "Britannia's" Service Department. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with each enquiry, and all letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, "Britannia," Inveresk House, Strand, London, marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," according to the nature of the enquiry.

Photo: Dorothy Wilding.

Viscountess Astor, M.P.

THE dynamic personality of Lady Astor has turned many women's thoughts towards Parliamentary careers, and all those who will come of age politically at the next Election, and register their votes for the first time, are—in a sense—indebted to the first Woman M.P. Progressively minded herself, she has always taken a keen interest in everything pertaining to feminine progress. As a hostess she has given many original parties where she has conceived the amusing and ingenious method of labelling her guests with the name of their respective professions so that no time is lost in seeking introductions, and thus like meets like without form or ceremony.

Why Educate Boys Like Boys?

The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell makes a spirited reply to Florence B. Low's article on the disadvantages of co-education.

WHEN I read a heading such as "Why educate girls like boys?" my first impulse is to make the very unobvious retort, "Why educate boys like boys?" Unobvious because it never seems to occur to our brass hats and bigwigs that there may be something wrong with this ideal creature, man and the ideal education he has evolved for himself. Nor do we ever hear anyone suggest that society or men should be fitted to the needs of women; on the contrary, if anything goes wrong it is the women who are at fault, and they who have to be moulded to meet any demands that husbands, brothers and national (man-made) necessity impose upon them.

It is not at all surprising that the modern young woman inspires fear in the heart of her intending husband; in many cases she is definitely his superior in physique, adaptability, and modern outlook upon the world. This is largely because the girls' schools, unlike the leading Public schools for boys, were not founded in the Middle Ages, and in so far as they have not imitated the Public school, they give an education more adapted to modern life than that received by upper-class boys.

THE fact is not that girls' education is wrong, but that all education is wrong, the monastic academic ideal being the model we tend to follow. The conception of life underlying this is one most people cannot believe, and therefore the values which such education gives them unfit them for modern society.

First, then, we need to evolve an education suited, not to the modern boy or girl, but the modern human being, and then it should be open to boys and girls alike. They should be educated together from the age of two to twenty-one, and variations in subjects taught should be according to individual bent and capacity, not differences of sex.

Men, we are told, have to be manly. How much social and national and personal misery is due to the habit boys early acquire of wasting time on so-called manly pursuits? These manly men, so Miss Low's article assures us, do not suffer from separation from the tenderness of home life: they are strong and ambitious in their life in the world, but ready to condescend to become heads of households if they can find a woman to tolerate that sort of thing.

HAVE any of those dissatisfied with modern women reflected that their reluctance to endure marriage and home life may have something to do with the hardness, the cocksureness, the shift all the domestic things on the wife attitude of their intending husbands? In these days, when two incomes are often needed to support the home, how often one finds a capable wife doing three or four jobs to her husband's one.

Whether she is out earning or not he expects her to make the home while he walks in and owns it in a patriarchal manner. Now, home making is a job for two people, and the services formerly expected by the manly man of the womanly woman by right do not belong to him but to the children. The more manly a man is, one may notice, the more does he usurp the maternal feelings of his wife, frequently to the detriment of his children. He has never been taught even to study paternity or the duties of fathers. What about domestic economy for men?

All the criticism which has been expended on excessive athletics for girls might equally well be applied to athletics for boys. Boys give far too much time to organised games which are brutalising rather than civilising, as we play them. Boys strain their muscles and their hearts and acquire false ideals and standards from athletics. Their time would be better spent learning to organise against nature, acquiring physique in the workshop, the farm, the sailing boat or the garden. Neither body nor mind should be worshipped separately, they thrive best when cultivated in harmony. Just as academic work in early years should never be divorced from active sense experience, so should bodily activity be related to intelligent and useful and harmoniously beautiful purposes. Hard courage is needed on occasion by both sexes, and the education of both should prepare for it; but I have not observed that boys who are not forced into organised games and who live constantly with girls are in any way deficient in energy and courage. Both sexes have these qualities in good proportion and both need them.

THE instinct of the young boy when he and the girl associate freely is a very sound one. He likes the sincere, purposeful girl, and avoids the flirtatious feminine little flatterer. Segregation from girls and artificially taught chivalry, warp his taste, and that is why so many capable men marry fluffy unsuitable women. Girls, on the other hand, in segregation either learn feminine charm through dress and affected manners, or are taught to concentrate on intellectual aims solely, and never think about sex or children. They equally, when they are adults, are unable to discriminate between one man and another, exercise their charms on all and sundry, and marry for flattery or social position.

WHY should they imagine that anything counts in marriage except their flimsy exterior? They have not had to co-operate with a man before, and they are not likely to begin at that stage. Artificially taught womanliness and manliness are the everlasting curse of the relation between the sexes. Both are the product of an artificial dissociation of mind from body in male and female education. The boy is taught that his mind is for learning, his body an instrument of mastery and power, the woman either that her mind alone exists or that her body is for flattery and submission. If co-education begins early—and is designed to nurture body and mind in harmony, and if the bodily differences of boys and girls, facts of sex and parenthood, anatomy and physiology, are jointly learnt by boys and girls at all stages—further, if domestic and practical arts are learned and undertaken together—then probably genuine mutual respect and equal partnership will emerge. I doubt if such partnership will lead to the old-fashioned home-life. It is, however, the organisation of modern society rather than the modern education of women that has threatened the home. We have a closely knit machine demanding certain work services of a specialised kind from each individual. The training for such work is long and difficult. It is by their professions, doctor, lawyer, engineer, etc., that the individuals are labelled, and all education tends to prepare for professional life. People's personal and emotional lives as fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, are regarded as irrelevant and unimportant. The girls who are caught up in this machine naturally have the same tendencies as the boys. They become concentrated on one kind of work, and are often ambitious; quite rightly so, for they most of them have to earn a living like their brothers. But when they marry, the moralist expects a sudden change, which the psychologist knows is unlikely to take place.

HUSBANDS and wives, fathers and mothers, are not likely to be created by instinct when instinct has been choked and twisted from birth as it is in our modern boys and girls. And even unchoked instinct will not provide young parents with the skill and money required to nurture a modern human being. Young fathers and mothers frequently find that both must work to support the children, and young mothers embarked on a career discover in themselves no aptitude or inclination to stay at home and look after their own children. Now why apply moral censure rather than intelligence to such a situation?

THE so-called obvious remedy is eagerly grasped at by the reactionaries—to train women in the domestic arts and plant them back in the home. Such a change would effectively put a stop to the wholesome move towards co-education, and would not, therefore, help to solve the problem of starved and atrophied instinct between men and women. It will also warp and disappoint the hundreds of thousands of women who would have done splendidly in careers. Year by year the list of women who have distinguished themselves in the arts, sciences, politics, journalism, the law, business, restaurant-keeping and kindred professions, grows more formidable. Every individual, male or female, should be entitled to that work and that place in the social scheme which his or her ability and application can win. Nor is ability so common in the human race that we can afford to disqualify one sex wholesale from specialised work.

WHAT has diminished infant mortality? Not old-fashioned mothers; rather the work that came from outside the home and the clamour of enfranchised women. Is maternal mortality being diminished by women staying in the home? On the contrary, the conferences and committees that deal with it are mainly composed of married and unmarried women who have left the home in order to see that mothers and children are better cared for by society. Similarly a large proportion of the married women of generations to come will be trained and practising in child-care. They will not, however, be lavishing their skill and maternal affection on one man and two infants; they will be out in the wider and undoubtedly more interesting field of caring for everybody's children. And our manly men will be helping in this task, as well as in the home.

This room is a happy example of the use of a good, washable distemper. A soft shade of very pale primrose was chosen, both for the walls and ceiling, since the latter was sufficiently lofty to permit of colour treatment, and this, allied to plain curtains and a plain hair-cord carpet, both in a soft willow green, has been successful in achieving a particularly soothing effect, which, at the same time, is not devoid of the colour interest which the owner desired. Had this latter not been required, ivory or lavender-grey walls with a cream ceiling might have been chosen, in which case, the curtains and carpet might have gone their own sweet way so far as colour is concerned, and although a plain carpet is essentially restful, curtains introducing design would have been quite a legitimate alternative.

In Restful Colours

By JULIA CAIRNS

THE fact that mentally and often physically the woman who is mapping out a career for herself frequently finds herself a centre of almost perpetual motion, as it were, makes it absolutely imperative that her home—be it a bed-sitting-room, a studio, or a den—shall be reposeful, calm, and entirely at one with her own individuality.

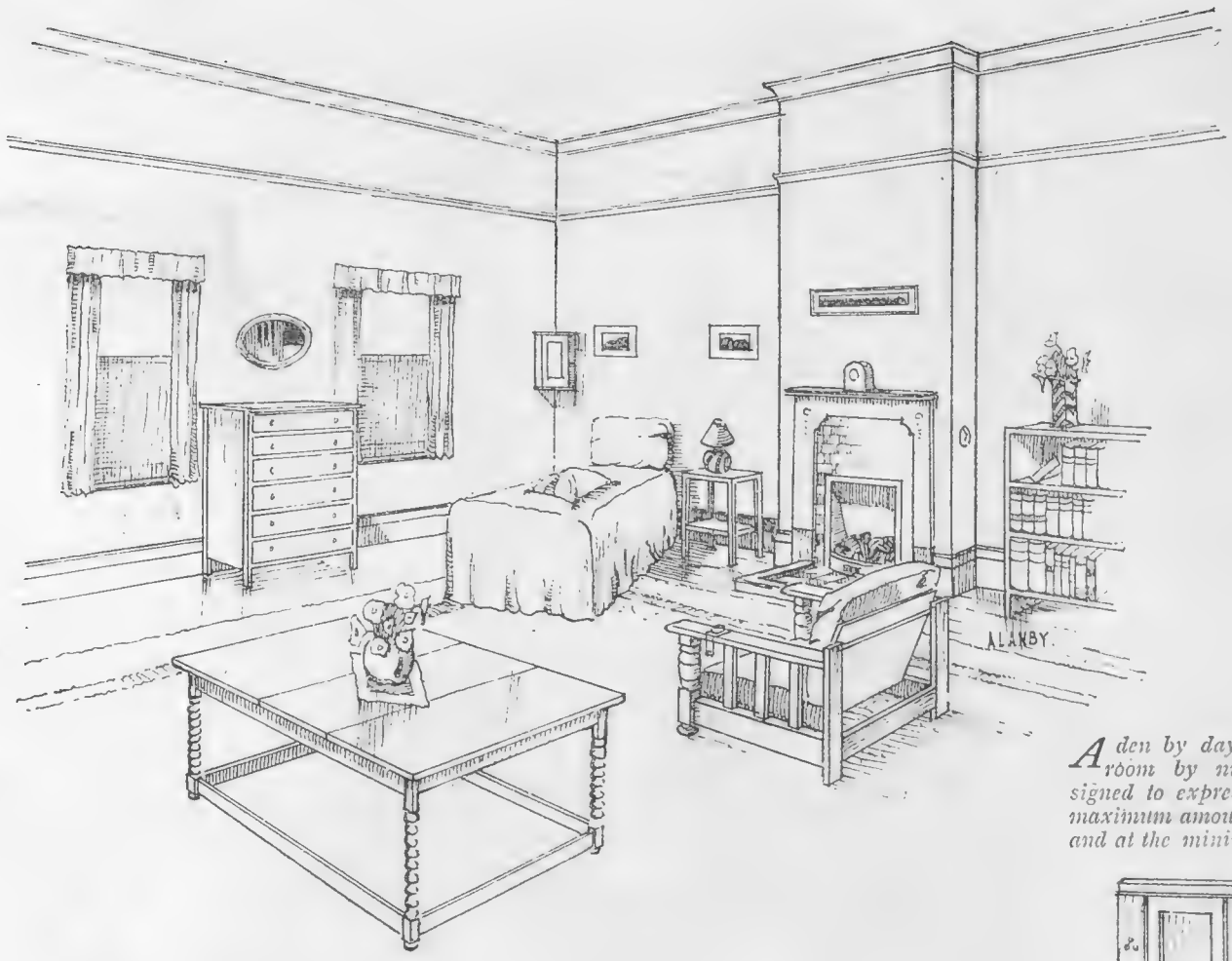
Nothing is more helpful mentally, nothing more soothing physically, than to return after the rough and tumble of an overcrowded day to a room which immediately you enter seems to suggest a peaceful calm, a quiet backwater off the turbulent stream of business life. The achieving of such is a matter which largely concerns the subject of interior decoration, though it need not be a matter of any great expense. But before going any further it is essential to stress the importance of considering personal tastes.

There will always be many who will remain true to the hygienic qualities and simple charm of a plain, self-coloured wall-surface, which is obtained either by flatted oil paint, distemper, or water paint—the former being the most expensive, and distemper the least. Also, there will always be those who, maintaining the now-quite-aged prejudice that plain walls are apt to present an "undressed" appearance, will insist on a wallpaper. And bearing in mind the recent advances in wallpaper designs, and the artistry that is put even into the least expensive of them, it is difficult to say which choice is preferable.

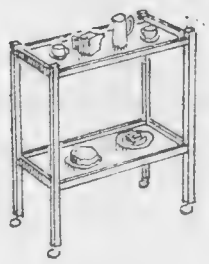
FOR the wallpaper people there is an even wider range than ever before; but, in the case of the small room, care should be taken to choose a design that is neither too large nor too arresting. The one shown here is quite new, and introduces simple little heartsease blossoms and grass blades and quivering wild oats on a stone-coloured textured background, which with, say, a beige hair-cord carpet and curtains and loose covers of plain heartsease blue, would be charming with cushions re-echoing the main colours of the design—grass-green, cornelian and blue.

The simplicity of heartsease blossoms and wild grasses is responsible for the design of this, one of the newest wallpapers (Arthur Sanderson & Sons, Ltd.).

Readers who would like suggestions for New Colour Schemes are invited to make full use of our Service Department as directed on page 101.



A den by day and a bedroom by night, but designed to express always the maximum amount of comfort and at the minimum of cost.



Furnishing *the* Business Woman's Den

Each piece of furniture which has gone to make up this room can be purchased. The prices are given below, but if you wish to know where to buy them, write to the Service Department as directed on page 101.

By
MARJORIE DAY

THE business woman of to-day has a way of making everything with which she comes into contact a reflection of her own smart and attractive self; and her room, like she who made it, has a distinct personality. You notice it the moment you enter, probably not so much because of the things she has put in it as from the things she has skilfully left out; and not so much for the arresting style of the furniture as for the quiet simplicity she has allied to sound common sense.

With the room which you see illustrated above it was a case of love at first sight! A year ago it was an unloved spare room, a room no one bothered very much about, until our business woman came along and claimed it for her den.

Decorators were soon at work, frequent visits were paid to busy furniture stores, there were whispered conversations, and altogether a feeling of excitement prevailed. And the result? Well, you can see for yourself.

A DEN by day. Warm and snug it looks, with its small, firm oak table, one or two comfortable armchairs, two small chairs, and a luxurious divan (arranged, not against the wall in the more conventional way, but radiating from one corner to the centre of the room) which at night will become an equally luxurious bed. The plain oak wardrobe is fitted with a long glass inside, and sometimes an oval standing mirror was placed on the chest so that it could be used as a dressing-table if required. On the far side of the room, which you cannot see in the picture, is a wash-stand, which closes down quite neatly when not in use. The books have found a cosy place for themselves by the fireside, on a few shelves fitted to the wall by a carpenter, and which can be added to at will; and if the top shelf is made with a raised edge it can be utilised for china.

THE furniture was chosen in oak, because from the point of view of duration and cost it is by far the most economical wood to buy. You can, of course, express this same room in terms of your own individual taste, but the principles will remain the same. So maybe some of the suggestions will help to solve your problem!

	£	s.	d.
Divan bed	5	5	0
Oak table .. .. from	5	5	0
Oak wardrobe	7	15	0
Oak chest	5	17	6
Enclosed washstand (oak) ..	4	17	6
Oak armchair	3	12	6
Corner cupboard	2	2	0
Tea-wagon	1	6	9
Bedside table	2	5	0

These prices may be subjected to slight alteration during sales

And NOT *forgetting the* ODDS *and* ENDS

THERE is a rather worn-out proverb which tells us that if we take care of the pence the pounds will take care of themselves, but during this week, before bargain days are quite over, it is tempting to be very, very rash with the pennies, and to spend some of them, at least, on the small odds and ends of furnishing which, if wisely chosen, however, will make such a world of difference to the appearance of your home, be it large or small.

Cushions, for instance, perhaps you need one or two extra ones for the divan or arm chair? I could not resist two. One was covered in a green furnishing Jaspe material, decorated with an appliqué in one corner, and filled with Java Kapok—all for 8s. 9d. And another, a bolster cushion, this time, at 29s. 6d., covered in a soft-toned blue merve silk, filled with down and underlined.

AND china, too. In one shop was a delightful early morning tea-set of Staffordshire china, in blue. It might also be obtained in many other attractive colours—yellow, pink, leaf-green, a deep red and rich orange. The price, once 13s. 6d., was now reduced to 6s. 9d. Quite a feature of the sale, in this same store, was the glassware. A water set, containing seven pieces of richly cut glass, priced at 9s. 6d., proved a temptation almost too great to resist, and of practical value as well was the crystal glass *hors d'œuvre* dish at 6s. 11d.

SALE-TIME always affords an excellent opportunity for taking stock of your linen cupboard, for replenishing the towels, or pillow cases, sheets, or serviettes; and, talking of household linen, just take a peep at the attractive check breakfast cloths in shades of blue, gold, rose and mauve which can be bought from 2s. 11d. upwards.

ON this page are illustrated several bargain-time accessories, which your home may welcome, and readers are invited to write to the Service Department, as directed on page 101, if they would like to have further particulars or to know where each one may be obtained. M. D.

This fascinating lamp, in imitation of old Chelsea ware, has a parchment shade, which blends with its soft, yellow tone, while the hand-painted motifs follow its example by re-echoing the design. Price 59/6.

The plain 4-fold canvas screen is useful in every home. The design illustrated on this page may be obtained in blue, green, brown and red and is 5 ft. 6 ins. high. Price 26/6.

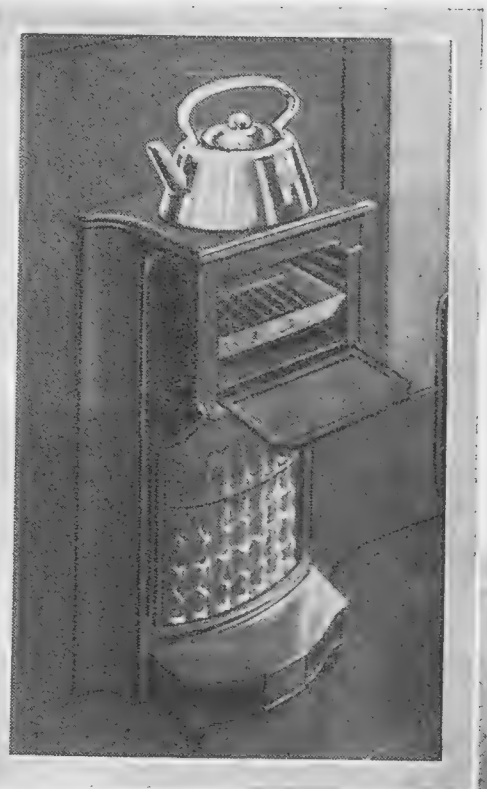
Even the wastepaper basket can strike a decorative note, when made of antique ivory papier mâché and ornamented with posies of hand-painted flowers. Price 25/-.

During the day, this standard lamp will form an attractive addition to any room, while, at night, as the central feature of the scheme, it will cast a friendly glow. Price 37/6. Shade 59/6.

Brighter WAYS *with the* LIGHTER *Purse*

(*Above.*)

COFFEE—good coffee—is so delicious at breakfast to start the day with and such a stimulant after the rush of business affairs, isn't it? And, with the percolator shown here, consistently good coffee is quite a simple matter to make over the gas-ring.

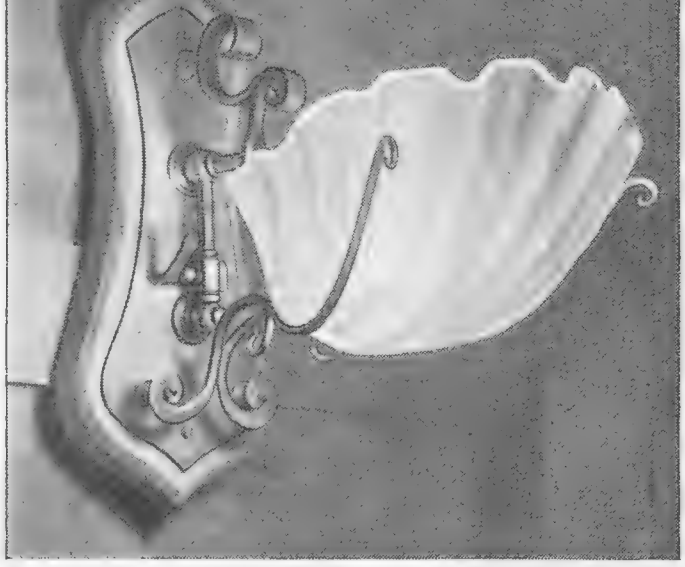


(*Below.*)

SINCE hot buttered toast and sippets with soup are equally delicious, then this pyramid toaster, which can quite simply be used over a gas-ring, is another little practical gadget which cannot fail to appeal.

(*Above.*)

AMONG the most practical methods of heating a small bed-sitting-room is this useful gas fire. Above the fire is a small grilling oven and, on top of this, a neat little boiling ring. When the oven is not required, the door can be closed up.



(*Above.*)

FOR those who have not the advantage of electric light, remember that modern gas lighting can be quite artistic, as is proved by this pleasing shell-shaped shade. Or, alternatively, other shades for gas lighting can now be obtained in glassware, silica, parchment and silk.

(*Below.*)

THE well-groomed business woman knows, well, that she cannot afford to dispense with the services of a reliable iron. This one is internally heated by gas and with it about five hours' ironing can be done at a cost of one penny.

GAS-RING Cookery

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

ALTHOUGH you have not a wedding ring, Miss Bachelor Girl, however small your flat may be, you are able to find suitable room for a gas-ring! The which is a very comforting room-mate. Possibly, room even for one of those tiny gas-ovens, which are so handy and so helpful? Then, with some thought, contrivance and imagination, you can put together the most delightful meals and be very happy and jolly over the cooking of them. A golden rule is this: do not be ambitious at first. "It's experience 'as does it," as somebody once said. But you will soon realise that you can serve yourself with very tasty and nourishing eatings. Indeed, there is something extra-pleasureable about a dish that you have contrived for yourself. And it is the way of economy. Cold things are, of course, chilly welcome when you come home tired; what you need and can have is a hot "easy-quick." I will try to show you how you can satisfy this need.

Outfit.

QUITE a lot of your success will depend upon your outfit, which need not be either big or expensive, but which must be carefully selected. A fairly roomy cupboard is essential. If there is not one already in your room you can purchase for a few shillings a "good-enough" in plain wood, some three feet high, which you can paint with a quick-drying, hard white enamel, inside and outside. This will be easy to keep spotlessly clean and the top can be used as a kitchen table. Knives, spoons, forks, a tin-opener, an apple corer, and so on, can be kept tidily and conveniently in a couple of wooden knife trays, also enamelled. A very few pots and pans are called for; one aluminium frying-pan, possibly also an omelette pan, and let the rest be fireproof ware: a decent sized casserole, for stews and so on, a baking dish, two or three little marmites on saucers, and what is known as an *au gratin* dish. Put your ware into cold salted water, slowly brought to the boil and kept at that for a quarter of an hour at least. Always when cooking in ware have an asbestos mat beneath the vessel when on a ring. Have some glass jars with stoppers, or lidded china crocks, for storing what you need of ready-made breadcrumbs, grated stale cheese, sugars, coffee, tea, spices, mustard, salt, cornflour, and so forth. Also, always have in your cupboard, so as to be able to cope with an emergency or to tackle that unexpected guest, a tin of condensed milk, of corned beef, of soup, of some fruit, of tomatoes, of sardines, and a bottle of tomato ketchup.

Some Eggy Dishes.

EGGS are almost the best and most trusty friends of the bachelor girl cook. They need not always be boiled! They can be, for instance, scrambled, the which is to beat up two eggs, say, with two tablespoonfuls of milk, touching them up with pepper and salt; then cooking them in your frying pan with a tablespoonful or so of butter, stirring until the eggs are set. This dish can be variegated in many ways, as by the addition of a little tomato ketchup, tiny pieces of cooked lean of ham or bacon, some grated stale cheese, and so on. A more elaborate eggy dish is Swiss Eggs, made thus: thickly butter the bottom of your baking-dish, and then cover it with thin slices of cheese. Break as many eggs as you require, carefully keeping the yolks whole, and slide them on to the cheese. Dust over with chopped parsley and a few drops of tomato ketchup. Then bake in the oven, or cook on the ring, until the eggs are well set, by which time the cheese should be done too. So much, or, rather, so little for eggs, but enough I hope to put you on the right road.

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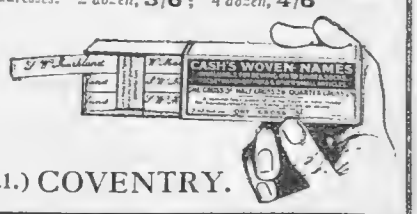

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for demonstration of this epoch-making invention.

A Winter Outfit Planned

A LOOPED embroidery design on corsage and hips strikes a most original note in a graceful dance frock, expressed in georgette. Price £5 5 0. (Gorringe.)

A VELVET coat, collared with foxaline and warmly interlined with domette, that is equally suitable for afternoon or evening wear. Price £6 10 0. (Shoolbred.)

THE fashionable scarf collar is an effective finish to a silk-marocain afternoon frock, built on becoming tunic lines. Price 59/6. (Gorringe.)

By

HOW much do clothes count in the lives of those women who have to carve out a career for themselves, whether on political, professional or business lines? Not at all, the Victorians would have said, but a broader minded and better balanced (!) age thinks differently and has no use for the Blue Stockinged contingent. Take a walk down Fleet Street or any other busy street in any of our large cities, when it is thronged with women workers, some of them only cogs—but important cogs (!) in the wheels of commerce, some actually supplying the driving power, and note, with comparatively few exceptions, how well turned out they are.

OR visit one of our University towns, where the fact that the heads of the Women Senior Wranglers are full of brains, does not prevent the said heads from also being a triumph of neat shingling, nor the general appearance of their owners being well up to a high standard of good looks and good dressing. The women who have made good to-day almost invariably take thought for their appearance, for, being intelligent, sometimes super-intelligent beings, they realise that the consciousness of looking right makes for self-respect and efficiency. So they dress not only becomingly, but suitably, for suitability always remains the keynote of good dressing, whether for the ballroom, the golf-links or the office.

Not only *being* up-to-date but *looking* so is all important for the business woman, who wants to be successful, and as, certainly at the beginning of her career, she will have to count her "pennies" carefully, her best plan is to economise on the quantity of her wardrobe, so that the clothes she buys are both fashionable and well cut.

WHAT, for instance, will she require for her winter outfit, which she will do well to invest in during January, when low prices prevail?

First of all, a neat well-tailored overcoat for her daily journey to and fro—one that combines warmth with its other good qualities; very necessary this—for arriving thoroughly chilled on a cold morning is not a good preparation for the day's work.

Then a selection of office frocks, on which she can "ring the changes"—dainty and becoming, but free from easily soiled, unworkmanlike frills and furbelows—the sort of frocks, in fact, that, carried out in woollen fabrics of a good quality wool stockinette, wool-marocain, wool-georgette, etc.—will not crush easily and in which she will look as fresh at the end of the day as she did at the beginning.

In this connection a pleated skirt is the wisest of investments. It can be worn with different jumpers, satisfying in the most economical fashion the natural feminine desire for change. A navy-blue

A SUEDE coat, specially designed to give freedom of movement, and a tweed skirt that tones in colour are ideal for Golf and Country wear. Price 98/6. (Shoolbred.)

On Economical Lines

MARJORY CHARLTON

skirt, a beige jumper smartened by the addition of a navy-blue belt, with perhaps a touch of navy repeated again on the scarf, is a most effective combination; so are yellow and brown or black and scarlet; indeed all manner of attractive schemes are possible.

WOMEN workers should not forget (a few of them still do!) that more than half their lives are spent in their offices, and that in a material world their fellow-workers—and their employers—are apt to judge from outward appearances! Those extra wraps, for instance, sometimes necessitated by draughts, etc. Quite a number of women, otherwise most attractively clothed, fall short in this respect. Smart little coatees abound at reasonable prices and "any old thing" *won't* do! Or the powers-that-be may begin to think that any old job will!

WOOL crêpe-de-Chine is the material used for an ideal office frock that, cut on tailor-made lines, is as neat as it is becoming. Price £5. (Shoolbred.)

A DELIGHTFUL little model, combining smartness and simplicity, carried out in figured marocain, both of the silk and wool variety. Price 21/-. (Shoolbred.)

EQUALLY attractive, either in- or out-of-doors—a wool marocain pleated skirt (14/6) and a jumper at 37/6 that picks up the same colour note. (Gorringe.)

A PERFECTLY tailored coat that can be chosen in either tweed or faced cloth has as an additional attraction—a warm mohair lining. Price 79/6. (Gorringe.)

THE next items on her list concern her out of office hours, for all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, and it is the bright people, not the dull ones, that get to the top!

Her afternoon frock, detailed for duty at week-ends, special lunches and informal dinners. Crêpe-de-Chine, satin, or one of the many artificial silks that both look and wear so well, are a wise choice for this. Add a velvet or velveteen coat matching in colour and the result is an attractive two-piece. Velveteen is suggested, because a coat of this material can be worn equally well in the evening.

Her evening frock can be as pretty as she likes, but if she is sensible she will choose it in beaded georgette, or lace, or satin, all fabrics that will "come up smiling," whenever they are called upon, without recourse to a hot iron to remove creases.

And finally, a pukka sports kit (even if she doesn't play golf, although the majority of girls seem to nowadays) so that she can feel right when she is spending a day or week-end in the country.

She must give due thought to her accessories, too. Shoes that are both serviceable and smart. Hats that speak fashion's last word (millinery to-day is as simple and inexpensive as it is becoming)—stockings of the right shades—and bags and gloves that bear some relation to the rest of the colour scheme. And a word on undies. For the woman who is busy, crêpe-de-Chine, georgette, artificial silk, etc., etc., every time.

Why? the serious-minded will ask. Just because they are so much more economical in time, as well as more satisfying to every woman's innate love of pretty things. In other words, they can be washed out at home, with a minimum of trouble, whilst the more robust kind want a lot of "getting up" and most probably entail a large laundry bill.

This Dress QUESTION

BY

A MERE MAN

. . . I should be swathing, draping and designing in diaphanous chiffons

Illustrated By d'Egville.

AS a man—and particularly as an Englishman—my opinion is not supposed to count for much in this matter of woman's dress, more especially concerning the business woman's dress. And yet, on the quiet, I do firmly think some of my ideas are not far wrong. Anyhow, to me they are not! Of course, you may agree—you may not—but before proceeding, let me once again remind you, I am not a Molyneux. No! no! If I were I should be swathing, draping and designing in diaphanous chiffons and sundry charmeuses, and not penning my way, willy-nilly, between these pages. A man with an original turn of mind—it may have been myself—once said that he *did* like a woman to look like a woman. Whoever it was, I certainly do. And one of the greatest mysteries that seems ever to have surrounded the very name of woman is the reason why in recent years you have so often appeared to enjoy looking like a man. All very complimentary to me and my sex, of course. But away with the compliments and on with the charm—*feminine* charm!

BUT yes! You are coming along very nicely, you boy-minded girls. Why only the other wet day I counted between Thornton Heath and the City quite a dozen of you—really attractively dressed—girls obviously journeying officewards—with sensibly robust raincoats and neat little hats to match in—no! not the eternally drab, belligerent khaki colouring, but in some cheerful, well-selected shade, such as the red of my favourite red lacquer cabinet, the green of a crême-de-menthe, and the blue—well, I suppose my wife would call it *sapphire* blue (I ought to remember as something by that name once made a large hole in my banking account!). It's surprising, too, what a difference you make to the English landscape in January, you colour-loving young people. So here's to you, and hoping for more colour! After all, you English girls with your lovely complexions, your hair nowadays so neat and trim, your feet so far better shod than they used to be, you can now so easily rival the beauties over the water. Why, you have every point in your favour, even if you hadn't twenty years ago, when I married a French woman! (Editor, please delete last phrase.)

THEN there is the day that is not wet when I journey from the City to Thornton Heath, and well! If I am to give you a detailed account of the modes of the business woman it would be a case of "Oût Goes She"—that is to say, the rest of BRITANNIA, for there would not be room for us all! But seriously, the Misses Johnson and Smith, Brown and Williams, be you saleswoman or stenographer, mannequin or manicurist, what a world of care and good taste you seem to display nowadays in the matter of colour and of line and of effect generally.

Tweeds, of course! You know full well that they suit you, and even if the tweed overcoat and felt hat in their popular beige outlook *do* go perilously near my *bête-noir*, khaki, you are clever—quite definitely clever—in the way you inveigle into your rig-out a touch of amber (amber is right, I know by my mouthpiece) into your plaid silk scarf, with perhaps a twopenny bunch of violets, from the vociferous kerb-man, tucked into your furry collar . . . or a miniature sporting feather-mount flashing reds and yellows, fixed to the side of your felt hat, in which case my manly intuition seems to tell me that it is two to one on your choosing a red leather purse and wash-leather gloves to match.

AGAIN, as you alight from a 'bus or board a taxi, I say to myself, "Trim—neat—trimmer and neater," for that is what you are getting—trimmer and neater every day. You carry your head not only as though you knew you had one, but as if you knew how to use it. Which, of course, you do. You have dropped palaver and adopted poise, and no! It cannot be a mere matter of hats, for even bereft of your hats and tapping out your morning correspondence on the typewriter there still remains a certain poise—an indisputable *chic*, the sum total of which bestows on you a very definite charm.

OH yes! your *clothes-sense*, too, helps in achieving that effect. I am not going to say it doesn't. You know that a trim shingle or a neatly dressed head is the first law of *soignée* (*vide* my French wife), that a well tended skin is the second (you can reverse them if you like—it makes no difference). You know, too, that a jolly little jumper chosen to match your well-cut skirt can be a very attractive office kit. But, talking of skirts, do please let it be well-cut and well worn—that is to say, avoiding those disastrous dips which, while quick to provoke humour on the variety stage, are slow to invoke admiration in the business woman.

THEN about jumpers. Every fashion writer, I am told, expounds quite frequently on the need for care in the matter of wearing stockings, exhorting you one and all to remember that, as a race, stockings are inclined to be on the "seamy side," and zig-zaggy seams at th t! But I say the same should be shouted from the house tops of fashion concerning jumpers: *do* let their seams follow the one-way conception of the design, *please*, and don't let them get twisted and awry, as so often happens.

SO much for you keen, alive and progressive town workers, but I mustn't forget the thousands of equally energetic country workers I see on my high days and holidays, who, whether the job happens to be rearing Angora rabbits, bedding out begonias, or weaving with a hand-loom, also show unquestionably good taste in this matter of dress. You, perhaps, above all others, *do* seem to have grasped one of the first laws of good dressing—which is suitability—and that is why your practical little smocks, your coarse Cheviot tweeds and your well-cut English brogues will always find their way to the heart of a mere man!

. . . as you alight from a 'bus . . .

. . . and tapping out your morning correspondence on a typewriter . . .

"Business — But Beauty, *too!*"

Says Sonia

PERFUME plays an important part in the business girl's toilet ensemble, and she is wise enough to prefer the simpler garden scents.

YOUR powders and cosmetics need not necessarily be expensive to be good. To-day you can purchase many reliable makes at quite moderate prices.

EFFICIENCY in business and in beauty should go hand in hand, for strictly speaking, in order to pass the acid test, you, 1929 business girl, should bring the same amount of efficiency to bear in every aspect of your beauty toilet as you do at your job. For your toilet, like your work, calls for intelligent thought and skilful planning, otherwise, how else can you get the maximum results in the minimum amount of time, to enable you to compete with the home girl in the field of beauty?

I want to try to give my readers, in this article, some "do's" and "don'ts" which I personally have found helpful, when life has been far too strenuous and salary far too meagre to find time for anything approaching long and lengthy beauty treatments.

IN the morning, make a point of getting out of bed soon enough to allow yourself time in which to dress properly, giving due care to details and finishing touches, for scrambles and last minute rushes invariably seem to start the day all wrong. As to the care of the skin itself, I can only repeat what I have said before. Clean well, with a good cleansing cream, and wash the face in either cold or luke warm water. Then apply your lotion or vanishing cream, which helps to protect the skin, and lightly dust with powder.

If you use make-up, let your hand be light and the result as natural as possible; and while we are on this subject, there is a very big "don't" to come: *avoid using a lipstick and powder puff at odd moments during business hours.*

AND hands! The care of these is all-important, particularly for the woman, who has to display them all day, spread (gracefully or otherwise!) over the keys of a typewriter. Your hands may not be sufficiently beautiful to inspire a sonnet, but they can be well kept, and a visit to a professional manicurist, say once a month, is generally well worth while, with, of course daily care in between.

Some hands require more care than others, but the majority are the better for a home manicure at least twice a week, consisting, after achieving the desired shape by means of file or emery board, of gently pushing back the skin round the base of the nail, soaking for a few minutes in warm, soapy water and with a bone instrument or orange stick clearing away all the skin that is between the cuticle and the nail and cutting away any small pieces of skin that stand up.

And it is a good rule to apply a little grease round the cuticle every night, for nails treated in this way take their morning polish all the better. If you use varnish, be careful to remove the old coat before you apply the new one and don't go in for a highly coloured one, nor for long pointed talons; they rarely look attractive and are terribly apt to break.

If your hands are inclined to be rough or chap in cold weather, counteract this tendency by sprinkling them with a few drops of a reliable hand lotion every time you wash, not just occasionally, and if they persist in their bad ways, gently rub in a special hand cream every night. If things are really bad, then sleep in perforated kid gloves; these must be at least three sizes larger than the ones you ordinarily wear, to admit of circulation.

ALMOST important part of any girl's day is exercise. Because a large majority of careers entail a sedentary and indoor life, it is vital for one to get a certain amount of regular daily exercise. In the summer there is always tennis, golf or swimming, but the winter presents a more difficult problem. Hockey or lacrosse, played only once a week is very strenuous, but it is quite possible to keep oneself moderately in training by skipping—and preferably skipping *backwards*—for, say, five minutes every morning. But skipping or no skipping, do not neglect your "daily dozen," both for your health's sake and your figure's sake.

WALKING is perhaps the best form of exercise of all. Try to find time to take a sharp walk, either in the morning on the way to the office, or during the luncheon hour, or better still, both.

And diet is another thing to be considered. Many women eat far too much, and their figure and complexion suffers in consequence. A heavy mid-day meal is seldom necessary; fish, eggs, vegetables and fresh fruit taking the place of meat. Cocktails? Well, I am afraid they simply must not be, at least only on very rare and special occasions. But drink as much pure cold water as you can, and every morning a glass of fresh orange juice. Avoid drinking too much coffee, eating sweet cakes and chocolates but seldom, for all these attractive things, as nice as they appear simply spell ruination to the complexion, figure and teeth. And, talking of teeth, remember they will always need your constant care and attention.

TIGHT-FITTING felt hats are the cause of many cries of woe from the business girl, who often has to wear her hat for long hours on end. If the hair is shingled, as it usually is, it has probably not come in for its just share of combing—a habit which both stimulates the scalp and frees the hair from dust.

The modern business girl is often relentlessly depicted by authors, artists and journalists as a self-reliant, mannish creature, endowed with far more than her share of legs and lipstick, who works tolerably hard at her office all day and dances all night. But your looks, I know, belie these notions, you are far too sensible to imagine that you can be beautiful *and* indulge in too many late nights in succession *and* work the next day! And, of course, there is the matter of your nightly toilet, which must never, under any consideration, be neglected. I mean, the thorough cleansing of your skin with a cleansing cream, and gentle massage with skin food—and, indeed all the other thousand and one feminine things which go to make you the most attractive young person in the world!

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Count Sforza Explains.

The title you chose to give to my letter (*Count Sforza's Defence*) shows that, in my excess of laconism, I did not make my point clear enough.

I have always disdained to rebuff Signor Mussolini's insinuations, and I would certainly not have begun with his *Memoirs*, whose mental and moral value is shown by this simple fact: that their reproduction has been forbidden in Italy, where all Italians, even his followers, know better about the reality.

If I thought it convenient to make an exception for Signor Mussolini's charges against me while an Ambassador, I would feel it as a remorse to have given the impression that his *Memoirs* deserve any refutation and that the Italians attacked by him want any "defence."

SFORZA.

Brussels.

"These Manikins of Ours."

May I be allowed, without fear or favour, to comment on an article "These Manikins of Ours." In my opinion, it is nothing short of balderdash.

Miss Joan Kennedy speaks of "woman's dominance over youth" during the war. What dominance? Surely the dullest brain realises that, through the ages, whether in Peace or War, young boys have been under woman's rule for a certain period. What has war got to do with it? "Woman ruled then," says Miss Kennedy. Ruled what?

As a man in the late thirties and an ex-cavalryman, I most emphatically do not acknowledge that the youth of to-day is the product of woman's dominance. Were Miss Kennedy to take the trouble to look around she would see an endless "army" of young, sturdy, manly fellows, between the ages of 18 and 28, who cheerfully and fearlessly rub shoulders with their fellow-men in the struggle of everyday life. Strong, muscular sons of Odin are they! Chips of the old Norse and Saxon blocks!

These sturdy lads were youngsters during the war. What, in the name of Valhalla, had woman's dominance during that period got to do with them? They are no weaklings! Does Miss Kennedy really think that these youths would not act in a crisis, as we acted fourteen years ago? I can almost see a broad and good-natured grin light up the features of these fellows.

Baldur the Peacemaker alone might be able to make me see eye to eye with the writer of such an article. No one else could!—C. F. DUNBAR SUTHERLAND.

[*R. B. Hobday and Austen Rogers also disagree with Miss Kennedy's article.*—ED.]

Criticism and Comment.

Writing under the heading, "Consider the Facts," Sir Montagu de P. Webb, the chairman of the Central Executive of the National Citizens' Union, tells your readers that this Union some time ago addressed the leading Liberal and Socialist authorities "asking for information as to the methods by which those parties propose to ensure the continuous provisioning and equipment of these islands," and that no answer had been made.

This is not correct. In the *New Leader* (the official organ of the Independent Labour Party) of December 21st there appeared a two-column article by Mr. A. Fenner Brockway, the Editor, giving a detailed reply to the N.C.U. inquiry.

My comment is concerned with Lord Birkenhead's article in your current issue dealing with Lord Rothermere's alleged "defection" from the Conservative Party. This is a minor issue compared with the fact that is carefully kept in the background by the Tory Press—that the Labour vote has risen in twenty years from 62,698 in 1900 to 5,487,620 in 1924, which is of far greater importance than Lord Rothermere regarding with equanimity the advent next year of a Labour Government.—BERTRAM H. TUBBS.

[*Sir Montagu Webb's article was written and in the press before the issue of the "New Leader" referred to above.*—ED.]

Why Boys Won't Emigrate.

(*From a Canadian Reader.*)

A young Englishman, Richard E. Ford, recently told your readers some of the alleged reasons why British boys refuse to emigrate to Canada. He complained of the uncertainties, the hardships, the failures involved in emigrating to Canada or Australia.

When I look about my farm here in Western Canada and recount, in my own personal acquaintance, all of the splendid, hardy, successful and solid British pioneers who have helped to settle this particular part of Canada, without any help from any source whatever excepting their own pluck and indomitable will power, I am inclined to think the younger generation of Britons is not up to the average of generations past.

Hundreds of thousands of young men and women, in the past half-century, voluntarily left their homes in the old country to establish themselves on farm lands in Western Canada. Not one in a thousand of them received any Government or other help. They saved up money for their fare, braved the possibilities and promises of this wild, new country, and came here on their own, absolutely independent of any charity.

They had hard times, to be sure. So do colonists in every new land. But they were not the kind to throw up their hands in despair and curse the Government. They schemed, planned, worked, saved, made changes, tried various occupations until, finally, they got on to a homestead with miserably small capital—but with excellent health and sanity, and began laying the solid foundations of their present prosperity. They were not spoon-fed, wet-nursed, carried about on charity or kept on the "dole." They used their sense and strength and foresight and have magnificently prospered by so doing. And the same chances await the same kind of colonists, in a more limited area, to-day.

But for colonists, like the recent British miner-excursionists, there is little place in any of the overseas Dominions.

We are getting thousands of Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Russians, Poles, Austrians, Czecho-Slovakians, Americans—all with their own peculiar mentalities and ideals. But in order to save this country for the British Empire, within the next two or three decades we must have something of the old British sturdiness of yesterday. This spoon-fed sort of colonist, without backbone, courage or stamina will never save the country.—BERT HUFFMAN.

Calgary, Alberta.

The Navy League's Message.

(*From Lord Sydenham of Combe.*)

For more than a thousand years superiority on the sea has been the gauge of our island's fortunes. When we held it, we enjoyed security and our earliest attempts to trade could prosper. Whenever it was lost for a time we suffered insult and injury. Because of sea-power we emerged triumphantly from the storm and stress of the wars of the French Revolution and Empire, and were able to build our Empire on foundations already laid. In the Great War, the British Navy was the salvation of the Allies and the *causa causans* of victory over forces far greater than Napoleon ever wielded.

To the Navy League it seems clear that, while we should welcome any agreement, as regards cruiser strength, which leaves us free to build what our special conditions demand, it will be wisest for the present to enter upon no further conferences liable to be used to promote misunderstandings. It is also becoming evident that attempts to standardise navies and armies inevitably tend to foster the competition which we earnestly desire to avoid. If, therefore, the League of Nations could be induced to postpone its efforts for disarmament to a more propitious future, the cause of world harmony would be better served.

During the coming year, the Navy League will, as in the past, strive to keep our vital naval requirements before the nation. In the 'eighties of last century, and when the German Navy was being increased at feverish speed in this century, enlightened public opinion saved what might easily have become most dangerous situations. To that opinion, supported by centuries of our history, by great traditions, and by national needs more than ever dependent upon adequate sea-power, the Navy League will continue to make appeal.—SYDENHAM OF COMBE, *Deputy President, Navy League.*

BRITANNIA'S COMPETITIONS.

The following have been successful in the Bridge, Crossword and Chess competitions announced in our issue of December 28th and each will receive a free annual subscription to BRITANNIA. Details of the Bridge and Crossword competitions will be found on page 118. The announcement regarding a new Chess competition will be made shortly.

The winners of Problem 1 in the Bridge Competition are:—

G. E. M. de Ste. Croix, 103, Rowlands Road, Worthing. Aubrey M. Brown, The Royal Automobile Club, London, S.W.1. F. R. Peel, The Chaplaincy, St. James' Mount, Liverpool. Eric Hutton, 12, Adelaide Road, Dublin, S.W.3. J. M. Redington, who is asked to send his address. All solutions were card perfect.

CROSSWORD No. 5.—Miss S. Price, 146, Newport Road, Cardiff; W. Hoey, Regent House, Wigan; G. H. Hooper, Shelly Hill, Christchurch, Hants; Mrs. D. M. Watson, Windermere, Ballymun Road, Glasnevin, Co. Dublin; C. Eastlake Smith, 59 West Hill, S.E.26.

CHESS. PROBLEM No. 5.—E. Sladen, 34 Tavistock Square, W.C.1; H. D. Bullock, Woodways, Abbotswood, Guildford; T. Simister, 1 Bolton Road, Port Sunlight; J. H. M. Gray, 36 Sussex Street, Poplar, E.4; J. H. Parr, 15 Sandmere Road, S.W.4.

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

By The Rev. P. T. R. Kirk, M.A.

(Vicar of Christ Church, Westminster, and Director of the Industrial Christian Fellowship)

Where *is* Happiness?

ONCE upon a time, a very great Teacher arose in Judea, and He went about the country under the blue skies of Palestine preaching to heal hurt souls, and stretching out His hands to heal hurt bodies.

As he journeyed one day there came to him in great haste a young Jew, who reverently questioned the Teacher as to the way a man might win for himself lasting happiness. He was eager with the idealist eagerness of youth, and they say the Teacher looked upon him and loved him. And He advised him to sell all that he had, for he was a very rich young Jew, and give it to the poor; and then to follow in the Teacher's own path—of going about doing good, and bringing happiness to others.

The Recipe for Happiness.

But when the boy compared his own luxurious, petted life with the hard, self-denying path he was advised to take, he thought that the recipe for happiness must be wrong; and he went away very sorrowfully, for he was disappointed that this Teacher could not tell him how to be happy. It seemed hard to him that he could not win that too—it should have come to him easily, he thought, for he had great possessions.

Happiness, however, does not necessarily come to all who have "great possessions." Only a year or two ago in America, official statistics for the past twelvemonth showed that seventy-two millionaires had committed suicide! They had money enough to buy them every pleasure. They had recognition, fame, success, love perhaps; they needed to do nothing at all contrary to their own inclinations. Yet—they took their own lives!

The reason is that not even a millionaire can buy himself happiness. Christ knew it when He told the rich young man to follow Him. There is only one way to attain this most worth-while thing that life can offer. It is to obey that advice—"Follow Me." Go about doing good, giving happiness to others. Then, as fast as you try to give it away, so fast will it come to you in ever-increasing store.

Money Isn't Everything.

There can be no greater mistake than to suppose that money and happiness are synonymous terms. Money is worth just what it represents in food, creature comforts and influence—nothing more. It cannot bring the power of enjoying things which it brings within our reach. Mr. John D. Rockefeller has offered one of the greatest fortunes in the world in exchange for a new digestion. He can't buy it.

As Albert Chevalier used to sing:—

"Money isn't everything; no, money
can't buy everything.
It cannot bring you happiness! it
cannot bring you health."

Real happiness consists of a few simple possessions, and these may be gained by anyone who tries honestly to follow the Judean Teacher's example. Millionaires may not be able to order a consignment of happiness; but any woman, any mother, can tell you where to find it. It dances down the sunbeams that play through a baby's curls; it echoes in children's laughter and smiles through the soothing of tears; it gleams in the firelight of a contented Christian home.

Gibbon, the historian, recorded that a famous Eastern ruler, after reigning fifty years, victorious in war, happy and prosperous in peace, rich, honoured and possessing many friends, looked back along his life to see how many hours of unalloyed happiness he could remember in his life. He could only recall fourteen! Goethe, at seventy-five, wrote that he had not enjoyed as much as four weeks happiness!

Yet happiness can come anywhere. A cold tub in the morning, with ten minutes' physical exercise, sensible eating and clean linen can bring health to the body. We can enjoy a mackerel sky without having to pay a tax for our entertainment; we can appreciate the beauty of a landscape without holding the title-deeds of it.

Love's Base Counterfeit.

Cynics will tell you that money can purchase love, and that love is happiness. But money cannot! It may avail to gratify love's base counterfeit—lust. But all the storywriters of all the ages have shown that the happiness which comes from true love laughs alike at locksmiths and goldsmiths.

Happiness loves the fireplaces of homes. It is easily scared away, but, fortunately for the sanity of man, it simply will not stay away. Drive it where you will, it comes hurrying back a little later on the laugh of a friend, or the song of a bird. Chiefly, as the Teacher of long ago pointed out, it lies in a good thing done, or a kindly action performed; and that has nothing at all to do with the state of your bank balance.

Those who live to serve gain happiness. Reflect on all the people you know who could be thus described; and think if any one of them seems very unhappy? On the other hand, wealth forces its owner to worry over it, study it, and pay unceasing attention to it to prevent it from melting away; which leaves very little time to seek happiness in service.

Understand, I do not scoff at wealth, but merely emphasise what it is all so easy to forget—that where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. And if your heart is for ever restless about keeping riches, and never turns to the wealth of emotions that make life worth living, then you will be a poor man indeed.

The Perfect Example.

Our income, so to speak, is an honorarium paid to enable us to live and serve those dependent on us, or those whose lives are enriched by our toil. And the emphasis should be on what we are giving to the community and to our friends in the way of kindliness rather than what we ourselves happen to be drawing in £ s. d.

There is no need to scoff at money, but there is need to see that it does not make us too gross and mindful of it. We can't take anything away with us except our record. And if that record is to be worth while, we must deny ourselves temporal things to gain spiritual ones.

We have no excuse if we fail. We have before us the Perfect Example; and he has left us His teachings. "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." And again: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?". There is the crux of the matter. The world must come second; first must come a man's own soul.

FOXHUNTING *and the* FARMER

By E. T. Brown

THROUGHOUT all the pages of the sporting writers of last century, such as Surtees and Whyte Melville, down to those of the present day, there sounds a note of the goodfellowship and mutual respect which have always existed between the hunting man and the man over whose land he hunts. It is probably in the main this good feeling which has maintained hunting in this country uninterruptedly for more than a hundred and fifty years. This mutual goodwill between landowner and tenant, hunting man and farmer, has stood the test of time and changing circumstances, and is sufficient evidence that where a system of give-and-take obtains, sport and agricultural interests can go hand-in-hand.

The Old Order.

In days gone by generations of landowners and their tenants have grown up together, and the old landed gentry, whatever their faults, regarded their lands as carrying the inherited traditions of the countryside, while the tenants looked upon them as friends to whom they could turn in a bad year for sympathetic treatment. They both had the traditional love of hunting inbred in them, and in those more prosperous days the farmers would more often than not be out themselves.

To a very limited extent these classes exist to-day, but high taxation, on the one hand, and bad times, on the other, have thinned their ranks to an appalling degree. One of the inevitable results has been the breaking-up of big estates and big farms.

And the New.

The end of the war found a totally new element in country life. Many people who had made big money began to supplant the old landowners who could no longer stand the strain. A new class arose, with no traditions behind it and with no knowledge of country pursuits. Ignorance is not a crime and, be it said at once, there are many of these people who have adapted themselves both at the covert side and in the hunting field with courtesy and tact.

There is, however, a class of person who thinks that his hunt subscription and his wealth generally entitle him to ride roughshod over not only the feelings but the fields of his humbler neighbours. He does not stop to consider, and would not care if he did, that his neighbour may be having a hard job to make both ends meet and that it is only by the farmer's courtesy that he rides at all. Such people are happily rare, but they do exist. They are the bugbear of both the M.F.H. and the farmer.

There is no one, however keen he may be in favour of the suppression of foxhunting, who seriously thinks that the sport will ever cease to exist. Of course, it won't. It is stated on good authority that "it is buttressed not only by an investment of more than £15,000,000, but by a yearly expenditure of £8,750,000." It is, too, the finest sport in all the world. Nothing calls for more pluck and good horsemanship: nothing gives such healthy exercise as riding to hounds. It is also the most democratic of sports, for side-by-side may ride the Duke and the local butcher, the Duchess and the small farmer's daughter. And for the time being, at all events, they are friends. Foxhunting encourages good fellowship as no other sport can ever do.

A Hunt's Responsibility.

It is apt to be overlooked that there is no *quid pro quo* between the hunt and the farmer. One often hears it said, as it were, in extenuation of damage hunting may do, that it brings money into the locality. Undoubtedly this is true, and the farmer reaps a certain benefit. But let it be remembered that this is chiefly the bigger farmer, who can dispose of his produce to the hunt and its followers.

The small farmer with his few acres reaps no direct benefits. Still less does the ever-growing army of smallholders and poultry-keepers. This is one of the most difficult problems of all. In some parts of the country poultry-keepers have been well-nigh ruined by the losses they have sustained through foxes. These men rely solely upon the fowls for their livelihoods. Even the bigger farmer has become an ardent poultry-keeper, for he realises that this is one of the branches of farming out of which, at a period when the condition of agriculture is represented in such a doleful light, money can admittedly be made.

Problems of Compensation.

Should foxes raid the hen roosts the farmer or the poultry-keeper can, of course, apply for compensation. But here a difficult problem arises. Hunt poultry and compensation funds are not what they were, and therefore more discrimination has to be exercised in examining claims. On the other hand, it is true that birds are frequently valued too highly by the owner and disputes inevitably arise.

The reverse, however, is often the case. A man in a small poultry business may have put his all into it—and there are thousands of ex-service men who are struggling to make a living from their poultry. In a single night, sometimes even in the day, a fox may kill a dozen or twenty of his finest birds, the birds upon which he was relying for his future stock. In a case like this the man is put to a very heavy loss, and it is not always certain that he will receive adequate reimbursement.

Too Many Foxes.

In many parts of the country which are heavily wooded the hunt finds it difficult to keep pace with the foxes. It is, naturally enough, in such places where one finds the greatest sufferers. To take a concrete case. I was covert shooting last week in just such a place, where the country of two hunts meet. It is, of course, outlying country for both, and in three beats five foxes were put out. I was told afterwards that these coverts had not been drawn for two years.

This, I submit, is neither fair to the covert-owner nor to the farmers. It may be said that if a man can afford to lay down pheasants he can also afford to lose a few. This may be true, but it is not the point. Even if the rich man can, the small farmer cannot afford to preserve foxes which are not hunted and which destroy his fowls.

This may, of course, be cited as an extreme case, but there are other kinds of damage which are caused by carelessness and which at the time cannot be assessed in pounds, shillings and pence. Smashing down of fences, and leaving gates open so that animals can get through on to, perhaps, newly sown crops, young clover, and so on, can cause both directly and indirectly a serious loss to the farmer. Many such cases occur for which the farmer neither seeks nor receives reparation.

The Value of Hunting.

The maintenance of foxhunting is not only necessary for the breeding of horses, but it is most desirable from many points of view. It provides employment for many, circulates money in divers directions, and affords a common ground on which all classes meet in good fellowship. This last point is perhaps not the least important feature in our world of to-day. It also livens up a sometimes sleepy countryside during the cheerless months of the year. For this reason alone it possesses a hold on the affections of all countrybred people that no other sport will ever possess.

Vilma Banky provides the beauty and Ronald Colman is a lovable man (in "Two Lovers").

MOVING BEAUTY

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

BEAUTY, I have heard it said, is no longer of supreme value on the screen—as a personal attribute, that is. This may be so: and certainly the counter-charm of individuality is far more recognised than it used to be. Perfect features and eyes the size of biscuits (a mouth like a Cupid's bow anyone, of course, can manufacture in half a minute) have ceased to be in themselves a free passport to the films, unless the vital spark glows somewhere behind them.

Yet beauty is still, I am sure, of immense importance for "getting over" on the pictures: much more important to a screen than to a stage actress. Obviously—since the medium is so largely more pictorial, and provides so much wider opportunities for exploiting beauty, while, on the other hand, shortcomings are more ruthlessly exposed.

The Importance of Looks.

At the opera, we can close our eyes while the fat prima donna sings her heavenly notes; at the play, leaving opera glasses unlifted, we can be carried away by fine acting without too close examination of a merely so-so face and form. But at the pictures we are right up against it. However much the action may intrigue us, we are constantly and closely confronted with the features of our heroes and heroines, the fleeting expressions of which are indeed deliberately used to play a part in conveying to us the progress of the plot. (I have not forgotten the "talkies"; in their present stage of development, a converse method to that suggested for opera may well commend itself, in which case facial beauty remains at least as essential as on the silent screen.) Even on the stage when (as I remember happened once) the hero has to say, "You are so lovely" to a heroine of brilliant acting ability and a countenance like an intelligent horse, it doesn't do the play any good. A film in such conditions wouldn't have a gnat's life.

So I must say I continue to be all for beautiful film stars and handsome film heroes—though, of course, standards of beauty and handsomeness tend to shift as the years move along. And, after all, why not? A really outstandingly lovely girl or lovable man (for men's charm for women, one gathers—and the women are the jury here—is not so much a matter of looks) can be as great a dramatic or cinematic attraction from the public's point of view, as any number of thousand pounds' worth of the most elaborate Hollywood or Ufa "sets" and "effects."

Miss Vilma Banky's Charm.

"The Awakening." Allied Artists. (New Gallery.)

Miss Vilma Banky is one of these. She is a Hungarian girl, who was already a film star in her own country at the age of sixteen; Mr. Samuel Goldwyn "discovered" her at Budapest three years ago, and even now she is only twenty-three. I have seen her lately in two films presented by Mr. Goldwyn, one of which, "The Awakening" is to be shown at the New Gallery during the coming week.

This is a story of Alsace-Lorraine. Appearing as a simple Alsace maiden who is beguiled by the wiles of a young Uhlan officer, she is completely enchanting from the very first moment when, at the crowing of an introductory and highly vocal film-fowl, she leaves her bed.

Good work is done in this new picture, too, by the villainous-looking Mr. Louis Wolheim, of the prize-fighting profile, and Mr. Walter Byron, the young English actor formerly called Butler, who makes a very personable Lieutenant. It is an admirable film right up to the last few minutes, with picturesque scenes finely photographed, some good sound effects, and plenty of action.

Costume Drama.

"Two Lovers." Allied Artists.

The other film I saw Miss Banky in was "Two Lovers," which has been on view at the Tivoli. Here she appears with that popular favourite, Mr. Ronald Colman; it is a costume drama of the Spanish domination of the Netherlands in the 17th century, pictorially excellent but artificial and theatrical. Unfortunately, too, she is cast as a Spanish lady and does not look the part.

However, she cannot help looking charming, and Mr. Colman is a handsome hero, with more claim to that title than some: he joined up in August, 1914, and was wounded.

More Riverside Saloons.

"The River Woman." Film Distributors, Ltd. (Astoria.)

I mentioned the other day how favoured river scenes seem to be by American producers, and here is another good picture with this background (to be seen at the Astoria this coming week), though the greater part of the action passes in one of those rather disreputable riverside saloons which are also so popular with makers of U.S. films. Distinction is lent to a story on somewhat familiar lines by the presence of Mr. Lionel Barrymore as the hero: a rough-stuff he-man who runs the "joint" under the name of "Lefty," and carries a heart of sterling nobility beneath his striped waistcoat: coats are seldom worn by even the best Paladins of the speakeasies.

Comely in his own sturdy way, he is also an excellent actor, and gives up the girl he loves to another with an air. Miss Jacqueline Logan is vivacious and charming as the elusive "Duchess" who queens it among his very mixed *clientèle*, and the final flood catastrophe is capitally portrayed. It seemed to me, however, that "Old Man River" as an accompaniment was rather overdone when I saw a private show of the picture.

This matter of musical *motifs* is a minor one, to be sure, but it wants some watching. At the preliminary showing, for instance, a few days ago, of "The Bondman," a film version of Sir Hall Caine's novel, every appearance of the heroine was celebrated by the playing of that celebrated air, "Just a Song at Twilight," and after a while the repetition became rather wearying.

The same lady in intriguing mood with Walter Byron in "The Awakening."

THE RT. HON. SIR SAMUEL HOARE, Bt., P.C., G.B.E., C.M.G.

"For five years I have had the good fortune to be Secretary of State for Air and to have been brought into daily contact with some of the most arresting problems of the modern world."

(A Drawing by Kapp)

THE NEW *LIGHT* AEROPLANE

A Novel Idea in Aircraft

By E. M. ROSSITER

Mr. E. O. Simmonds, who has evolved the novel "Spartan" light aeroplane, standing beside the first production machine, in which are seated the Mayor and Mayoress of Southampton.

THERE has always been a wide open door for enterprise in the British aircraft industry. Very wide open. Mr. E. O. Simmonds gave a new proof of this last week, when the first Spartan light aeroplane of the production series was "launched" by the Mayoress of Southampton.

Less than seven years after leaving Cambridge to enter the aviation profession, Mr. Simmonds has established a firm of his own, the first new aircraft firm to be started for ten years and the first to be started with a light aeroplane as the foundation of its fortunes. To burst into the light aeroplane business with a home-made machine and to succeed in getting orders, start production and commence deliveries inside six months is a remarkable tribute to the enterprise of Mr. Simmonds and the novelty of his ideas. So also is the fact that he has attracted back to aviation Lt.-Col. L. A. Strange, who flew at Hendon in the good old days, and has come out of his post-war retirement to join Mr. Simmonds as co-director of Simmonds Aircraft, Ltd.

"Interchangeability."

Mr. Simmonds has revived the idea of the interchangeability of aeroplane components and carried it a good way further than it has ever been taken before.

He was one of the design staff of the Supermarine Aviation Works, at Southampton, where he learnt all about wings of "symmetrical" camber in the evolution of the famous Supermarine-Napier racing seaplanes, and he was also chairman of the Hampshire Light Aeroplane Club, where he made it his job to study the tricks and snags of operating light aeroplanes with a view to intensifying the flying and reducing the costs. As ever, the man who succeeds is the one who sees the possibilities of the materials at his hand and makes something useful and saleable out of them.

A Saleable Light Aeroplane.

The interchangeable feature of the "Spartan" and its sturdy build place it in the first rank among the world's most business-like aeroplanes. It is a biplane of the normal light aeroplane class, specially designed for cheapness of manufacture, ease of maintenance and rapidity of repair. All four wings are exactly alike and can be replaced by a spare of one standard type.

Ailerons, tail plane, fin, elevators, rudder, wing bracing wires, and even right and left sides of the undercarriage follow out the same idea. One wing, one aileron, one fin-cum-tailplane and one rudder-cum-elevator replace the ten different varieties of plane surfaces that are required in the ordinary design, and one standard length of bracing wire will fit as flying wire or landing wire, front or rear.

"Symmetrical Camber" Wings.

Mr. Simmonds has patented the idea of symmetrical camber, interchangeable wings, which constitute the great point of originality in the design. Symmetrical camber means that the profile of the wing presents the same convex curvature top and bottom, with a straight centre line. In the usual type of wing the profile is slightly arched like a bird's wing.

Until the Supermarine Company adopted the symmetrical camber for racing aircraft its possibilities had been neglected; in fact, it was regarded with some suspicion as being probably as dangerous as a plain flat profile.

In practice, however, it has been proved at least equal in efficiency and safety to the ordinary type. What Mr. Simmonds saw before anyone else was that the symmetrical camber wing can be used either side up, so that a right-hand wing can become a left-hand wing simply by turning it over.

In the air the "Spartan" more than holds its own with light planes of the normal type. Flight-Lieutenant Webster flew the original machine, immediately after it was completed, in the King's Cup Race last summer, and his verdict on it was "Don't alter a thing." Since then it has been flown by a number of leading pilots, who are unanimous in praising its ease of control and general suitability for popular flying. It seems to be the very thing for the National Flying Company, which is soon to be formed.

Mass Production Possibilities.

A very strong point is made of the economy to the manufacturer, dealer and user in that he has to keep a much smaller stock of spare parts, with correspondingly smaller capital outlay and storage accommodation. To big operators and to dealers and fliers overseas this is undoubtedly an important consideration. But it seems to me that the biggest advantage, at least in principle, is the cheapening of production that can be secured by the manufacturer of fewer parts in greater numbers.

At the present stage in the flying movement every small reduction in price will open the door to a wider circle of people. And when the big boom breaks and real mass production begins, the "Spartan" should display its advantage in this respect.

The first batch of twelve machines has been offered for sale at £620—£30 below the price of the established type—and all have been booked. At this figure, it is the cheapest machine of its class obtainable. Plans have been made for an initial programme of construction of 300 machines a year.

The Overseas Markets.

Eight machines out of the original batch are going overseas, three to Australia, three to the United States, one to South Africa, and one to France. This raises an interesting point. British makers of civil aircraft at present have their largest market overseas. Their chief competitors are, or will be, the Americans and Germans. Now, the first step is to stimulate the demand, and that means the appointment of distributing agents, whose interest and energy will depend on the return they get. It is quite obvious that the offer of a discount of 10 per cent. or 15 per cent. on British aircraft, as against the 25 per cent. or 33 per cent. offered by foreign competitors will not do.

The conception of British aircraft winning business on quality alone may work well with military aircraft, but it will not answer in the civil market. The distributor will naturally push the article that gives him the best return.

American aircraft are not as good as ours—nor are American cars—but the Americans are masters of the arts of selling.

It requires some hardihood to talk in this strain to old-timers in the British aircraft trade. They have been selling aircraft to the Government for so long, that their business initiative has all but dried up and they cannot think in terms of a world-wide demand for civil aircraft arising in a few years' time.

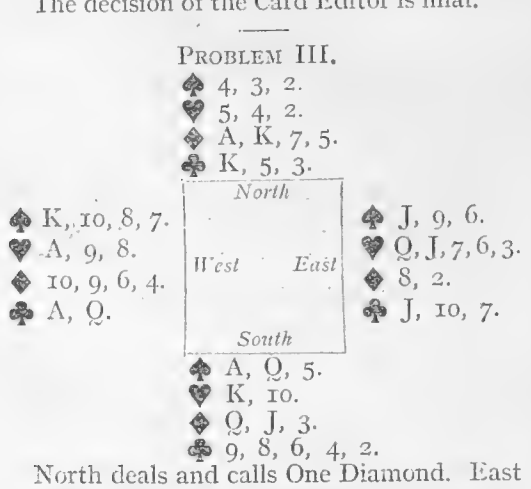
Some four years ago I was told by one who shall be nameless that there was no future for the light aeroplane. It is all the more pleasant, therefore, to see the reward of enterprise coming to Simmonds Aircraft, Ltd.

A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature of the paper.

The answers to the problems must reach this office by the Wednesday following the problem's publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM III.



North deals and calls One Diamond. East passes; South calls One No Trump. All pass.

West leads the 7 of Spades.

How should South play the hand to the best advantage against expert defence?

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM I.

	West.	North.	East.	South.
1	D.10	D.3	D.5	D.A
2	S.4	S.2	S.5	S.A
3	S.6	H.3	S.8	S.K
4	S.9	H.8	H.10	S.Q
5	S.10	C.2	H.4	S.J
6	D.6	D.J	D.4	D.8
7	C.3	C.6	C.Q.	S.3
8	D.9	D.K	H.9	D.Q
9	C.9	C.7	C.4	S.7
10	H.6	D.7	H.Q	D.2
11	C.J	C.A	C.Q	H.2
12	H.J	C.K	C.10	H.5
13	H.K	C.8	H.A	H.7

BRIGHTER BRIDGE

An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

Criticism of Solutions.

A number of competitors submitted a solution whereby South made only a small slam. Many more suggested that East should generously discard a small Club on the last round of Spades led by South!

In solving these problems of play, however, one must pre-suppose the opposition not to be congenital idiots!

Among those who fell into neither of the traps mentioned above, the great majority made South play the D Q on North's D K at the first or second round of the suit. This is dangerous because, should the original lead be a singleton or the top of four, a trick in diamonds would be needlessly sacrificed and a certain small slam lost.

Some competitors took two rounds of Diamonds before drawing trumps—a needless risk.

Numerous solutions, correct as to declarer's play, were received, but very few made East use a reverse discard in Hearts to show protection and many more did not allow East to "play high-low" on the Diamonds.

The result of Problem No. 1 will be found on page 113.

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realise, however, that a small inducement lends added zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer ten free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge and Crossword problems respectively. Solutions must be received by the first post on the Wednesday following the publication of the problems. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.—Ed.

Leaving in a Negative Double.

It has been stated that a negative double should invariably be taken out. It is, furthermore, a not infrequent occurrence that those who should know better rate their partners for leaving in a double of this type.

I was playing at a seaside club recently, whose "high table" is a half-crown one. My partner was the secretary and he doubled the dealer's no trump. Third hand said "No" (in as miserable a voice as he could) and I also passed.

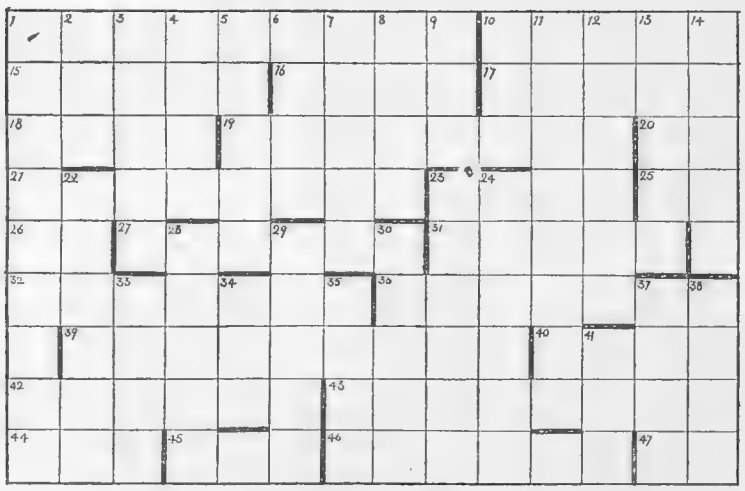
Dealer regarded me as if I were something washed up by the tide and passed with delight.

My partner wagged his head at me. "I can't double if you don't take me out," said he. "I thought you knew the game!"

As the no trumper was a three ace concoction (all three of which made!) it was defeated for 400 points. I forbore, with Christian humility, from asking my partner whether he knew the game!

The cards I held on that occasion were not overwhelming. They were: Spades: Kxx; Hearts: Q 10 x; Diamonds: J 10 xx; Clubs: Q J x. My partner had the balance of the high cards.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 7.



CLUES:

Across.

1. Wrote "Atalanta."
10. Poet and preacher.
15. Kiplings' "Tillie Venner" rode on.
16. "What says my bully——" *Merry Wives*, Act 1, Sc. 3.
17. Slain by Artemis.
18. "In the spring a livelier——".
19. Plume.
20. The same.
21. Provisions for the way.
23. This stick is used by artists.
25. Dickens' hero (init.)
26. Dickens' hero (init.).
27. "—— Deronda."
31. Only, Spenserian.
32. Podsnap patronised the——.
36. Anthem.
39. Abode of the Minotaur.
40. Here shone "The white plumes of Navarre."
42. Christian name of tennis star.
43. Steady attachment.
44. Took mole for a picnic.
45. "Tales of —— Town."
46. This gold is Ormolu.
47. Postal district.

Down.

1. Married the "Marchioness."
2. Book by Pierre Loti.
3. Epic poem.
4. "I hid my heart in a —— of roses."
5. Big Ben——, Borrow.
6. Baneful acid.
7. —— Riderhood.
8. A rule.
9. "A train band captain—— was he."
10. —— Peerybingle.
11. One of the "Soldiers Three."
12. Decorative work on gold or silver.
13. —— Boffin.
14. Popular author's first name.
22. Pertaining to Venus.
23. May, the mother of——, Chaucer.
24. "To ——," Herrick.
28. Fossil resin.
29. Old name for Ireland.
30. Surname, famous actress.
33. "Willie brewed a peck of——"
34. A little side line.
35. Ah, yes, I am here.
37. Ralph ——.
38. River.
41. The old —— theatre.

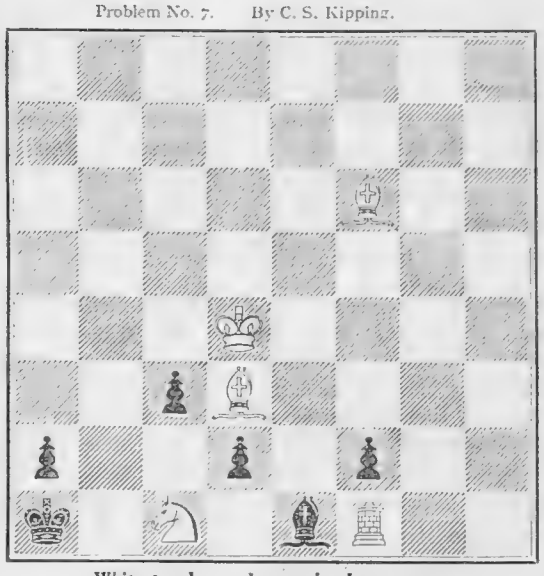
ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 6

Clues Across: 1, Subitaneousness; 14, Enomoty; 15, Tyrtacan; 17, Cwt.; 18, Butcherer; 19, LII; 20, Raucity; 21, Rye-wolf; 23, Sine; 24, Aramaic; 26, Hist; 28, Styx; 30, Nelumbo; 32, Anil; 34, Torulas; 38, Œillade; 40, Vera; 41, Soluble; 44, Iser; 45, Encyclopædism.

Clues Down: 1, Secessive; 2, Unwritten; 3, Botany; 4, Imbue; 5, Toucan; 6, Attire; 7, Nyctala; 8, Oyer; 9, Urry; 10, Ste; 11, Narwhal; 12, Sail; 13, Snift; 15, Thymus; 22, Ecole; 25, Amœba; 27, Side; 29, X-ray; 31, Bile; 33, Lere; 35, Orc; 36, U.S.C. (United States of Columbia); 37, Lol; 39, Ass; 42, Lo; 43, Up; 44, I.I.

CHESS. By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 7. By C. S. Kipping.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Game No. 7. An occasional excursion into the past will afford an interesting comparison with modern master play. The following game was played at Kassa, 1923. It is one of the unforgettables.

Danish Gambit.

White Charousek	Black Wollner	White Charousek	Black Wollner
1 P—K4	P—K4	11 P—K6!	Q—R5 (e)
2 P—Q4	PxP	12 PxR ch	K—B1
3 P—QB3 (a)	PxP	13 B—B4	KtxBP
4 B—QB4	Kt—KB3 (b)	14 Q—K2	Kt—Kt5 dis. ch.
5 Kt—B3	B—B4 (c)	15 K—R1	B—Q2
6 KtxP	P—Q3	16 QR—K1	Kt—KB3
7 O—O	O—O	17 Q—K8ch	RxQ
8 Kt—KKt5	P—KR3 (d)	18 PxR=Qch	BxQ
9 KtxP	RxKt	19 BxP dbl. ch. mate (f)	
10 P—K5	Kt—Kt5		

(*a*) In this gambit white offers 3 Ps for the sake of rapid development.

(*b*) An alternative line of play is, PxP; 5 BxP, P—Q4; 6 PxP, Kt—KB3; 7 Kt—QB3, B—Q3. Black can also play 4 P—Q4; 5 BxP or PxQP, PxP.

(*c*) He should have played KtxP.

(*d*) Thereby allowing White to give an extraordinary display.

(*e*) If RxP; 12 P—K7 dis. ch, R—B2 dis. ch; 13 K—R1, and Black is helpless.

(*f*) A beautiful mate, after a thrilling game.

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

A "Ladder" Solving Tourney will commence shortly.

A tourney conducted on these lines gives everyone a chance.

Problem No. 6 (Easter). Key R—K4.

There is a remarkable group of mates in this problem, following K or Q take either R, Kts take Rs, Kt—K7, Kt—B7, Q—B6 and Q—K6. All in the nature of "Echoes." The key offers an additional flight sacrifice. A very fine performance!

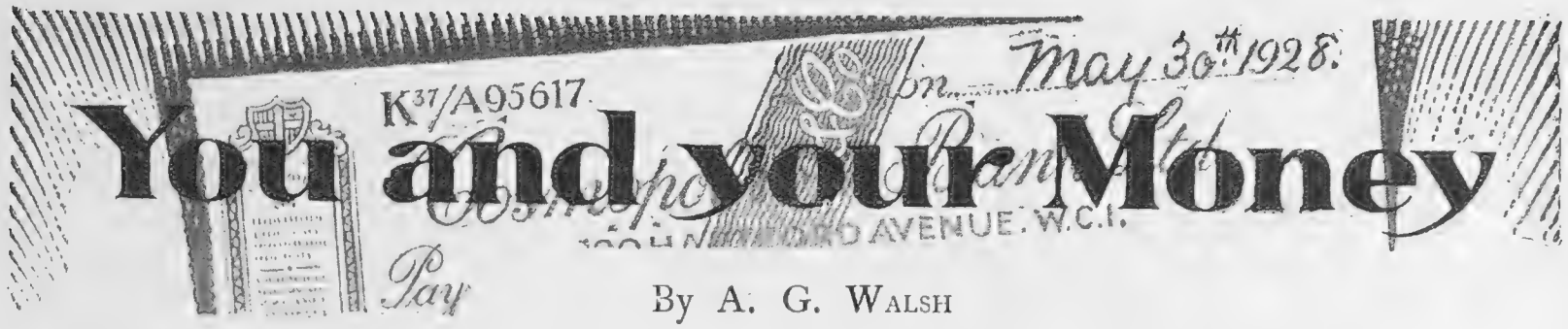
End-Game No. 6 (Troitzky): 1B6; 4p3; 8; 8; 1k3P2; 2kt5; 7K; 2Kt5. White to play and win.

Solution of End-Game No. 5 (Rinck).

1 Kt—K3ch, K—K7; 2 BxP, KxKt; 3 K—R8, B—Q4; 4 P—Kt8=Q, BxQ; 5 B—Kt1, PxB=Q Stalemate.

Correct solutions of Prob. No. 4 from: J. L. Beaumont, H. D. Bulloch (also 3), Rev. W. Scott-Elgin, J. H. M. Gray. Prob. No. 5: J. H. Parr (many thanks), J. H. M. Gray, E. Sladen.

Names and addresses of winners of competitions announced on December 28th will be found on page 112.



By A. G. WALSH

THERE is keen anxiety for information, I learn, among the shareholders of certain industrial and other companies floated in the later months of 1927 and in the early part of last year.

What many investors, not familiar with joint stock company procedure, do not realise, is that frequently the first report of a new company is not issued until eighteen months, or even longer, after its flotation.

They are thus in the dark as to how the company in which they are interested is progressing. At the present time, as the result of the slump in share prices, I cannot help noticing that the anxiety is all the keener.

Occasionally the directors of a new company issue an interim statement explaining how the business is developing, but the practice is certainly far from general, and sometimes is done with the object of refuting unfavourable rumours.

A Suggestion.

I PUT forward the suggestion that the directors of new companies should consider the desirability of issuing interim reports disclosing the real position.

Facing facts is sometimes unpleasant, but where the finances of a new concern are proving inadequate for its development it is better that the shareholders be taken into confidence at once, rather than the market for the shares should be at the mercy of irresponsible rumour.

Too often shares are sacrificed at heavy loss on rumours, which a tardy official denial has proved to be groundless.

On the other hand, I have known instances where shareholders have been kept in the dark while the real state of affairs was openly discussed in the market.

I am not forgetting, of course, the obligation upon a new company to hold a statutory meeting not later than three months after its formation. This meeting affords shareholders an opportunity of questioning the directors and gleaning some information about its position.

BUT it is curious how apathetic to their interests the general body of shareholders become when the annual meeting comes round. A mere handful attends. Questions are invited; nobody responds. Yes, perhaps, some irrelevant questions.

There are shareholders who will write to the Press criticising certain companies and demanding to know the why and the wherefore of this and that. Yet they fail to exercise their privilege at the annual meeting of questioning the chairman on the points they have raised.

New Enterprises.

THIS brings me to the subject of new companies. No new commercial enterprise is an investment, in my opinion. I can only regard it as a speculation until the company shows what financial results it can achieve.

This is the opinion I have expressed time and again to the numerous readers of BRITANNIA, who have sought my views on the prospects of some newly-established enterprise.

One can no more predict whether a new venture will develop into a highly prosperous business than prophesy that a twelve months' old baby boy will become a successful business man.

It is only because the public have confidence in their possibilities that they undertake to support the creation of new companies and industries.

If you cannot afford to accept a commercial risk, then confine your investments to steady-going established companies. A promotion or a new company is an infant enterprise.

Either the business and property is new, or several existing businesses are to be combined upon a basis of competitive and distributing conditions, which, as I have already indicated, must be tested before their earning capacity can be ascertained.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

The Indian Loan.

WHETHER it be the fear of some great political upheaval in that country or because the prices quoted for the various stocks are not attractive enough I have never been able to understand why so many investors hesitate about Government of India loans.

The country's credit is good and the Government has remunerative investments in the State railways. Yet its various loans are quoted at lower values than those of some of our lesser colonies.

At the issue price of £91 the new India 4½ per cent. loan returns £4 18s. per cent. Its duration is at least thirty years, and on redemption there will be a premium or profit of 9 per cent.

Myself, I consider the loan to be a cheap stock of its class. The British 4½ per cent. Conversion loan stands almost at par. The only stocks that compare in price with India loans are those of the Australian states.

Australian Loans.

PROBABLY Australian loans have been viewed with more distrust than those of India for no other reason than the idea that they were overborrowing "down under." But a large proportion of the loans raised in recent years was either for the purpose of paying off maturing war loans or for productive State enterprises.

Since the war there has been a growing tendency on the part of citizens of Australia to invest in their own loans.

Australian investors, I am sure, would not tolerate for a moment any Socialistic attempt to alter interest rates or otherwise tamper with the conditions of these loans. About half of the Australian loans is held by residents of the Commonwealth.

It may not be generally known that the Commonwealth under a recent financial agreement take over the responsibility for the loans of the various States. That means that State loans, such as Queensland and so forth, carry the Commonwealth guarantee.

ALTHOUGH in point of security one Australian loan is as good as another, market values still differ slightly; but this will doubtless be adjusted in time.

For example, Western Australia 4½ per cent. stock is quoted 90½ and New South Wales 4½ per cent. stock at 91½. Curiously, Straits Settlements 4½ per cent. loan, the redemption dates of which are also identical with those of the New South Wales loan, stands at 97½.

The explanation of this anomaly is that Straits loan is in fewer and stronger hands.

Most of the Australian Government loans, which have a duration of fifteen to twenty-five years, can be bought to yield a full 5 per cent.

German Loans.

I listened to an interesting discussion the other day on the merits of German sterling loans. It was suggested that because the German Government's 7 per cent. external loan can be bought around 106 to yield £6 11s. per cent. investors will continue to show a decided preference for it to the loans recently issued by German municipalities.

I disagreed with this view. True, the Government loan yields £6 11s. per cent. at present price, the City of Cologne loan £6 6s. per cent., and the Munich loan 6½ per cent.

But more than the yields have to be taken into consideration. There is the possible capital appreciation. Now the German 7 per cent. State loan is subject to redemption by annual drawings at par. Thus a purchaser at current price of 106 has to run the risk of losing without a compensating return £6 per cent. of capital in the event of the bonds being drawn for repayment in two or three years.

Quite the opposite is the case with the municipal loans, as these stand several pounds below their redemption values.

I do not see that any harm would result from an exchange from the State loan, where it can be done at a profit, into the municipal loans, such as Cologne at 95 and Munich at 92½.

The Week on Change.

WHEN one has said that the New Year on the Stock Exchange has opened as cheerfully as is possible in the circumstances, one has fairly exhausted the subject.

Markets are slow in getting into stride again and so far there is no sign of activity breaking out in any particular section.

There is really no ground for pessimism, for, after all, investors will have to do something with their surplus capital. I admit that a good deal of money is tied up—and has been lost—in industrial shares, but there will be large disbursements of dividends during January and a good deal of this money should be available for reinvestment.

War Loans Strong.

ONE good feature has been the steady demand for 5 per cent. War Loan which has crossed £103. At a time when there is only two months' accrued interest in the price, the quotation seems rather high, and the why and the wherefore of the rise is providing members of the Stock Exchange in these slack days with a topic of discussion.

I notice that the tendency continues for investors to seek for higher yields amongst foreign bonds, notably those of Argentina and Brazil. The credit of these two countries stands high and I regard their securities as well worth buying.

Guarantees Worth Having.

NOWADAYS it is not easy to get over 5¾ per cent. on a gilt-edged security, carrying unquestionable guarantees; but I notice that the six per cent. Austrian sterling loan stands just below £102. To be accurate, the yield at this price is £5 17s. per cent.

The loan is unique in that principal and interest are guaranteed in certain proportions by Great Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and four other nations. To my knowledge there is no other investment secured by such international guarantees.

In addition, the loan is charged upon the Austrian customs duties and tobacco monopoly. These more than cover the annual interest.

New Issues.

SO far as new issues are concerned, the past year in individual issues established a new record, and for the third year in succession the public was invited to participate in loans and other capital issues exceeding £1,000 million.

These figures included British Government loans, raised for national purposes. Excluding such, also conversion loans and bonus share issues, the new capital issues last year exceeded £362 million, or £52 million more than the total for 1927 and £110 million more than the 1926 figure.

According to statistics compiled by the Midland Bank, the greater part of the money obtained from the public last year was for commercial, industrial, and kindred purposes. I should say that over £50 million alone went into luxury trades. This, of course, was the outstanding feature of the 1928 new issue boom.

What at once strikes me from a scrutiny of the figures is the comparatively small amount that went into staple industries. For example, the total capital raised for the iron, coal, engineering and motoring industries was only £9 million, and for shipping, about £3 million. The requirements of the electric light and power industry totalled £19 million.

Another striking feature was the reduction in the amount of loans raised by British colonies and public bodies in the United Kingdom.

Railways and Motors.

AFTER last week's issue had gone to Press, details reached me of the big transport developments which the railway companies are about to undertake and which I foreshadowed.

The initial step is the formation of a new company to take over the National Omnibus Company, as well as the passenger road services operated by the Great Western Railway.

The effect of this development has been to strengthen confidence in the near outlook for the railway companies; but it has done little to induce speculative purchases of Home Rails at their depressed prices. This is because of the enormous traffic losses in 1928.

Courtaulds.

SO far as industrials are concerned, it is the good class and higher-priced shares that are attracting the public. I am glad to see at last the merits of Courtaulds becoming more generally recognised. The annual report and dividend are due next month, and I feel confident that during the interval the price of the shares will appreciate.

General Electric shares have gone ahead on the idea that the company may benefit indirectly from the contracts in connection with the electrification of the New York Central Railway.

Frankly, I cannot see how such will be the case, as the British company is entirely under British control.

Anyhow, I believe that during the next few weeks we are going to see electrical engineering shares in the limelight again. I do not advise holders to realise at this stage.

Armstrong Whitworth.

THE shareholders of Armstrong Whitworth are likely to receive in the near future details of the long-expected scheme for re-organising the company's capital.

At the moment of writing, no information whatever is available; but the view in the market is, so far as the plans affect the preference and the ordinary shares, that a drastic cutting down of the capital may be expected.

Ever Ready shares have risen to over 30s. I understand that the company is about to effect an alliance with Lissen, Ltd., which is well known in connection with the wireless apparatus.

Ambitious Aviation Developments.

THE market professes to be mystified by the steady buying of the 15s. shares of Imperial Airways. Within a few days the price rose by 6s. to 30s.

From inquiries I have made in aviation circles, I understand that big developments are contemplated this year in connection with aircraft.

Two big aircraft issues are pending, and I expect the prospectuses of at least one of these will be available at an early date.

Business men are now realising the possibilities in this country of commercial aviation. In its development we are far behind the United States. Last year the production of aeroplanes in America exceeded 5,000.

This year's output is expected to be at least 12,000, and I have been told, in all seriousness, that in another five or six years' time there will be 100,000 privately-owned aeroplanes in the United States.

As BRITANNIA'S air correspondent, Mr. E. M. Rossiter, pointed out recently, intercity commercial aviation has now become an accomplished fact in America.

There are only two companies in this country whose shares are held directly by the public. These are Handley-Page and the Imperial Airways. There are other companies controlled by the great engineering firms. For example, there is Vickers Aircraft, controlled by Vickers, Limited. Napier makes famous aero engines.

The Armstrong-Siddeley Motors controls the Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft and also A. V. Roe and Company. The Armstrong-Siddeley group has three great factories devoted respectively to the production of military aeroplanes, aero motors and civilian aircraft.

AN INTRODUCTION TO

DUTCH ART

By R. H. Wilenski

Author of

'The Modern Movement in Art'

*

'Armed with the knowledge gathered from these illuminating pages, the visitor to the Royal Academy Galleries will view this unique exhibition of Dutch Art treasures, not as loosely connected artistic phenomena, but as the manifestation of the spirit and taste of a nation . . . A very interesting chapter is devoted to the use of a system of mirrors by Vermeer.'—

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LIFE and LAUGHTER

There's a Place for Everything.

WHEN closing time arrived and Jock Macpherson and his friends were turned out into the bleak and starry night, Jock was far from homesick and somewhat at a loss to find a venue for his bibulous conversation.

"I'll just tak' a walk up to the Manse," he mumbled, "and have a word with the Minister about this Kirk reunion."

So he ambled up the hill and knocked up the Minister, who had already retired for the night.

"I jest want a word wi' ye, Minister," he said, "about this question o' church reunion."

"Oh, yes," replied the parson, stifling his annoyance. "I'm delighted you are interested. But not just now, Jock. Come up again when you're in a different condition and I'll be pleased to discuss it with you."

"Nay, Minister," quoth Jock, "that winna do. I ken fine I'm drunk. But ye see, Minister, when I'm sober I don't care a damn about the Kirk reunion."

The Skirl of the Pipes.

THE village concert in a remote Scotch country district promised to be a magnificent success. The cause was a worthy one, and the natives had assembled almost to a man to welcome a unique offering of local talent. The Provost—one McNab, the grocer—was in the chair. Mrs. Macpherson, the pride of the countryside, had brought down the "hoose" with a pathetic rendering of "Annie Laurie," and Jamie Scott, the blacksmith, had given an effective reading from *A Window in Thrums*. Then the local piper commenced to play, but soon he stopped suddenly and with flushed face whispered something to the chairman.

The Provost rose with uplifted hand.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the Piper has been mortally offended. Somebody in the audience has called him a b——, and until the person who did so gets up and apologises my friend refuses to continue his piece."

A painful silence supervened for some minutes, when a small man at the back of the hall stood up and said:

"Mr. Provost and Chairman, the situation is verra serious. But before the controversy is carried any further, will you please tell us who called the b—— a piper?"

Disgusted Gamekeeper (about bad shot): "A blinkin' bird sanctuary, that's wot 'e is!"

An Echo of the War.

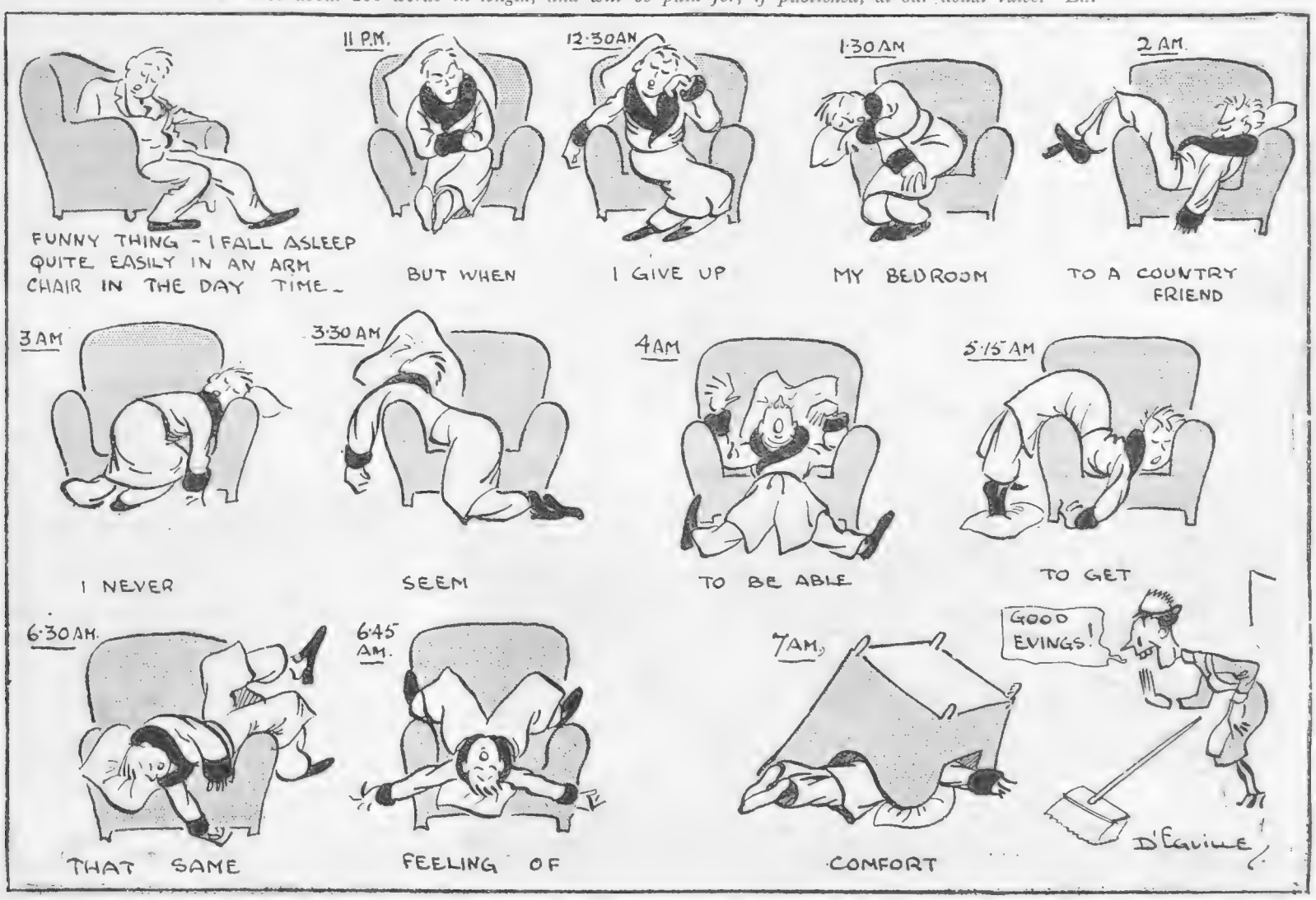
IT was a bleak January night, and a piercing wind swept through the booking hall of Euston Station. A long queue was lined up before the ticket window, and murmurs grew long and loud the while an aged Scot conducted an interminable argument about the price of his fare to Aberdeen.

Notable among the murmurers was an American traveller, who fussed and fumed in provocative fashion until the Scot reluctantly paid up and moved away. Then the Yank turned to the cause of all the trouble and remarked audibly:

"Say, guess I'd sooner face ten Americans than one Scotsman."

"Och! Aye!" replied the Aberdonian. "May be ye wid. That's jest whit the Germans said in the War."

READERS are invited to submit humorous anecdotes for insertion on this page. Stories should be about 200 words in length, and will be paid for, if published, at our usual rates.—Ed.

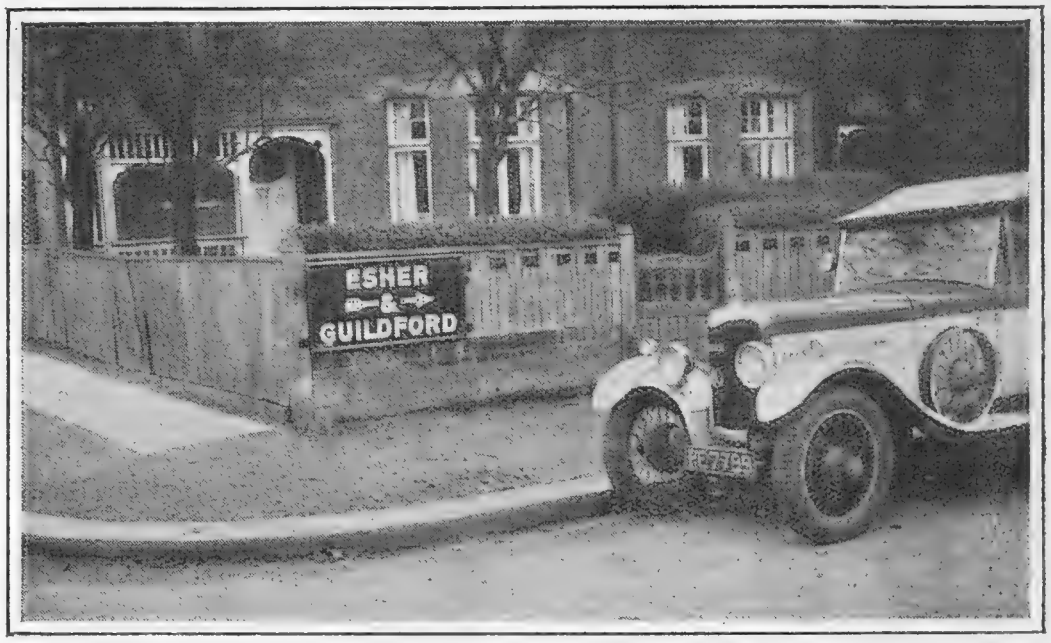


THE UNEASY CHAIR.

LIGHTING-UP TIMES: JANUARY 11th	
London	4.44
Manchester	1.44
Glasgow	4.38
Plymouth	5.06

FROST DANGERS *on the* ROAD

By the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce



A Reflex Road Sign.

TWO or three unexpected cold snaps this winter must have convinced even the newest of new motorists that the most treacherous surface upon which they can be called upon to retain control of their cars is a frozen road. A snowfall, followed successively by a thaw and a frost, provides possibly the worst form of frozen surface; but it is the less dangerous in that we are under no illusion as to its treachery.

More insidious danger exists when a ground frost, of which we may even be unconscious in our cosy saloons, turns surface moisture into ice, for the frozen road has all the appearance of being merely a wet road. Here and there, in protected parts, it remains wet; here and there, over commons and exposed land, frozen stretches are encountered. Previous experience has taught us to be wary when there is the slightest chance of frost, at night or in the early morning; but the beginner's difficulty is to distinguish between a wet road and a frozen one, since they look much alike.

Well, here is a simple tip—watch the wheel-tracks of the car in front. There is, unfortunately, always a car in front these days, and if its wheels are leaving a visible track behind it, you need take only the ordinary precautions against skidding. If, however, there are no wheel tracks to watch on the apparently wet road surface—then watch your own step! It's ice!

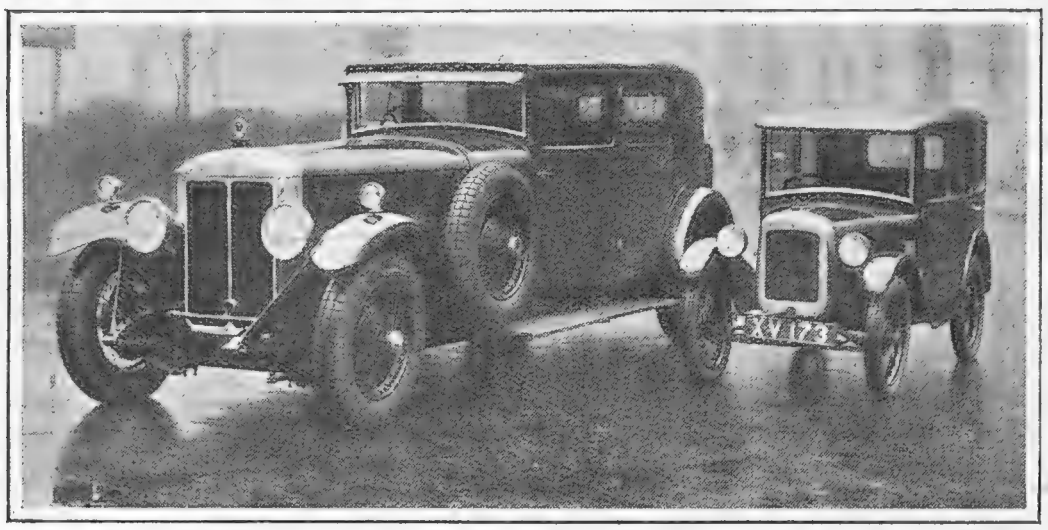
Illuminated Road Signs.

THOSE of us who are constantly on the road probably do not appreciate the extent to which the use of reflex danger and direction signs is growing throughout the country. These signs are most noticeably numerous on the new arterial and by-pass roads, but it is gratifying to note that local authorities are awakening to their advantage even in by-roads and lanes. Compared with the type of rear reflex lamp used on so many bicycles, these road signs are amazingly efficient, and spring into life even from the meagre illumination of one's side lamps at a distance which gives the motorist ample warning of the corner, cross-road or hill where precaution is required.

And, speaking of cycles, there are still some cyclists who have not yet complied with the law necessitating a rear lamp or reflector which recently came into practical effect, while it appears that there must be a large number of such lamps on the market which are little better than useless. There should be some standard of efficiency as to the degree of illumination necessary to light up these reflex lamps, and that standard should be sufficiently high to give protection to the cyclist from a motorist driving on his side lamps only. Everyone who has driven at night must repeatedly have overtaken cyclists whose machines were apparently not rear-lighted at all, until the switching on of the headlamps disclosed the feeble glimmer of a perfectly inadequate rear lamp.

It might be remarked, by the way, that any reference to the question of the lighting of cycles in the motoring section of a journal is apparently viewed with suspicion by the majority of cyclists; and this reference will no doubt be greeted with the usual batch of bitter correspondence. Nothing that one can do, it seems, will convince some cyclists that the average motorist is not a fiend in human shape, or that he could possibly have the slightest regard for the convenience or safety of any other road-user, provided that his own speed lust be satisfied. Anyone who thinks at all with an open mind knows that this is simply nonsense; that the possession of a motor-car does not instantly convert each one of the millions who are using them from an average decent citizen into a selfish, reckless individual.

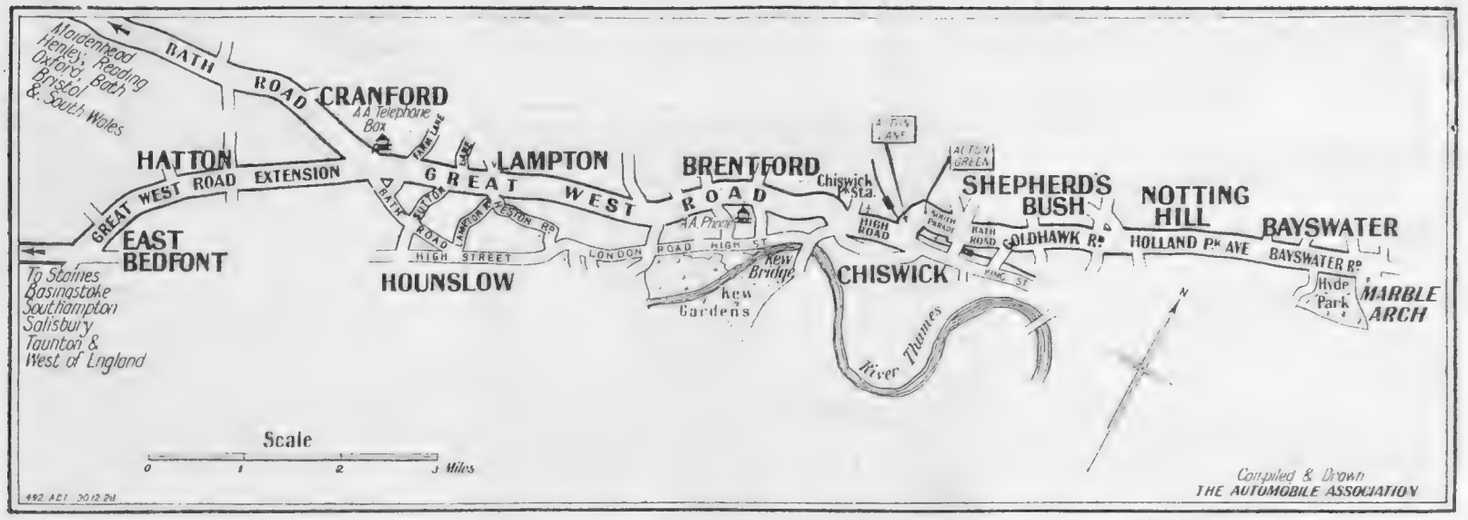
The rear lamp question has caused a distressing amount of bitterness in some cycling circles, considering the inexpensiveness of a thoroughly efficient rear lamp and the 100 per cent. protection ensured by its use. Even if one granted the contention that motorists should drive at such a pace (five miles an hour, if you like) that they could not possibly run down an un-rearlighted cyclist, it cannot be denied that there are black sheep in every flock, and one would have thought that all cyclists would have had the same regard for their own safety that some sensible ones have shown, and would have adopted the reflex lamp voluntarily. Anyway, the necessity is now a legal one; but, as has been said before, the police should not only see that the law is complied with, but that the lamp is effective.



The long and the short of it! Why not have two cars?

Exhaust Dangers.

HOW many deaths have been caused by exhaust-gas poisoning it is impossible to guess, but the danger is once more emphasised in a personal letter from Major Stenson Cooke, Secretary of the Automobile Association. One of the products of the incomplete combustion of the explosive mixture in the cylinders of a motor-car engine is the deadly, insidious gas known as carbon monoxide. It is odourless, tasteless and invisible, and the owner driver who has been working on his car, with the engine running in a tightly closed garage, probably knows nothing about it until he is completely overcome. Any preliminary symptoms that might be noticed would be put down to the presence of a certain amount of lubricating oil smoke in the exhaust. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that it is highly dangerous to work for even the shortest period in such circumstances, and that the door of the motor house simply must be left open, however cold or dismal the weather, when the engine of the car is running.



THE BETTER WAY.

One of the longest and most traffic-ridden routes out of London has been rendered one of the simplest and quickest by the construction of the Great West Road and its extension. This week's Better Way route shows how either the Bath Road, or the Staines Road to Southampton, Exeter and the South-West may be conveniently reached from the centre of London.

A leaky exhaust joint is another point against which precaution should be taken, especially in these days of almost universal saloon cars. The leak may be insufficient to cause the characteristic bark from the exhaust—which would tell its own story—but it may be large enough to permit some of the exhaust fumes to leak into the closed interior of the car. The slightest suspicion of an odour of exhaust gas in the car should be immediately tracked down to its source. The proportion of carbon monoxide present in the small amount of such leaking fumes would scarcely be sufficient to prove fatal, but it would be definitely harmful and productive of headaches.

Two Cars for One.

THERE can be no doubt that an increasing number of motorists are adopting the two-cars idea. Woman, of course, is responsible. She cannot see why she should not be able to enjoy the pleasures and conveniences of motor-car transport, when the vehicle absorbs a not altogether negligible proportion of the weekly incomings. But the one car is necessarily unavailable all day in many cases, and inevitably the question arises sooner or later of the advisability of purchasing a second vehicle for family use. The advent of the "baby" car is no doubt the immediate reason for the increase in two-car ownership; and there is equally no doubt that the adoption of taxation on use, instead of on the present basis, would give a further fillip to the movement—to the lasting benefit of the motor industry as well as to motorists themselves.

As a matter of fact the possession of a small car in addition to the large or moderate-powered family vehicle can often be made very nearly to pay for itself. Where the head of the family has been in the habit of using a large vehicle to convey himself to and from business, the substitution of the little car for such solo work will effect a really substantial economy in running costs, and, so comfortable, lively and manageable are the new race of baby cars, will involve no hardship or inconvenience.

In the majority of cases the change from one car to two is most conveniently made when a change of vehicle was meditated anyway. Instead of purchasing the one relatively expensive vehicle, it is easy to buy two which will cost little more, and it is certain that the total running costs of the two may quite well be less than those of one larger car. It is, at any rate, a question well worthy of consideration by everyone who reaches the point of desiring to exchange the old car for a new one.

Trying out the Austin Seven.

Engine	Four cylinders, 56 m.m. bore, 76 m.m. stroke, 748 c.c.
Tax	£8.
Clutch	Disc.
Gearbox	Three speeds, central change; unit construction with engine.
Suspension	Transverse front spring; quarter elliptic rear.
Ignition	Coil.
Electrical equipment ..	C.A.V.
Brakes	Four wheel.
Price	Chassis, £92; tourer, £125; saloon, £135.

THERE are very few motorists who have any illusions on the score of the performance of the Austin Seven. In practically every respect it behaves like a full-sized, adult motor-car; and in those matters wherein its behaviour differs, it is to give the owner a definite advantage over the big-car driver!

Correspondents desiring advice on the purchase of a car often ask: "Is the Austin Seven capable of running satisfactorily in my district (Devonshire, or the Lakes)?" And the reply in every case is that where any car will go the Austin will go likewise. The liveliness as well as the sustained power of the tiny engine is amazing to those who experience it for the first time, while the comfort of the latest types of saloon bodies, and even the lines and general appearance, for that matter, leave nothing to be desired. There is just one point on which special care is required. The Austin Seven is not intended to carry four full-grown people. Two on the main seat, and one adult or two children in the rear is its maximum safe load, and the figure of weight beyond which it is inadvisable to go, set by the manufacturers, is critical.

Reproduced by courtesy of "The Autocar."

ON December 4th, a Singer Junior Sports model, driven by Messrs. E. W. Deeley and E. Wood, made 100 ascents and descents of this West Country terror in under 15 hours, under the Official Observation of the Royal Automobile Club. The car finished this strenuous trial in perfect condition.

This performance was of almost unprecedented severity in regard to the lubrication of the engine, which necessarily ran at high speed and under heavy load, the gradient being about 1 in 4½, with two sharp bends. It is noteworthy, therefore, that the lubricant chosen was Wakefield CASTROL XXL—a standard grade—which was bought by the R.A.C. in the open market, and is sold from Wakefield Cabinets at 2/1 per quart.

Make sure of getting the best from *YOUR* car—insist on Wakefield CASTROL, as recommended by over 230 Leading Motor Manufacturers.

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GAMES AND PASTIMES

By "Arbiter"

THE great days of Warner in Australia—the full strength of the Commonwealth decisively defeated on its own soil—have been recalled by the magnificent performances of the all-round team led so ably by Percy Chapman. The "records" established in this amazing match at Melbourne have received adequate treatment from the critics, but one which has not been mentioned is that this match established a trilogy of smashing defeats such as Australia has never before known.

Melbourne, too, saw Australian bowling weakness reach its nadir. The critics are unanimous that the ineffectiveness of Blackie, Grimmett and Oxenham on a wicket absolutely "made"—for spin bowlers under the conditions which prevailed when Hobbs and Sutcliffe went in to open for England in the fourth innings, was the real surprise of the match.

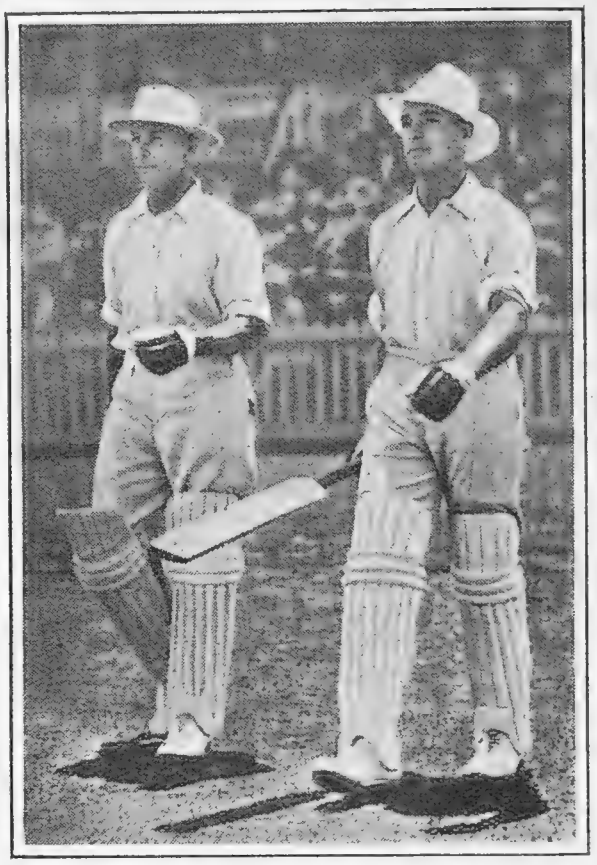
Why Australia Lost.

There is no doubt that great players like Armstrong, Noble, Woolley, and Hill have given us the explanation. The Australian bowlers failed to take the chance of their lives because they did not know what to do on a wet and drying wicket, owing to the fatal rule, made since the war, that wickets should be covered. I notice that the cricket expert of the *Evening News* has the temerity to contradict Armstrong and the others. He says it is not convincing to say that covering the wicket deprives the bowler of the necessary practice he needs to bowl on a wet wicket, "because most net practice takes place under normal conditions."

It does not seem to strike this critic that bowling at the nets and bowling in a match are two entirely different things. However, if one had any real doubt that Armstrong and his colleagues know what they are talking about, it is only necessary to go back to the days of Noble, Howell, Trumble, Laver and Saunders. When they got an English Test side in on a sticky wicket like the Melbourne one things happened. There were no covered wickets then.

No Spin Bowlers.

The main lesson of the Tests for Australia is surely that, unless, between now and 1930, one or two spin bowlers of the Trumble-Laver-Saunders type can be unearthed, the outlook for recovering the Ashes is decidedly blue.



THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN (Hobbs and Sutcliffe) open the English batting in the First Test Match at Brisbane.

The wicket at Melbourne lasted wonderfully, but the battering to which it was subjected, when wet, on the sixth day, clearly affected it in England's last innings; in this all the men on the spot concur. But would it have lasted had Australia possessed real spin bowlers? The opinion of Trumble here seems conclusive:

"The reason that wickets to-day last so much longer than they did twenty years ago is that there are not so many spin bowlers to wear the top off the pitch. A spin bowler pegging away with a good length will eventually wear a spot on the best of wickets, and this gives the bowler something to work on, and possibly puts the wind up the batsmen."

Thus does this great authority, Hugh Trumble, dispose of one more favourite theory of cricket writers—namely, that wickets are too perfect nowadays, and break the hearts of the bowlers. As a matter of actual experience I can vouch for the fact that wickets at Sydney and Melbourne thirty years ago were just as perfect as they are to-day. So some other explanation than the over preparation of wickets will have to be found for the prevailing dominance of the bat. Mr. Alfred Cochrane, in a recent issue of *The Field*, probably puts his finger on the real trouble; it is that tailend batsmen concentrate more nowadays, and are much harder to shift than they were before the war.

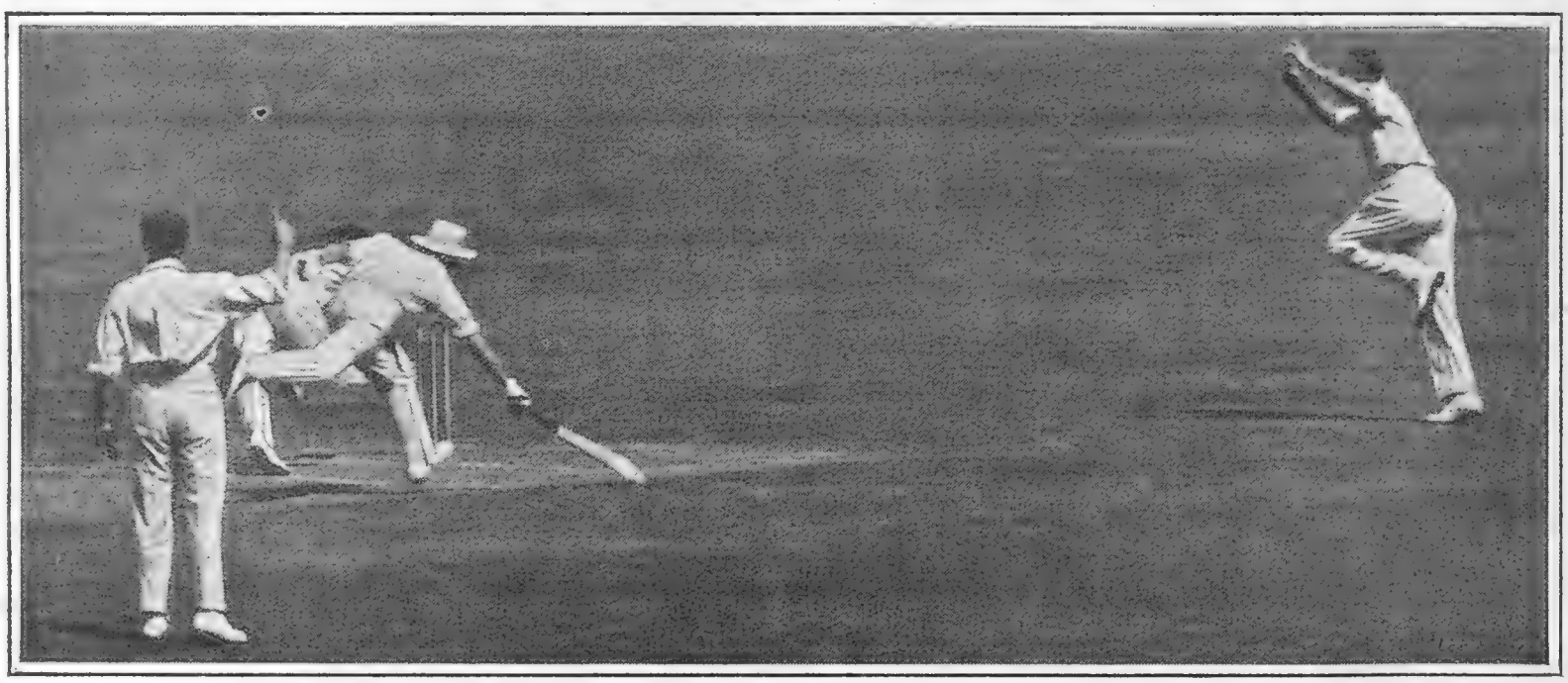
In other words progress in bowling has not kept pace with progress in batting.

The Great Twin Brethren.

It is difficult to overpraise Hobbs and Sutcliffe for their remarkable partnership before and after lunch on the sixth day on a wicket that was even worse than the Oval wicket in the final Test in 1926. Their partnership won the match, as it won the Oval match. Twice then have the great twin brethren been directly responsible for England winning the Ashes. Opening batsmen have many missions, but rarely can they be said to be the direct makers of victory in the sense that Hobbs and Sutcliffe have been in the last two series of Tests. England have, perhaps, had more attractive opening pairs (for instance, Maclaren and Hayward) but never such a pair of match winners.

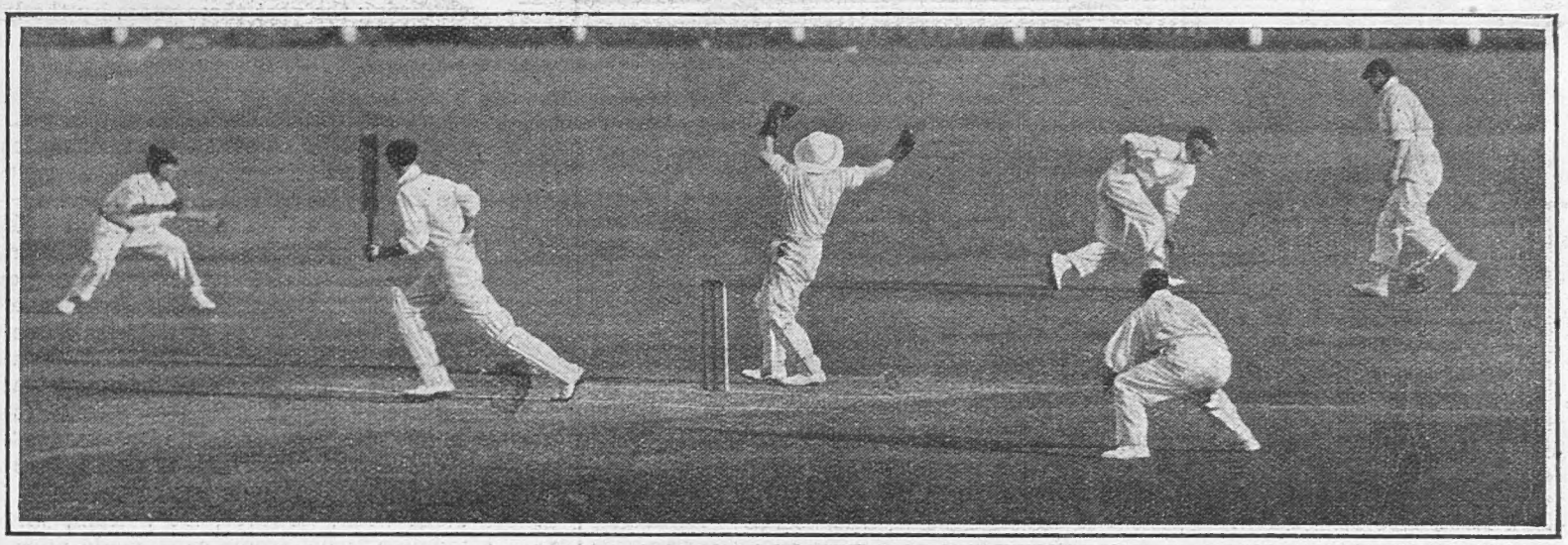
In passing, it may be said that Warwick Armstrong made handsome amends to Sutcliffe for the too hasty judgment cabled after the Yorkshireman's first innings that he was either "muscle-bound, or had been playing too long." His comment on his historic century contained many generous things, but nothing that brought home more the real achievement of Sutcliffe, on the worst wicket he has ever played on, than the tribute: "He never mistimed a ball."

Of Hobbs the finest thing that has been



HOW'S THAT? A confident appeal by Gregory (right) and another Australian results in the verdict being given against Hobbs, who had made 49.

ENGLAND'S VICTORY IN THE FIRST TEST MATCH AT BRISBANE



THE FIRST TEST MATCH. Hendry snicks Tate through the slips (J. C. White and A. P. F. Chapman). Larwood is fielding at point and Hendren, who made 169, at leg.

said was Fender's: "The old master is not the 'old' master: he is the master still."

New Blood Wanted.

It will be interesting to see what the Australian selectors will do to build up the team for England eighteen months hence now that the Ashes definitely remain in our hands. Will another batch of promising youngsters be "blooded" at Adelaide and Melbourne, and colts like Archie Jackson, Harris and Ebeling be given their chance?

I should imagine that Hendry, Victor Richardson, and Grimmett will now have to make way for younger men; at any rate, it seems the obvious thing to do, but Warren Bardsley is a strong personality, and whatever he decides will command the general assent and approval of cricketing Australia. He and his colleagues had poor material at their command in bowling, but they made the best of it. They certainly collected the best there was in fielding and batting.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By "PENDARVES"

I DON'T think it matters really to any of us which actual team they have picked to represent England against Wales, now that we have seen the Final Trial. Because there we saw thirty of the very best men playing the game at the moment; and from it we learned that whatever pet theories we may have held about the merits or failings of a particular player, England will at least have a powerful side for her 1929 contests. One is tempted to go further and to say that on the general run of play last Saturday at Twickenham—except possibly as regards place kicking, at which our national side still misses the presence of an H. L. V. Day—the standard of Rugger in this country has never been higher, taking it all round.

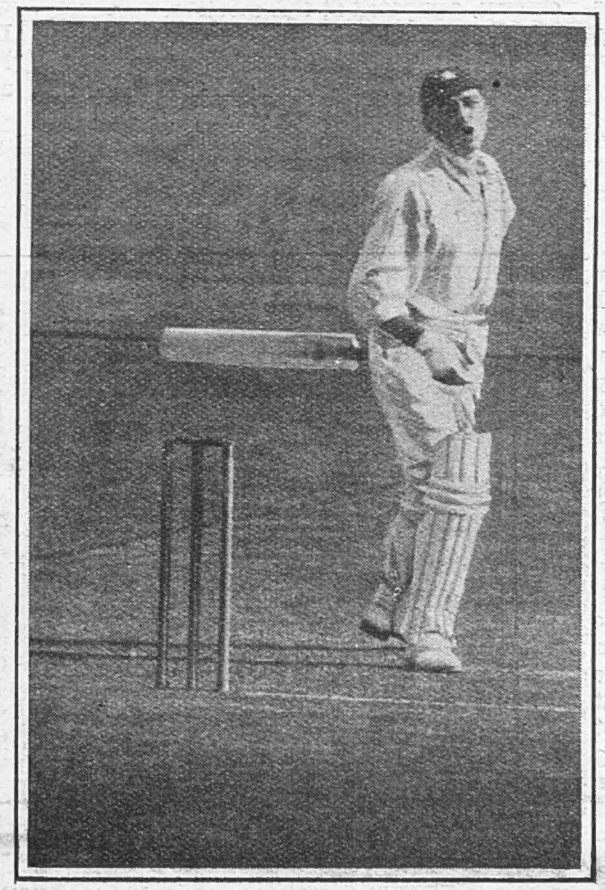
Pet Theories.

Of course, there were some glaring mistakes made in that "England *v.* The Rest" match. There always are in a game such as this. So there were, I am credibly informed, at Murrayfield the same afternoon, where Scotland was engaged on the same job as we were.

A Final Trial is to many spectators who follow the game keenly a very chastening spectacle. They have read and heard all sorts of glowing accounts of the super-excellence of certain star performers; and when they see them, perhaps for the first time at Twickenham, they are disappointed; the player does not shine at all, he has struck an off day. And they come away saying: "Good heavens, I don't think much of him; why, So-and-So (and out comes the pet theory) is a much better player."

These worthies forget what a harrowing ordeal a Trial match is to every participant; and how over-keenness can ruin a man's game; how on these sort of days nothing goes right for him, and he has no luck whatever. If he is an old hand at International games, as were twelve of the thirty men playing last week, he knows that a certain standard of excellence is expected of him, whether he feels like it or not, and that if he falls short of this he is finished with.

That sort of thing is not conducive to the appearance of his best form. All the other men are on the brink of caps; it is now or never—and you can imagine what that means to them. Hence the scrappy play and the fumbled pass, and the inward cursing and despondency.



Hammond's look of disappointment when caught for 44 at Brisbane.

Brilliant Packs.

Last week's Trial was peculiarly interesting, inasmuch as one kept on asking oneself who they were going to leave out? Look at the run of the scoring for a moment, the best indication of the ebb and flow of the battle. The numeral appearing first is "England.": 3—0; 8—0; 8—3; 8—6; 8—9; 11—9; 16—9; half time. Then, 16—12; 16—17; 19—17; 24—17; end.

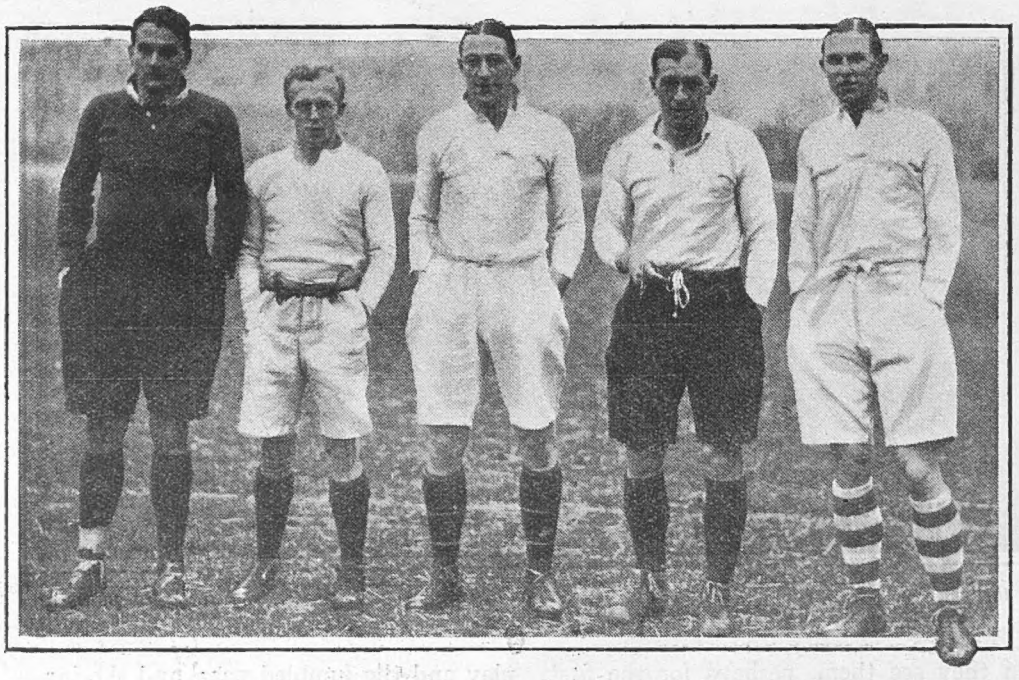
Not much in it, you will say. Neither was there. There was extraordinary good play on both sides; bad faults on both. Most impressive of all were the forwards—all sixteen of them without exception. Arthur Young, working the scrum for "The Rest," will disagree entirely with me when he sees this. For I suppose one must admit that the slow heeling of "The Rest" forwards was primarily responsible for Young's pronounced off-day. Nevertheless, in shoving power, in the follow-up, in the loose, in the line out, they were a couple of brilliant packs; the slow heeling of one side was the only fault. Most gratifying it is to see that we have got weight and pace this year; more markedly, I think, than for many years. We have also a preponderance of big day football experience in this English scrum; and that is a very great asset.

Three-Quarter Weakness.

Allowing for Young's off-day—and, great Scot! he did things I would never have believed him guilty of—there is still in my humble judgment no doubt whatever that he is the best scrum half in England to-day. Whitley is a sound half; steady and reliable, with a weaker physique than Young. But the latter, on his normal day's play, is not only sound, but meteorically brilliant in addition. Moreover, you can't hurt him!

Laird's injured face precluded him from his trial. But he is better than Meikle, his substitute, or Bendall, of "The Rest," though both are good. Added to which he knows Young's unorthodox methods better than anyone playing stand-off to him.

There is weakness in our three-quarter line. Aarvold and Smeddle are the best pair seen together in England for many a day when an attack is in progress. It is the other two places that cause doubt to arise in the mind. We should not go far wrong with Sladen and Jacobs as the other two, though their combination is not nearly



The International Trial Match at Twickenham. Left to right: J. A. Adamson, H. Whitley, R. W. Smeddle, B. S. Cumberlege (referee) and C. D. Aarvold, all of whom were at Durham School. Whitley, Smeddle and Aarvold will play for England against Wales to-morrow week.

so perfect as that between the two Cambridge men. Sladen last Saturday astonished a great many people; his play was of a very high order.

Jacob, deputising for the injured Wallace (who retired before having a chance to prove his worth) made a number of people wonder why he wasn't playing for England, so pungent was he in attack, so steady in defence. The weakness in our three-quarter line, as a whole, is that it is only an attacking force of quality when Aarvold and Smeddle are being, so to speak, spoon fed. When it has got its back to the wall it sags at the knees a bit. Wales may be trusted to take advantage of this—and Scotland even more so!

Sellar Missed.

Of the backs, both Brown (of Bristol) and Adamson (of Oxford) are sound without being brilliant. Their tackling is excellent; their touch finding not quite as good as it should be. On balance Brown is perhaps the better of the two. But we miss Sellar badly.

I don't think we need be pessimistic as to the result against Wales. It seems, on form, to be odds on England. I should put it at about 6 to 4. Not so, however, in the case of Ireland; even money only. As regards "Scotland *versus* England," it is an impetuous man who wagers on this match yet. I want to see how they fare against France. I think they will beat France. But by how much; and with whom? And we, too, have to go through a couple of fires before we enter the furnace at Murrayfield in March; and much may happen to us before then for weal or woe.

Lawn Tennis

By F. GORDON LOWE

THERE were no surprises but some attractive play in the annual Christmas Tournament at the Sporting Club de Paris. Cochet seems firmly established at the top of the tree; by his straight-set victory over Borotra at 6—4, 6—4, 6—3 in the final the champion seems to be gaining a definite ascendency over his old rival.

Borotra's Lost Ground.

Borotra has admittedly lost some ground as a single player during the past year. In previous rounds Cochet played two typically long matches which possibly he ran a little closer than necessary. His first struggle was against the ever-steady Guillemot, while in the semi-final the champion had a touch and go encounter with De Buzelet, the most promising young player in France.

Borotra, on the other hand, had easier matches and accounted for Boussus in straight sets: 6—4, 6—4. The latter, although most promising, does not seem to have quite developed after his world tour at the rate some of the critics predicted.

The final of the Women's Singles saw a very close and excellent match of two hours' duration, in which Madame Golding just overcame Madame Bordes. These two have fought out many previous battles on the Paris courts. It was unfortunate that no English representative, contrary to the usual custom, competed at this meeting.

On the Riviera.

Many of the regular Riviera habitues have already arrived, and the season, which does not finish until mid-April, is well under way. The form, as is to be expected at the early meetings, has been rather elusive. Few, for instance, expected Brame Hillyard, to walk away with the Beau Site Cup, formerly won during the past three years by the late Colonel Mayes, at the first tournament of the season. The famous veteran, however, although fifty-two, is always perfectly trained, and in addition particularly dangerous on the Riviera courts: great champions, such as Cochet, Lacoste, and Morpurgo have found this fact out in previous years.

Brame Hillyard's "topped" drive is ideal for the Riviera conditions. He is a tremendous student of the game, invariably working out his tactics beforehand for any given match. In the semi-final he conquered Aeschlimann, the favourite for the event, and his namesake, Jack Hillyard, in the final. The last-mentioned had previously beaten De Stefani, the ambidextrous Italian who represented his country against England at Felixstowe last summer.

Next week, however, De Stefani, whose steadiness is his trump card, made amends and won the Cannes Club meeting, beating the young French enthusiast Bertlet in the final. Brame Hillyard was wisely taking a rest.

Surprises at Hyères.

Results at Hyères went by no means according to plan. Morpurgo through lack of play usually arrives on the Riviera with his strokes a little rusty, which possibly furnishes the reason for his defeat at Hyères by Chiesa, the Swiss Davis Cup player. Brugnon, too, had a narrow shave, and only squeezed out in front after a tiring struggle with Matejka, another Davis Cup player, from Austria.

The Fair Sex.

Up-to-date Miss Boyd, the well-known Australian, has been the dominating player amongst the ladies, and followed at some distance by Mrs. Satterthwaite, who knows every inch of the Riviera courts. At Cannes Madame Lafaurie, ranked number 3 in France, with her graceful style, has also been attracting attention and reached the final of the Beausite Tournament.

Among others expected shortly are Miss Bennett, Miss Nuthall, Mrs. Covell, Miss Fry and Madame Sapieri, when competition among the fair sex will become keener.

A line-out in the International Trial Match at Twickenham last Saturday.

The real test for the women will be at Monte Carlo with the arrival of Senorita d'Alvarez from Switzerland. There are rumours, too, though rather faint, of the advent of Miss Wills on the sunny south just about this time. The latter was last heard of at Honolulu, where she has been successfully playing matches against men.

A Junior Tournament.

The New Year has opened auspiciously with a test of strength for our junior players at their annual tournament at the Dulwich Covered Courts. F. H. D. Wilde, the junior champion, who undoubtedly possesses real ability for the game, dominated the singles, while the Hon. P. Aitkin was also impressive.

This latter young player was singled out for special praise in the Junior Championships at Wimbledon. He is the possessor of an attractive style and a natural aptitude for the game. If he is able to devote the necessary time to lawn tennis he must go far. Henton is to be congratulated on giving Aitkin a hard match in the first round, and P. H. John, who is only fourteen, for gaining a place in the semi-final. Miss Joan Marshall was possibly the most experienced of the girls.

BOXING:

BY "BREAK AWAY"

THE big fighters of the ring invariably make the greatest appeal to the public that delights to see boxing, and I dare say that Phil Scott's forthcoming match with Ted Sandwina at the Albert Hall on the last day of the month will provide a big attraction. Scott has not been seen in a fight at home, although he is the English champion, for over a year now. He made two trips to the States, and his last contest was in New York, when he beat Roberti, the Italian, in May last. Roberti was being pushed forward by Tex Rickard as another colourful possibility from Europe, like Paolino, but Scott beat him handily and Roberti has since then been nursing three broken ribs in his native Italy as the result of a terrific right-hander from the ex-fireman.

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The Slave of the Ring.

Seven months is far too long for a boxing man to keep idle. Scott is not alone in his penchant for lingering on the primrose and very expensive path of dalliance. Dempsey courted the defeat he sustained from Gene Tunney through keeping away from the ring for two or three years. Billy Wells, of Bombardier fame, expressed a theory that no heavy weight champion could be expected to give of his best if he fought more than once in six months. As a bit of special pleading on behalf of those who do not care for their job that will take some beating, but some boxers are keener on the dignity of labour.

Fine Fellows make———?

Scott first won fame by carrying off the honours of a heavyweight competition at the Crystal Palace about five years ago. His real name is Suffling, and he is of Scandinavian descent. His rival, Sandwina, is a German Jew, who first saw the light in Iowa, where his mother was engaged in doing a strong woman act in a travelling circus. Sandwina, unlike Scott, has been very busy fighting during the last twelve months. This may give him the advantage over Scott, and moreover, he carries a good punch in his right hand and has won the majority of his contests by the knock-out route.

Sandwina was brought up to the circus life and is finely developed. In the matter of physique, however, Scott is his superior. Scott once submitted himself to the study of a group of doctors at one of the London hospitals, and was pronounced by the faculty to be a perfect specimen of physical humanity.

No boxer can neglect his job with impunity. Frenchmen and the Continental fighters generally pay a strict attention to the matter of fitness and condition. They are always in fighting trim and can engage in a contest at short notice. Your English boxer takes his profession more leisurely, and likes to slack off between his fights. This means a weakening of the fistic machine and the worst effect is probably on the fighter's sense of distance—and the timing. As Jack Dempsey once remarked, nothing tires and discourages a fighter like missing so many good punches. The sins of omission lose more fights than those which are won by the virtues of commission, I am afraid.

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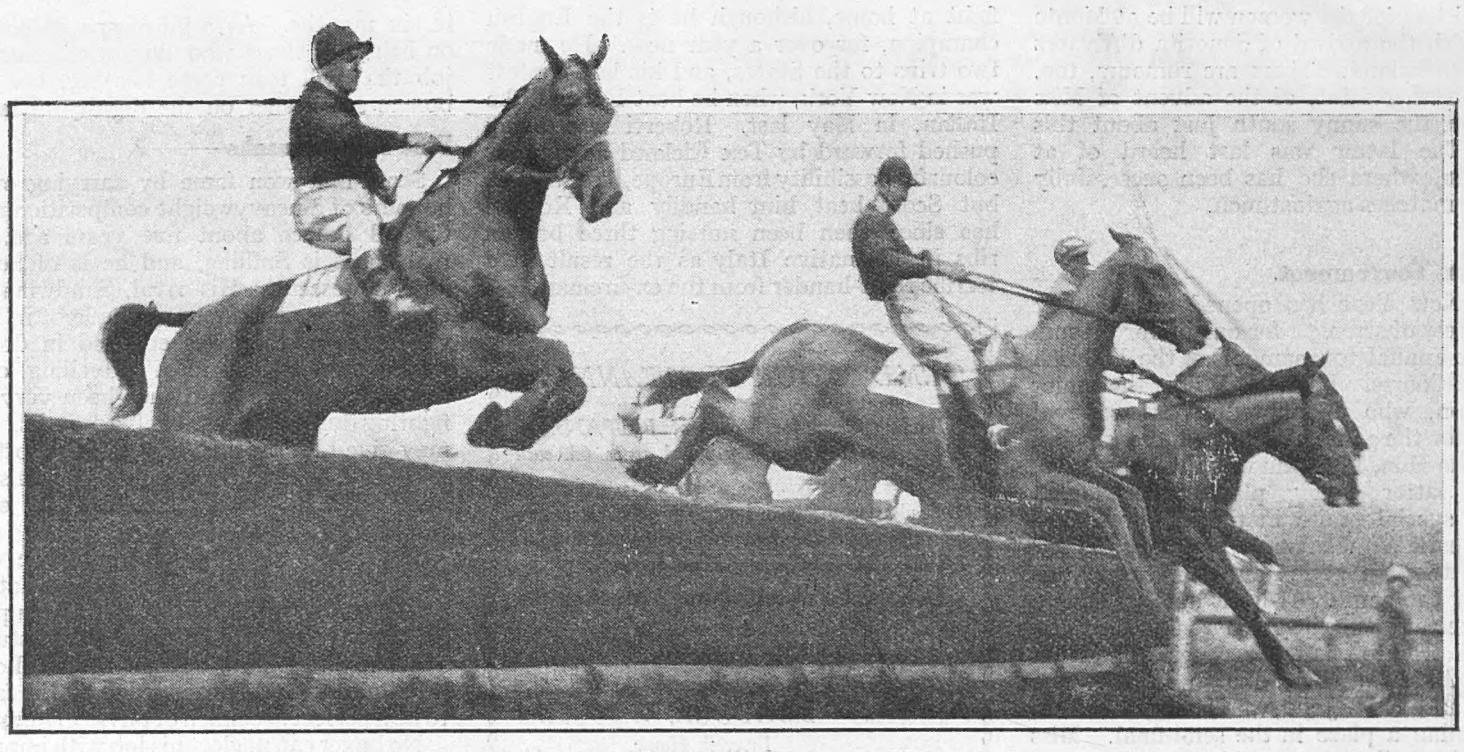

Racing took place at Lingfield last Saturday in spite of the frost. The first fence in the Weald Handicap which was won by Great Span.

WEIGHED IN

By "Blackfriar"

MUCH speculation exists as to which racecourse is to have the distinction of introducing to the public the mechanical system of betting. So far as the totalisator machine is concerned it is unlikely that any of these will be seen in operation until the autumn, but there is little doubt that experiments will be made with the pari-mutuel much earlier. It is stated, in fact, that the National Hunt Committee are considering the question of testing its possibilities at the National Hunt Festival at Cheltenham in March.

If the proposal is put into practice the experiment will be watched with deep interest, even by that large section of the regular racing public who are hostile to the pari-mutuel. But so far as the general practice is concerned I am afraid it will teach us little. Betting at this particular meeting plays quite a minor part, so much so that many of the big professionals give it a miss. The takings on the pari-mutuel probably would prove so small that the inference could well be drawn that even the usually non-betting public had preferred to make their investments with the human, rather than the mechanical bookmaker. Far from popularising the system, as is the object of the authorities, the experiment might place an additional weapon in the hands of the opposite camp.

The Record "National" Entry.

As we left the Press stand after watching Tipperary Tim record his sensational Grand National victory at Aintree last year a colleague turned to me and said: "That won't do the race any good; for next year we shall have more of these so-called 'impossibles' entered than ever." He has proved a true prophet, for a big proportion of the record entry of 121 for this year's race can fairly be placed in the Tipperary Tim class.

While admiring that gallant, if broken winded old fellow's achievement, we all prefer to see the Blue Riband of the Chasing World carried off by a horse worthy of the distinction. All sorts of suggestions have been made whereby this might be brought about, but no matter how carefully the conditions are framed luck will always be the predominant factor.

Just what effect the introduction of a second acceptance stage will have remains to be seen, but in my opinion it will tend to make ante-post betting on the race a more or less negligible quantity until the second acceptances are known in the second week in March, and the "popular spring double" consequently become more than ever a thing of the past.

America's Strong Bid.

All going well, the race promises to have a strong international character. The Americans, who went so near to victory with Billy Barton last time, are formidably represented, as, in addition to Billy Barton, there is Easter Hero, Maguelonne, Bright's Boy and Mount Etna, a little American-owned group from which the winner might well spring.

It will be recalled that it was Easter Hero that was the cause of all the "grief" that occurred at the Canal Turn last March, and his presence in the field again will be viewed with concern. His practice of jumping to the right is calculated to create trouble at the best of times, and I imagine that young Mr. Whitney has entered him only in case circumstances prevent his Grand Steeplechase de Paris winner, Maguelonne, competing.

Easter Hero has proved himself a champion over hurdles, to which his attention has been confined this season, and it may be that his chief objective is the Imperial Cup, for which he has been entered and which takes place at the Sandown Grand Military Meeting on the Saturday before the "National."

Patron Saint.

Among the few young horses entered, I note Patron Saint, a six-year-old that gave promise last year of developing into one of our finest 'chasers. It is against him that he has never been over the course, but his ability to jump stiff fences was fully displayed when he easily won the Cheltenham Gold Cup from Vive and Koko last March. Another of the same age is Richmond II, who has already gained several stylish victories this season, and comes from a stable which sent out Shaun Spadah to win the "National" of 1921.

In addition to Tipperary Tim, another former winner of the race appears in Sprig, which is one of the five good 'chasers entered for whose well-being Tom Leader is responsible. Three Grand Sefton winners—Ardeen, Trump Card and Skrun Prince—are also there, so believers in the "horses for courses" theory will have plenty of material to work upon. Ardeen is getting a little infirm these days, but Trump Card and Skrun Prince will be, no doubt, the main hopes of the North.

Gregalach's Jumping.

Two of Leader's troupe, Gregalach and Sandy Hook, were seen out at Manchester last week, but neither exactly fulfilled expectations. Gregalach certainly did not do badly in running the smart little Irish mare Tiranogue so close for the January Steeplechase, but Sandy Hook failed to reach the first half-dozen in the race for the Victory Steeplechase.

Viewed from the "National" standpoint, however, the defeats were unimportant, for both races were over two miles, or less than half the distance of the big Aintree event. Of greater moment was the fact that Gregalach, who scored a runaway win in the Stanley Steeplechase at Aintree on the day that Sprig won the Grand National, took his fences in faultless style. In his younger days he was inclined to "cheekiness" in his jumping. He seems much more deliberate now and his Liverpool prospects are enhanced thereby.

Week-End Selections.

HURST PARK, FRIDAY.

Amateurs' Handicap Steeplechase.—Lutoî.
Cardinal's S. Hurdle.—Braygola.
New Year Handicap Hurdle.—Harpist.
January Handicap Steeplechase.—East Galway.
Mole Hurdle.—Risen Star.

HURST PARK, SATURDAY.

Richmond Hurdle.—Cardinal's Ring.
Wolsey S. Handicap Hurdle.—Martian.
New Century Steeplechase.—Richmond II.
Mitre Handicap Steeplechase.—D.D.B.
Mortlake Handicap Hurdle.—Batchelor's Knell.